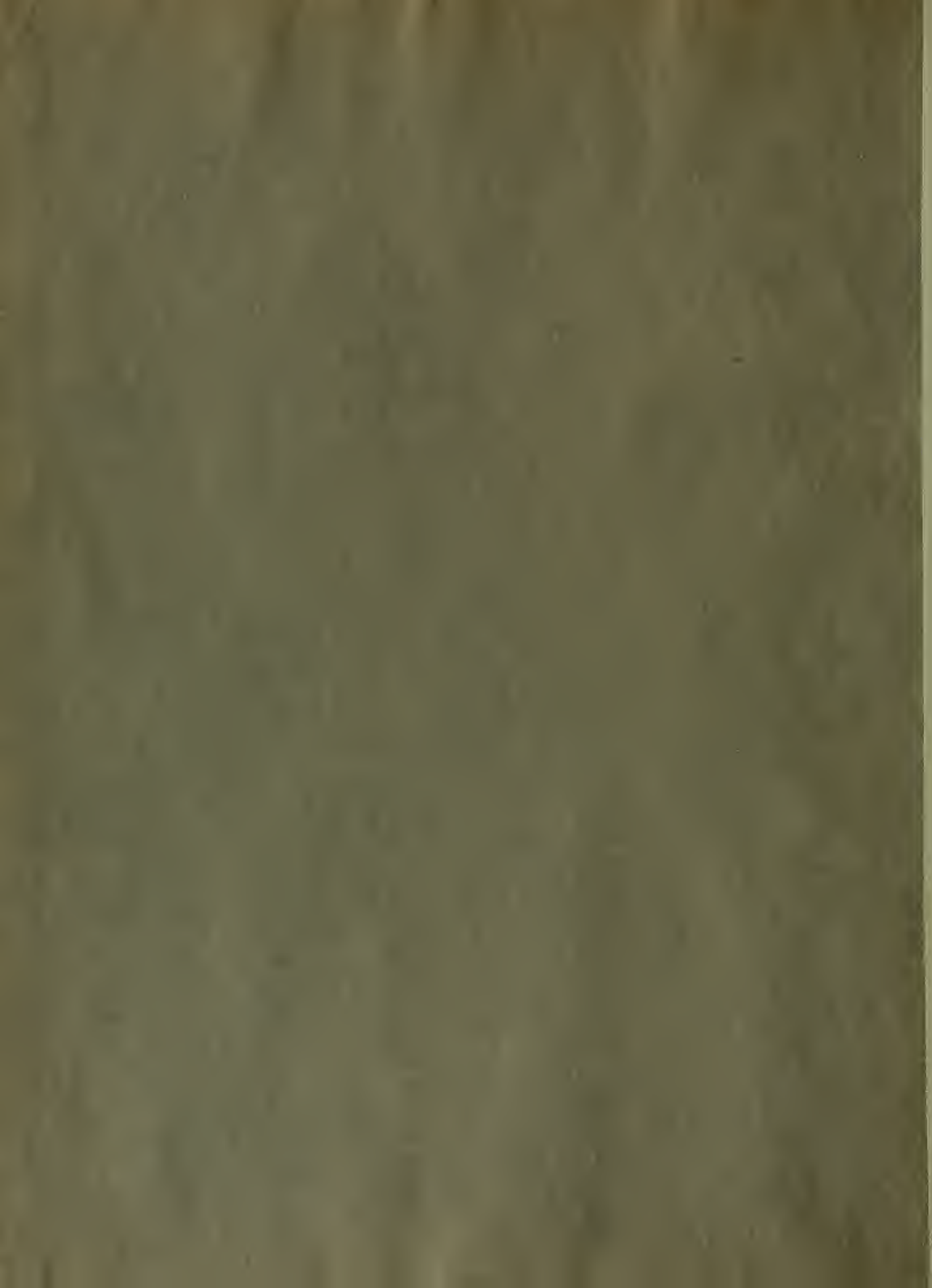


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SIREN



"CLASS" of '34

FRESHMAN
NUMBER

25c

Low
Rusk

"I'm paid extra if my point gets eleven OK's—
I pay a forfeit if it fails to earn them all"

Every Duofold earns a Bonus or a Penalty

*So our graduate pen makers grind
all points as good as their best*

We pay a bonus to our graduate pen grinders for every Duofold point. But first it must pass 11 hard-boiled inspections: For jewel-like smoothness, for lifelong strength, for firm uniform set, for comfortable tension, and for pressureless writing the instant the point touches paper. If it fails any test we reject it, and the pen grinder pays a forfeit.

No amount of money can buy the Duofold's equal. And machine-ground points, of course, cannot compare. Go and try this Bonus point. And see Parker Duofold's new convertible feature. Attaching the taper makes it a desk pen. Attaching the cap with clip transforms it to a pocket pen. Double-duty—like 2 Pens for the price of 1—at no extra charge.

Parker Duofold Pens are guaranteed for life—their Permanite barrels non-breakable, as proved when dropped from cloud-high airplanes. Yet Permanite has all the beauty of costly jade, lacquer, jet, pearl, and lapis lazuli. And Duofold Pens hold 17.4% more ink than average, size for size.

New streamlined balanced shapes now ready at all dealers—and all with Bonus pen points that write with Pressureless Touch. By all means see them, and the streamlined Pencils to match. Don't buy any pen without first trying the Parker Duofold Bonus point.

33% More Parkers Used in College Than Any Other Pen

In a nation-wide poll conducted among their readers by 13 leading vocational magazines, and audited by Arthur Andersen & Co., certified public accountants, Parker was voted the favorite pen in 9 out of 12 vocations, representing 94.72% of the total people in all vocations polled.

Among these was the American student body, and the vote taken represented a cross-section of 4,766,673 students. *College Humor's* census showed one-third more Parkers in use than the nearest rival. *Scholastic*, circulating among high school students, found 72% more Parkers than the next nearest.

This fall, if you want to get a flying start for learning, start with a Parker—apparently the official pen of America's undergraduates.

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PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

Parker Duofold

\$5 \$7 \$10



**Like 2 Pens
for the Price of One**
is this Convertible Duofold

**In Your Pocket — On Your Desk
The Same Pen with the Same Point
—always your favorite**

Welcome Freshmen

To all you new men and women, at Illinois, we extend a hearty welcome. May your days here be pleasant and profitable.

We invite you to visit The Co-op and get acquainted. This great college store carries all you will need in your classes, at lowest prices.

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Text books, new or used, stationery, gym and athletic supplies, fountain pens, electrical supplies, college jewelry, toilet articles, laundry mailing boxes, architects and engineers supplies, botany, zoology and science supplies.

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Our book room contains the best of fiction, biography, travel, art, gift books, etc.

THE CO-OP



Here's a chap right in the middle of a dilemma

Dated up for a keen week-end, everything going great and then he missed his smart Rosen's sack suit.

Foolish he admits, leaving such a "smooth" new suit within grabbing distance of a roommate with taking ways.

Too bad—the next best thing to owning a Rosen's suit, is to own two or of course try to borrow one.

**—Smart Suits
—Clever, Long Topcoats**

\$25 and more

Rosen's
Mens Stylists

CAMPUS—DOWNTOWN

The Irony of Date

You pledge a fraternity because you think it is the way to meet all the good femmes, and the second night in the house you get rung in on a blind date. You decide to go because you haven't anything to do anyhow, and its best to keep on the good side of the deah brethren.

Her eyes are green like a cat's in the dark, and her nails haven't been manicured for at least three months. Her clothes are of the 1925 style, and so is she for that matter. You find her towering two inches above you, and feel humiliated at being seen with such an animal.

Then you mimic making love to her, for your conscience's sake, and she wants to scream. She refuses you and tells you that she doesn't kiss strange boys.

And then when you get home, you're told that she is captain of the Goucher hockey team, member of Upsky Flucy Sorority, president of the student council, and was elected most popular girl on the campus!

—*John Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.*

—————S—————

The stars we spy on Broadway,
Expensive are to see;
But the stars on high, no one can buy,
Yet one can see them free.

—*New York University Medley.*

—————S—————

Freshman: Wonder why they put window shades on the co-ed dorms?

Ex-Freshman: To keep the street lights from shining in the girls' eyes, why did you suppose? —*Pitt Panther.*

—————S—————

"And was your room-mate inspired by his conversation with the Dean?"

"Yes, he was fired with enthusiasm!"

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—————S—————

I guess I'll join the captains of industry or finance,
Or lead the world's great movements,
At least in town improvements.

I'll be a brilliant artist
A Bach, Millet, del Sartist,
I betcha I'll even get off pro.

—*Pelican.*



It took something more than book learning to lick this cyclone

A cyclone twists its destructive way through the West . . . telephone lines go down . . .

communication must be restored . . . page Western Electric! ¶ There's a real "kick" in



Starting supplies on their way to the stricken area is but a matter of minutes

meeting and *beating* such emergencies. It calls for scientific management, of course, the sort of knowledge you can get from books and training. But over and above that comes the sudden demand for

resourcefulness, man-sized ability, sheer grit. ¶ To supply the telephone companies of

the Bell System with everything needed to give service, Western

Electric carries on a dependable, nation-wide system of distribution.

A vast undertaking—yet only one of this company's varied functions.



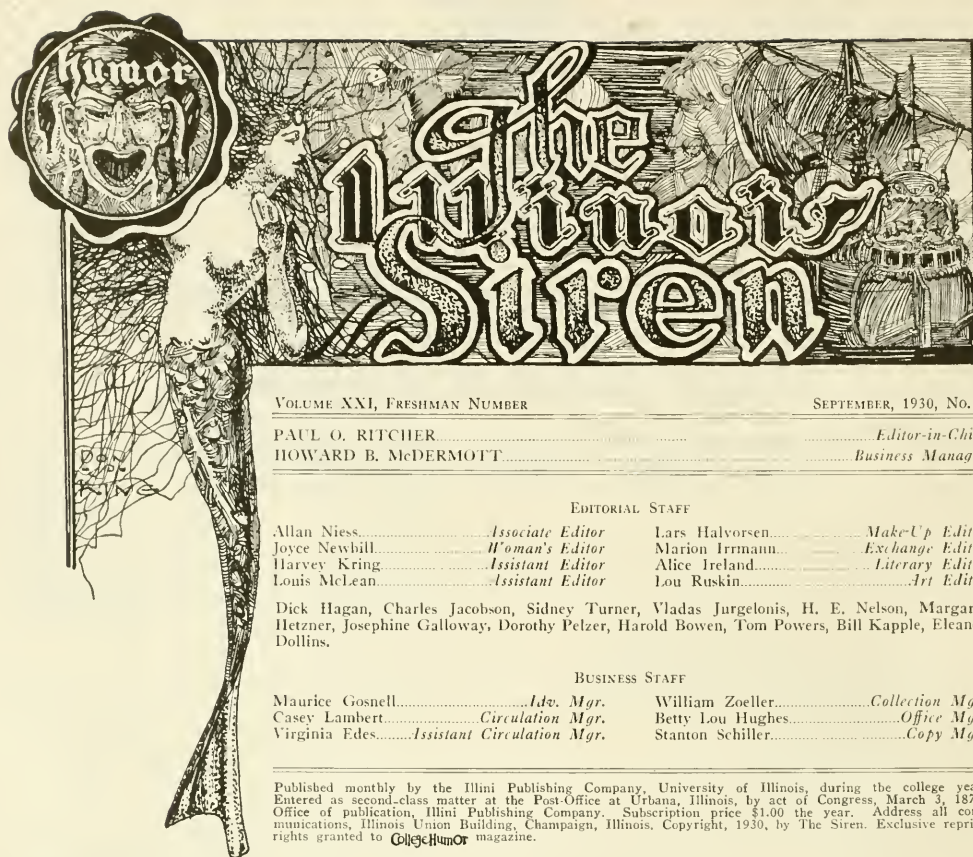
Like secondary defense Western Electric backs up the nation's line of communication

Western Electric

Manufacturers . . . Purchasers . . . Distributors

SINCE 1882 FOR THE BELL SYSTEM





VOLUME XXI, FRESHMAN NUMBER

SEPTEMBER, 1930, No. 1

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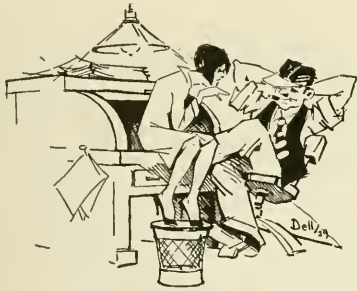
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Contents

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| COVER..... | Lou Ruskin |
| Cartoon, by Paul Mead..... | 6 |
| Have One on Me!, by Al Niess..... | 7 |
| So This Is College, by Joyce Newbill..... | 10 |
| Junior's Error..... | 15 |
| Humor..... | Most Everywhere |



INKKLINGS

from
Ye Editor's Pen

FUTILITY OF A FACULTY

The faculty! Should we have one, and why?

Every year at this time, this old question comes to the ears of the editors of campus publications. It is an old question, and it is our opinion that it should be answered at once, if not sooner.

We believe that this University is not in need of a faculty. The students already have five faculties—taste, smell, touch, sight and hearing; and for the sake of convenience and economy we see no reason to support a teaching faculty. It is one of the most expensive of the possible six faculties, and gives the least enjoyment. Tasting this, that, or maybe the other is pleasant to the male students three times a day; and to our ladies of the campus, as often as their escorts care to provide this type of entertainment for them to enjoy.

Smelling is not always enjoyable in the chem building but few of the leaders of our University's social life will deny that smelling perfume or powder is, indeed, pleasing.

Touch is a minor faculty, but it leads us into few difficulties. On the other hand, we must have touched. An attempt to do away with it would greatly disrupt our every day life; doing away with the teaching faculty would tend to speed up our drab routine into a cycle of pleasure. Sight and hearing can also be considered in the same manner as touch—with the only addition of pleasure on bright windy days due to the sight faculty.

The teaching faculty, we find, has few good points. It has been said, by some self-asserted authorities, as being the reason for our being here, but to this statement we must take exception. Football and other sports bring a major share of our students. The Stein song, with the help of Rudy Valee, has increased the enroll-

ment of the University of Maine by five hundred per cent.

We therefore think that before the teaching faculty causes us great distress by giving out examination questions, that the students of the University of Illinois should decide definitely whether or not to abolish the faculty. We do not wish you to rush, or hurry to a conclusion; rather we would have you talk it over among yourselves, your parents, and your professors.

—S— NEXT MONTH

The second issue of this, the Illinois Siren, will be a Fraternity number. It will be just as local and typically Illini as it is possible to make it. *We do not intend to go "New Yorker" or ultra modern as so many humor magazines have done recently.*

In the coming number, we will introduce for the first time two new feature pages. A *Madame X* page will contain all of the dirt on campus characters that can be gathered. To aid in the collection, plans have been made for an elaborate spy system which will patrol the campus day and night. Besides its colossal structure, the dean's spy system fades into insignificance.

The second new feature will be a *movie page*. In it you will find advance dope on what shows to see and why. Pictures of your favorite screen stars will be printed from time to time.

—S—
The sofa sagged in the center;
The shades were pulled just so;
The family had retired
The parlor light burned low.
There came a sound from the sofa
As the clock was striking two.
And the student slammed her text book,
With a thankful, "Well, I'm
through."
—Juggler.

BE INDEPENDENT

Freshmen—you whom the campus ever welcomes with open arms, must be cautious of the advice which even your best friends offer to you. Always rely upon the sound and conscientious efforts made for your welfare by the only reliable source of information on the campus—the Siren.

When you are being rushed, you will be given certain cards bearing the rules and regulations covering that period. Pay no attention to such restrictions since they were made merely to prevent you from associating with those whom you wish. Remember that this is a free country.

After you are pledged, as you surely will be, disregard the brethrens orders to wear the traditional green spot, whenever you are out of the house, and use your own judgment, wearing it only when you please. Everyone admires a man who is independent.

Registration is governed by a number of foolish and absurd laws which you must learn to overlook. Joke and chat with the clerks as they are always appreciative of something fresh and lively. It relieves the customary monotony.

Your instructor will, from force of habit, give a lecture at the first meeting of the class on what to do and what not to do. He does not mean a word of it, and only gives it to save himself the trouble of having to prepare something in advance to tell you.

So it is in clubs and organizations and other places about the University. Laws were made to be broken, and it is only those who have the courage to do as they please who will enjoy life to the fullest. As a last word of counsel, keep your copy of this publication at hand where you can easily refer to it when you want the very best advice that can be given on all phases of college life.



"IS SOMETHING WRONG, JEEVES?"

have one on me!

Perpetrated by

AL NIESS

The art of drinking is, without doubt, the oldest organized art in existence. It all started the day that Noah and the rest of the boys were whooping it up on the Nile. Jonah's Delicatessen was floating in beer when in walked Mrs. Noah.

"Noah! Come here, I'll have noah more of this," said this half of the domestic problem. "Where did you get that stuff?"

The janitor mopped up the floor, and picked up Noah's beard from out the gaboon, and took it home to distill it.

Noah parked the ark in front of his bungalow and staggered after his wife. The first step was high, Noah fell, and not being able to make the grade, he whispered, "I'll climb this wall if it takes all night."

The boys will never forget Noah's lark and the flood that came after.

Even Mark Anthony fell a victim to the vice of drink. He and Julius Caesar and Ettu Brutey went on a bender one night. Mark broke up the party by sneaking off to Cleopatra's early in the A. M. Pounding on the door he shouted, "Have one on me, Cleo, I can't make a speech."

She let him in, sniffed his breath and said, "What is it?"

"s wine," said Mark. Cleo slapped his face, she could bear it no longer.

"Come, beer with me," hicced Mark. "I'll whiskey away with me, for ale in ale. I'm not such a runny guy as you think I am." Decanted over to Egypt for the honeymoon, for Mark loved her then, and I'm sure he loves her still.

Napoleon Bonaparte was another lad that went wrong. After pledging Sig Pi he went out for R. O. T. C. and women. He was a terrible guy until he met Lou. She

showed him the straight and narrow path, so he joined the Anti-Saloon League, and broke his pledge to Sig Pi. He worked for the city, driving the water wagon, and started the slogan, "Have a glass of water on me?" He called his girl "Water-Lou" and that my dear children is how that started. The day that Napoleon met his Water-Lou is a red letter day in the history of Volsteadism.

And then there was Marie Antoinette, a Kappa, who installed the idea of a nightcap. Three carousals later, she invented the guillotine as a prac-

me, may I cut?" While the courtiers answered in chorus, "Hell no, drink it straight." And as the gory head of a loyal subject bounced on her chest she shouted with glee "Ah ha, that's one on me!"

Skipping down the pages of history we come to Hans Drinker of Holland, the heroic lad who plugged his finger in the dam to save Der Vaterland. All night, for three weeks, he stood thus, plugging away at the dam thing, dying of thirst. At last he gave way, his finger slipped, and the water came through. The jet of ocean, spurting through the hole gave Hans the idea of a spigit and the trusty kegs of today owe their popularity to him. Smiling, the boy fell dead.

We Want Dirt!!!

About every student on the campus, broadwalk or what have you—

Madame X Will Give

Two tickets to the Virginia Theatre for the best contribution. The results will appear in the next number of The Siren.

Drop contributions in the Siren box, under the west stairs, in the basement of Uni Hall, or place them in the box at the Siren office.

Coming into the realm of modernism we find a scientist beneath the smooth expanse of mahogany. "What'll it be, sir?"

"Ein stein beer," quoth he, in response while the bar flies took up the tenor parts. "Yeah, Einstein, yeah Einstein." And that explains that.

And wasn't it Paderoske who said, "Sten up to the Steinway, fellows, and have one on me?" Or Sir Gallahad who went in search of the Holy Grail when the count ran out of mugs? Or Romeo who said? "I don't like this new moon, Juliet, methinks it smacks of yeast."

Teachers decline the word as drink, drank, been drinking again Looie? Farmers drive their cattle to drink. The Chinese thought of jinnkeys. The congregation sings, "Gather by the river," after a raid in Chicago. The Deke's admonish their pledges, "Be careful little boys or goblets will get you if you don't watch out." Who thought of the "Stein Song" anyhow? Pause and refresh yourself. Come over some time and have one on me!

tical joke for rum-runners. Nothing gave her more pleasure than to stand beside her pet guillotine and as she pulled the rip-cord, murmur, "pardon



He: "I understand that the Rialto is going to sue Pepsodent.

It: "Why?"

Him: "For trying to remove the film."

Traveling Salesman Joke No. 2365

Once there was a traveling salesman—er . . . stop me if you've heard this one before. Anyway, it was getting dark and he stopped at the nearest farm house to see if he could get a place to sleep for the night. He asked the farmer the customary question and the farmer, who had never heard a traveling salesman joke in his life, replied:

"Well sir, we haven't any extry beds here, but if you think you can manage to sleep with my darter for a night, 's all right with me."

Well, when he saw the farmer's daughter, his heart was jumping up and down like.

"I thank you so much, sir," he said, "but all my life I've been used to sleeping alone, so I'll just run over to one of your neighbors and see what he can do for me."

Prof.: Some acids are much stronger than others, I'll take carbolic acid as an example.

Class: Whoopee!

Sorority Pledges, Please Note

High school romances make the most interesting material for themes.

Popularity in the classroom is immediately gained by dating your men instructors.

Have lots of private conferences with instructors and don't forget to call them by their first names. It gives a friendly feeling to the atmosphere.

Remember to put the romance in a romance language!

Code of Feminine Popularity

'Tis not the dates that count,
But the grades that mount
High above the average three,
Which you gain by—what kind of speers?

A Figam was taking his Sigma Kappa home in a car (rented). Says he, "How far down Nevada Street do you live?"

"Who cares?"

"Well I just wanted to know how far I could go with you."

Sueh Patriotism!

The meanest man in the world is the man in the canoe who plays "Star Spangled Banner" on his uke in the midst of a crowd of nude, terrified, ducking girls.

The Height of Egotism

A flea and an elephant walked side by side over a little bridge. Said the flea to the elephant, after they had crossed it? "Boy, we sure did shake that thing!"

"Aha," said the dejected rushing chairman, as he checked up on the brothers lying in every corner, "A full house at last."

The five point man is rather queer,
He has no time to guzzle beer.
And if he had the time, I'll bet
He'd hate to get his whiskers wet!

Frightened feminine tourist (in the midst of a flaming forest): "Oh, sir, isn't this a forest fire?"

Begrimed forest ranger: "Hell, no! Lady! That's a Ladies' Aid Society up the road fumigating holler trees for the winter homes of wild bees!"

Freshman—Beware!

When Brother Davis tells you that you can get Band Concert and Organ Recital Tickets at the Union, don't believe him—they are sold in the basement of Uni Hall only.

When the Dean tells you that you are overcut, don't believe him—the Siren staff has complete charge of that little matter, and for a few pennies will see that you are reinstated in your class.

When your roommate says he has a peach of a date for you, don't believe him—we will undertake to investigate the matter, and if he has made a mistake you can take the date; if he wasn't lying to you for a change, we will give the date a break and take her out ourself.

Don't be bothered by the No-Car rule—nobody down here pays any attention to it; and if your Dad will give you the car, bring it down, and your popularity will grow overnight—just wait and see how popular you will be at the Dean's office.

S

Bank Robber (to his whispering buddy, as he blows the vault with t. n. t.): "Shut up! Yuh fool! Do yuh want somebuddy to know we're here?"

S

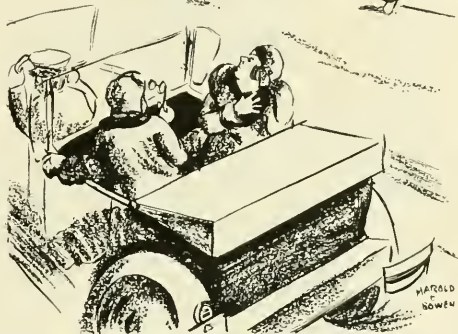
Oh, Tom Thumb!

In Manhattan night clubs now they're serving miniature golf courses instead of salads.

S



"MY GOSH, MAMIE, AND HIS PANTS
AINT EVEN PRESSED!"



S

With the A K L's

The frosh was hauled up before the vigilance committee. The high and mighty presiding chapter officer thundered at the boy, "In spite of the fact that our ducking pond overflowed into the basement, when you freshmen dumped brother "fatty" Johnson in it, you didn't have to swear."

Replied the trembling frosh, "Butttt I didn't swear. All I said was 'dam it!'"

S

Poor Bird

The dodo bird is quite extinct.
In one way he was lucky
To pass away before the day
These rhymes of mine grew mucky.

S

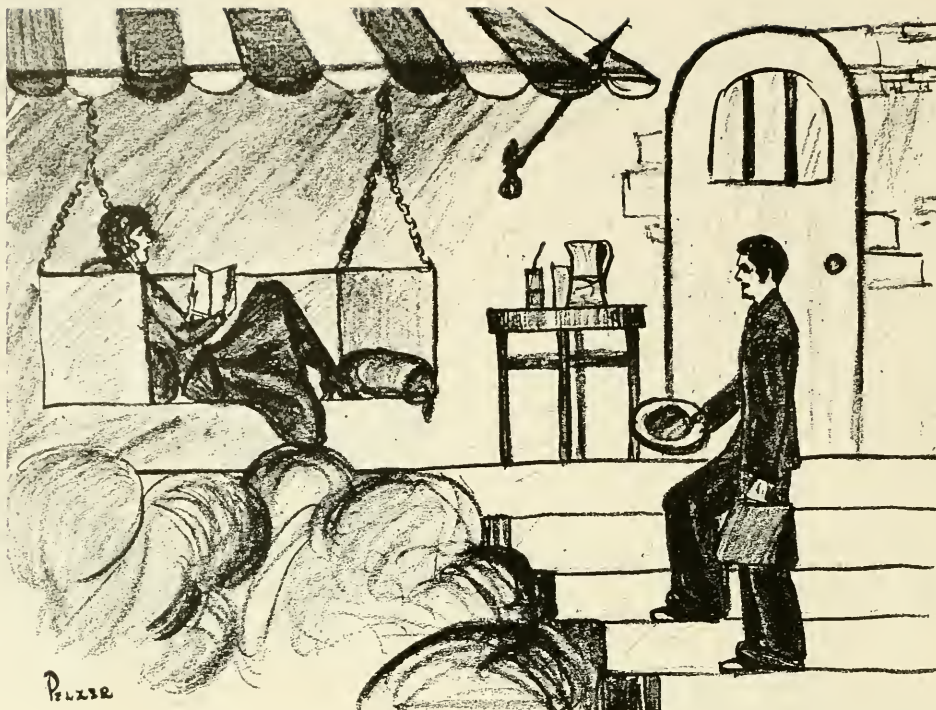
These Brilliant Ag Students!

First Ag Stude: "What part of a cow do the chops come from?"

Second Ag Stude: "Don't you know?"

First: "Do you?"

Second: "Haven't you ever heard of a cow licking its chops?"



"I was a Pi Pi Delta at dear Boodoop—"



So This Is College

by Joyce Newbill

Illustrated by Dorothy Pelzer

Time: During summer vacation.

Stage directions: The scene is laid on front porch of girl's house. A college-boy-working-way-through-school comes to door on a house to house canvass. College-girl-spending-summer-at-home is seated on porch reading illicit love stories in college magazines.

C. B. W. W. T. S.: (Tries to ring doorbell, but it doesn't work!) "Hey! What th' Hell's the matter with this d—n thing?"

C. G. S. S. A. H.: (opening door solicitously) "How should I know! But since mother isn't home, won't you stop in anyway?"

College boy: (shuddering, with one eye on pitcher)

"What I wouldn't give for a shot of something! Gad! I need it!"

College girl: (speculatively) "Help yerself, then, kiddo, they're cocktails! Mixed 'em myself!"

C. Boy: (with admiration) "Cocktails! Jeeze, you musta went to collidge!"

C. Girl: (proudly) "Sure I did! I was a Pi Pi Delta from dear old Boodoop—that's in th' east, don'tcher know!" (looking at pin he's wearing) "Migawd, mister, so you're an Alpha Psi—and I let you speak to me!" (registers horror).

C. Boy: "And proud of it too!"

C. Girl: (with incredulity) "You are!"

C. Boy: (boastfully) "Sure thing. I went to Pronto—way out in Calerforny—one of our best chapters too!"

C. Girl: (eagerly) "Oh, you don't happen to know Bob Emery there do you?"

C. Boy: ((joyously)) "Emery! Do I know Bob Emery!! (patronizingly) Well, my dear girl—he was *only* my roommate this year. (continues reminiscently) "And didn't I get things smoothed out for him when he got bungled up with a flock of femmes out there!"

C. Girl: (cooly) "I imagined as much! Y' see I used to wear his pin when he went to Boodoop. (sighs) We were sort of engaged at one time. But you know how "frat" pin engagements turn out. Easy come, easy go, mostly!"

C. Boy: (sympathetically) "I know! I have a pin on a Pi Chi, and (chuckles to self) "So you're the gal Bob left behind him! The one he still keeps dreaming about! (confidentially) D' y' know—he never *did* get over you—wouldn't *even* look at another dame!"

C. Girl: "Aw y' can't kid a college goil. Y' just said there was a whole gang of bims after him! (wistfully) Still, I'd sure like to see him again!"

C. Boy: (with an intense look) "Luck is with you, kid. You boy-friend's exactly six blocks away canvassing for the "Does It" Drug Co.—same as I am! Hop in my fliv, and we'll run right over!"

C. Girl: (delightfully) "Oke!"

C. Boy: (drives to outskirts of town and stops car suddenly).

C. Girl: (cooly) "Well, Don Juan, where's th' boy friend?"

C. Boy: (changing subject) "How about a little smacker, huh?"

C. Girl: (getting down to business) "Say! What's your game, anyway?"

C. Boy: (dryly) "I should think you'd know by now, considering the fact you've went ta collidge!"

C. Girl: (angrily) "Lemme out then! I'll walk back I pose!" (gets out).

C. Boy: (dreadily) "Oh very well, Priscilla—only remember one lil' thing . . .

C. Girl: (beginning to laugh) "This is really very funny, very funny! (on second thought) Hey—bozo—lemme in again—I've got a brain cheild!"

C. Boy: "Huh? You back again! Well, if it isn't little Pollyanna, the glad goil in person—all set to cheer up the broken hearts of the poor abused collidge guys! (with grandiose gesture) "Fellers—meet my gal, Polly!"

C. Girl: (who has had French lessons over the radio) "*Fermez your bouche!* Start driving—we're going places!"

C. Boy: (bromidically) "And do things?"

C. Girl: (gives brisk little laugh) "You tell 'em Casanova! Only drive home first—I gotta get my compact. (looking critically at self in windshield) Ye gawds! can'tcha just see your reflection in my smeller?"

C. Boy: (philosophically) "Just like a co-ed! Give 'em a powder puff, and they're all dressed up and ready y' go!"

C. Girl: (with lady like distaste for vulgarity) "Humphth!"

C. Boy: "Whazzit?" (car drives up to curb in front of house).

C. Girl: (smugly) "Oh here we are again! Wait a second, and I'll be right out!"

C. Boy: (jovially) "You bet I'll wait!"

C. Girl: (mutters hurriedly under breath) "But you'll be on your way directly!"

C. Boy (speculatively) "Whazzit?"

C. Girl: (reassuringly) "Oh nothing!" (leaves door open and goes inside. Returns leading ferocious police dog on leash. Waves hand at fellow sadly).

C. Girl: "Goodbye!"

C. Boy: (resentfully) "Say! Whazza huge idear—cripe



"Sometimes I think I'm engaged, and then again at other times, I commence to doubt it!"

sakes take the dorg away and c'mon!" (girl loosens leash and sets dog loose. Waves hand emphatically this time).

C. Girl: (dramatically) "Goodbye! Goodbye—forever!"

Police dog: "GRRRRRRRRRR!!!!!" (meaning "Step lively, palooka!")

College boy: (with disgust) "That's just whatcher meet up with when these femmes go t' collidge and get durnfool ideas in their heads! (muses) wonder what I'd be like if I'd a went!"

College Girl: (still peering in distance, apparently well pleased with herself) "He wasn't so bad, really! In fact, the only thing I've got against him is that collegiate stuff he pulled. I bet he never guessed all I know about collidge I read in the joke mags. (smiles knowingly) And there ain't no such guy as Bob Emery! I just made him up! That's sure a hot one on him, all right!!" (laughs heartily at her own cleverness).

(Curtain)



"WATCH THIS, SPOT!"

Check and Double Check

He phoned his sweet boop a doop long distance. Five minutes later; "Deposit one dollar please."

He talked some more.

"Deposit another dollar please."

No answer.

"Deposit another dollar please."

"For goodness sake, how can I? 'The thing's clogged up with my last check.'"

—S—

Studying was his only brain cell agitator, yet he had Athlete's foot!"

—S—

Him: "I hear that the Moore's aren't very happily married."

Her: "Yes; she was one of these parachute jumpers and she just can't settle down."

—S—

Him: "My girl is marvelous! She's wonderful! Say, have you ever met a girl who would actually refuse a fraternity pin?"

Them: "No."

He: "Neither have I."

—S—

I call my sweetie—

"Lucky." When tempted; reach for a Lucky instead.

"Invectus." She's master of my fate.

"Sweetie." She is just that.

HIGH BROW

He: "You have a sophistication that is lacking in so many girls. You appreciate the more cultivated pastimes."

She: "Yes, I do like unusual things. My tastes run to operas, fur wraps, travel. I feel that in higher literature I find sympathetic ideas."

He: "You are not at all plebian. You are an ideal companion and intellectual stimulant for a man of my type."

She: "Yes, it's rather refreshing to find one who savors life as I do. You are the compliment to my sense of the esthetic."

He: "I'm sure that we shall get along well. Get your hat. Let's take in a movie."

—S—

As the garage man said as he repaired the muffler, "This is so exhausting."

—S—

"—and after breaking out of jail again, he ran amuck through the town."

"Yes, it's funny how these gangsters all have foreign cars."

—S—

The freshman, whose father told him to stop his foolishness and bear down, replied, "I can't, I'm not a duck."

THE FRESHMAN

With a smile on his face and a gold pledge pin on his manly bosom, the Freshman tripped, that is to say, stepped lightly down the dirt embankment. It was dark as blazes and as he entered the park, hoot owls in the trees above him, announced that the hour was long past midnight. He walked with confidence in his heart. Who was to be afraid? Was he not a pledge of dear old Abadaba?

Without warning, a figure sprang on him from in back. Powerful arms pinioned his own. Other figures sprang from behind trees—they appeared like magic, as though Alladin had rubbed his lamp. The Freshman let out a shriek of terror which was quickly snuffed by a gag. He was bound hands and foot. Ten hooded figures gathered about him as he almost fainted from fright. One of them, evidently the leader, spoke, "Tonight, Pledge Jones, marks the start of a life in agony and torture for one week. Prepare for the worst."

His clothes were ripped from him. He was hoisted to the shoulders of two of the band and carried to the edge of a nearby pool. The icy waters splashed and rippled a hundred feet beneath him. A stinging wind took his breath away. He was held by feet and hands, hammock style, on the edge of the precipice. Slowly his captors swung him out over the inky space.

"One." He returned back over the edge, completing a swing. His body gained momentum as he came down for another.

"Two." The Freshman writhed in agony. Sweat poured from his forehead in spite of the cold. Brutes; this was murder, not initiation. They would hang for this—they would. He swung out over the edge again. The lapping waters seemed to call to him—invite him. Presently they would close over him and press the life from his shivering, young body.

Suddenly a clear voice rang out from in back, "That will be all, boys. We'll finish the 'Hell Week' scene tomorrow. Pack up the camera and microphones and report back to the studio. Good acting, Harold Spleen!"

—S—

Prof.: "Why, you don't know the first thing about chemistry!"

Co-ed: "Maybe I do; what is it?"

SORORITY SIMPERS

Oh, I'll NEVER go out with him aGAIN. I mean I Simply WONT. EmBARRAssed? DARling, I blushed clear through my VANishing cream. Everyone NOTiced him; It was as PLAIN as the RATTLE of a Ford. At the SHOW: DANCing; EVerywhere, it was so OBvious! I SHUDDer at the MEMory; I really DO. My dear, he's COLLEGI-ATE!

—S—

Passerby (running into house after hearing screams): If you don't quit beating your child, I'll call the police.

Man's voice from within: This ain't no child. It's my wife.

Passerby: Oh, pardon me. I'm so sorry I intruded.

—Southern California Wampus.

Romance

She pressed her lovely head against my breast as we stood there in the tranquility of a perfect moonlight night. I ran my fingers slowly through her silky flowing hair, caressing her beautiful neck and delicately shaped ears. She moved uneasily as if she heard the approach of disturbing footsteps. "Don't be afraid, come closer to me," I murmured in her ear, "You're my Queen." I wouldn't take a million dollars for that horse.

—S—

Dragged: "What is the age limit of cadets?"

Drugged: "A cadet is the limit no matter what his age is."

—Pointer.

POOR CHILDREN

The husband returned home late that night. Stepping quietly so as not to disturb his wife, he entered their bedroom and stared at the scene before him. His wife sat on the edge of the bed in the embrace of a strange man. His children were crying in a far corner of the room. Grasping the man by the throat, the husband dragged him into the middle of the room—glared at him as his fingers slowly tightened. Finally he hissed through his teeth, "What's the idea of slinking around houses this time of night and scaring little children?"

—S—

A Poem*

I wonder what
A frosh thinks about
When he first comes
To the campus?

I wonder what
A frosh thinks about
After he has been
Here awhile?

I wonder what
A frosh thinks about?

I wonder if a frosh thinks?

I wonder??

*Poet's note: The reason the title is as it is, is because otherwise how could anybody tell that it is a poem?

—S—

Modern Mothers

1st Ma: "Do you approve of your daughter smoking so much?"

2nd Ma: "No, and some day I'm going to tell her so."

—S—

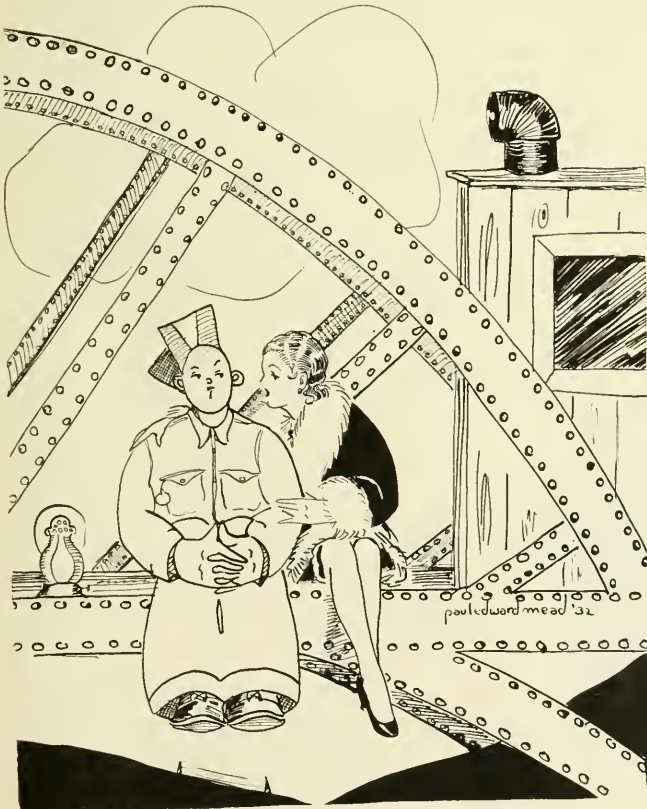
Soph: "Say, who d' you think you're foolin'?"

Frosh: "I dunno. What's your name?"

—S—

Nora: "Mary's husband is a real mate."

Tom: "Yes, but she will always be the captain."



A GOOD BRIDGE HAND



Prof.: "Young man, why is it I received no paper from you today?"

Frosh: "My roommate had a date last night."

—————S—————

As a Freshman Sees the Campus

Fervent embraces and lusty back slapping . . . C'mon, let's have a coke . . . yeh, I had a swell vacation . . . sunlight through the trees on the Broadwalk . . . and when I saw her she said . . . gee, this old place sure looks like home to me . . . the chimes casting a note of peace over the campus . . . they say it's a stiff course though . . . if he thinks he can get away with that . . . oh, I met the darlinest man this summer . . . no, this time it's really different . . . have you got a Lucky . . . I guess Jean won't be back this year . . . and the darn fool gave me only a C . . . C'mon, let's have a coke. . . .

—————S—————

Prof. 1: "Illinois is going to the dogs."

Prof. 2: "How is that?"

Prof. 1: "Not a good looking co-ed in any of my classes."

Tragedy

It was very late one night when I met a cute little Alpha Chi Omega pledge (believe it or not) walking home, (believe it or not). She was crying!

Says I to her, "Why are you walking home and crying?"

"Well," sniffles she, "It's all on account of my ears! A boy called up tonight and asked for a date. I gave him one when he said he was a little P. A. D.; but, boo hoo, what he really said was a little B. A. D."

—————S—————

First Beta: "There goes Addaline."

Second drunk: "Who? That's Pearl Smith."

First: "Yeh."

Second: "Why call her Addaline?"

First: "Her initials are P. S."

—————S—————

"Does Bill walk with that old slouch of his?"

"No, I hear he's going with better women now."

—————S—————

Chi Phi: "Does Mary like to dance?"

Figam: "Does she? They tell me her mother was scared by a saxophone!"

—————S—————

Judging from past years, we presume that pledging is a weighty problem at the Kappa house.

—————S—————

MORE BLANK VERSE

————— ————— ————— ?

————— ————— ,

————— ————— .

————— ————— .

—————S—————

WAR

No more —s.

—ings Pennsylvanians,

—m mama.

Way —d girls.

Home —ed bound.

—is this thing called love?

—oh—is my wandering boy tonight?

Junior's Error

(A story for the benefit of our Chicago subscribers, who will appreciate the terse, realistic manner in which this melange is told.)

Mrs. Smyth came wearily into the kitchen of her Chicago bungalow to prepare dinner. Listlessly, she went to the bread box only to see there a bulky object, swathed in a blanket, instead of the accumulated bread she expected. Removing a flap of the blanket, she saw the horribly mutilated trunk of a human body. She found herself wondering if the Rici family next door had lost anything—she knew Tony was wanted by the Luigi gang. Mrs. Smyth soon dismissed this idea as illogical. The job was too puerile for Chicago gangsters. Grimacing, she tossed the trunk into the garbage can outside. It splashed sonorously. Napkins were wrapped around two cylindrical things. Much as she expected, one proved to be part of an arm. The other was a jelly roll baked that morning.

Two shoe boxes were in the ice box in place of the milk and eggs she desired. They contained a right hand hacked off at the wrist and three parts of a foot. Mrs. Smyth, annoyed, opened but one. She was realizing that John or Junior would have to go to the store, and Junior never got what he went after, while John fussed so at going. The thought depressed her.

She lighted the oven, after yawning with boredom at finding it empty. She had anticipated finding the head there, but as compensation she found several fingers and an ear in the silverware drawer. She uttered a mild oath when she saw blood on the spoons—people never helped keep the kitchen clean.

The other ear and either the nose or a big toe were in the salt jar. She began to repeat under her breath, "Where will I find the head?" and thought of herself as a head hunter. She giggled spontaneously.

When John came, she broke the news to him, full of dread.

"Darling, we can't have dinner until some one goes for milk and eggs."

"Why is it, Helen, you never think to order things in time?" he asked, plainly disgruntled, emphasizing the words unpleasantly.

Helen showed him the shoe boxes in the ice box.

"Don't blame me," she said crossly, "Some one substituted this stuff in place of the provisions I had there." John looked thoughtful, and she added, "There's a human trunk in the garbage can."

(Continued on Page 23)

Military Tactics

A. P. M. S. & T.: "Now, suppose you are on your post one dark night. Suddenly a person appears from behind and wraps two strong arms around you so that you can't use your rifle. What will you call then?"

Cadet: "Let go, Honey."

The college man who sees double is in great demand at the gas company as a meter reader.

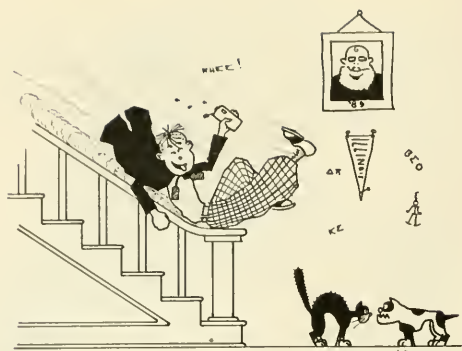
Club servant: "A lady is in the lobby saying that her husband promised to come home early."

Several card players (jumping up hurriedly): "Excuse me, gentlemen."



"And what kind of a tooth brush would you like, my good man?"

"Aw, make it a hard one. Dey aint no sissies in our family!"



PICTURE OF ALUMNUS MAKING A FORCED LANDING

In the Classroom

Prof.: "Can you tell me briefly the changes on this European map in the last few years?"

Stude: "Well, yes, it has been varnished once."

Fresh: "I am in a terrible fix and have no idea where to get money from."

Soph: "Good, I was afraid you thought you could get some from me."

Good Advice

Father: "You shouldn't encourage Frank—no one can expect big things from him."

Evelyn: "How about Dick, then?"

Father: "Yes, you can expect anything from him."

Harvard Frosh (Abroad): "I say, why do you call your touring car 'Kleptonianiac'?"

Distinguished Oxfordian: "Because of its rapid pick-up, old thing."

Jones (the butcher): "What's all the disturbance over at Coffin's, the undertaker?"

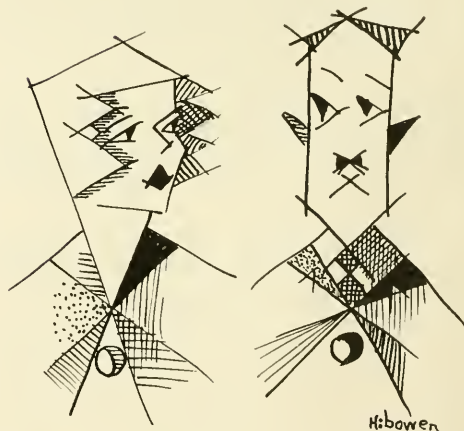
Smith: "I heard his business was ended, because he had gone in the hole."

Ambition

An Ivory Soap crouched on the bathroom floor just within the dusk of the open door.
"I hope," it said, "ere my life is done,
And my days in that sudsy world begun,
That I may seat as she strives to pass,
A beautiful, buxom, college lass."

Wouldn't It Be a Riot!

- (1). If the University couldn't flunk people out?
- (2). If co-eds cared about anything except clothes, dancing, and men (in the order named)?
- (3). If Mr. Volstead had been a "collitch" boy instead of a *preacher*?
- (4). If college *really* were a place for study?
- (5). If rushing were done *on the level*?
- (6). If deans of women were snappy-looking gals, and kept up on the styles?
- (7). If everybody had *unlimited cuts*?
- (8). If college turned out to be *exactly* what the high school kids dreamed it would be?



"She's like an automatic pencil."

"What do you mean?"

"Everready."

K. A. T.: "Mary has stopped going with her Varsity wrestler."

Kitty: "You don't mean to tell me? After two years?"

K. A. T.: "Yes, she only has a *rough* idea of what love really is."

Conversion

Three warts squatting on an African chin
Were wondering why warts never seemed to stick in.
Said one, "I wonder if a massage of Kraut
Would help to turn me inside out."

The second voted a peroxide trick
While the third remained a silent lout,
For through the air swished a big, red brick
Which scooped the entire colony out.

—S—

Things a Freshman Should Think About Upon
Entering the University

1. The fille back home; not the cross-eyed one.
2. The alias he will use when caught with his dad's car on the campus.
3. The ol' home town. He's expected to do great things! Sez who?
4. The number "34." He'll hear it often enough, God knows!
5. Does green "go" with my new suit?

—S—

One on the Freshmen

I'm laughin' at a freshman,
Because he said to me,
"I just saw the dumbest gink,
That there could ever be.

Come with me and have a look,
I think he's partly bass."
So I went and now I laugh;
The gink was a lookin' glass.

—S—

Dictionary

Lunge—necessary picnic equipment. (collective noun).

Garner—part of a room.

Pigeon—the act of throwing. (verb).

Cheer—a thing used for sitting.

Odes—feed for horses. (origon, wild odes).

Yolk—what this is supposed to be.

Past—a bothersome person.

Betting—favorite indoor sport at the Chi O hovel.

Coffer—the person who has never heard of Old Golds.

Squad—to sit down suddenly.

Bed—to wager.

—S—

I pity much the poor Phi Bate
Who only got a four point eight
But as for me, I'm feeling fine
To get a measly two point nine.



"HELL, THIS AIN' 'FIRE,' THIS ISH WATER!"

—S—

He was a big football player.

She was a sweet little frosh.

He got mad and kicked her.

It pains me to think that such a sweet little co-ed would
have to get "Athlete's Foot."

—S—

Illustrated Songs

1. Have you heard, "Little White Lice?"

2. The orange song: "Orange" you sorry, truly sorry?

3. "What's The Juice?" asked the tree-sitter as the lightning struck his tree.

—S—

Prof.: "Tell me something about Elizabeth and her age."

Dreaming Frosh: "She will be nineteen next week."

—S—

Then there is the sad tale of the Ag-major frosh who, on attending his first football game, developed crossed-eyes while searching carefully for the shanks on the "pigskin" from row sixty-four.



"MY DEAR! FANCY US MEETING LIKE THIS!"

EPITAPH

"Here lie the bones of Jane O Day,
Who during rushing passed away.
Chi O, D. G., and old Pifi—
These houses caused our Jane to die!
They rushed her hard, they rushed
her long,
And since poor Jane was far from
strong,
When houses fought o'er her, they
say,
Poor Jane just up and passed away!"

—S—

Policeman's small son (gazing at a zebra): "Does he get a service stripe for every year he's been in the zoo, Daddy?"

—S—

If Rudy Vallee received an "M" for popularizing the "Stein Song" what should Jack Oakie get for his "Alma Mammy?"

—S—

"I'm going to get the hell outa here!" cried the preacher, just before beginning his big reform crusade.

—Washington Columns.

—S—

Stage-door Johnny: "What character do you have in the next act?"

Girl: "I'm not supposed to have any character; I'm in the chorus."

—Bean Pot.

CLOTHES FOR THE WELL DRESSED FRESHMAN

On the campus—that should be our first big thought, for that is where most of the time of the young collegian, as I have quaintly nicknamed him, is spent. For morning classes Illinois students have always preferred the regulation stove pipe hat, with a band of the college colors, or of green for freshmen. Light blue or orchid polo shirts are practical as well as appealing to the eye, and are displayed to best advantage on the flat chested, stoopshouldered forms, examples of which can be seen daily at the Chi Psi Lodge. Black and white oxfords and pigskin gloves complete this simple outfit.

For afternoon wear more formality is observed, the same costume being worn, but with however, the addition of a goldtipped cane. Padded shin guards, quite inexpensively, at Louie's, are found by those in the know, to be just the thing for climbing in and out of Mr. Prehn's traps, better known as booths.

Ruffled shorts are gaining a widespread popularity, due to their coolness and colorfulness, and have been seen lately at Park, worn by both B. M. O. C. and their fair companions. For formal wear bow ties are rapidly being eclipsed by string ties of marabou, chinchilla, and spaghetti.

—S—

Why not let an arms conference determine the correct waist-line?

HONORED

The degree of Doctor of Humane Letters was recently conferred on each of the following well-known men:

Julian Flatfoot, who for forty years has been the Evanston mailman and who never once read the back of a postcard. Incidentally, he forgot to read the addresses.

Enoch Oilburner, who was sued for \$250,000 because he wrote tender epistles to a trusting little girl from the farm.

Ignio Pastellegio, "the blackmailer with a heart," who never put a man to death without first chopping off the victim's head—"to prevent suffering," he modestly says.

—Purple Parrot.

—S—

Hot: Say, you've been smoking Camels for some time, is the man on the pack leading or following the camel?

Stuff: I'll bite. I don't see any.

Hot: He is following. At the time the drawing was made, he was back of the pyramid taking the sand out of his shoes.

—Wesleyan Wasp.

—S—

Gwendolyn: "Harold, dear, we simply must not walk any farther."

Harold: "Why not, honey?"

Gwen: Oh, these horrid rocks are getting holder and bolder."

—Ohio Sun Dial.

—S—

He glanced at his watch. It was time. He stood up and raised his hand, preparatory to giving the signal. Then he paused. He looked around him at the forces he was commanding. Every man's eye was upon him; each one was eager, tense, alert, prepared for action. He cogitated upon the results of his giving the signal. The sound of martial music, the booming of cannon, the cries of wounded men, the moans of mothers, wives, sweethearts, etc., the tramp of marching feet, the roar of conflict, the shout of victory, the wail of defeat, and lastly, the silence of death—all these would follow. Well, let them! and with a sudden movement the conductor swung his baton and the orchestra started to play.

—Arizona Kitty-Kat.

Under the Anheuser-Busch

It was one day last month that we were visiting Arthur Joe, one of Boston's better bootleggers. The talk drifted from bathtubs to the bootleg industry. There came a lag in the conversation. Then somebody suggested he show us his plant and explain the various steps of the manufacture to us. Oddly enough, he consented, and we began our tour of inspection. We saw the men working about the mixing and the cutting plants, and as we were about to leave, the indubitable Greek turned, and with a smile pointed to one of his assistants and said, "That man's a corker!"

Gad! Will this flow of wit never stop?
—*I'oo Doo.*

—S—

Little Girl: Nurse, will I ever have a mustache on my lip like daddy when I grow up?

Nurse: Pretty often, dear, I expect.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

—S—

Frosh: "I was thinking of living in San Francisco but it's so far to come in the mornings."

A friend: "Oh, go ahead. You might as well commute as come dumb."
—*Pelican.*

—S—

31: You say that that Freshman has lived in Paris? He looks darned rural to me!

33: Oh, that's just a little Paris Green.
—*Bucknell Belle Hop.*

—S—

"What's your definition of a good girl?"

"Something few and far between."
—*Gargoyle.*

—S—

When a boy writes six pages to his girl he is only dropping her a line.
—*Desert Wolf.*

—S—

A fraternity man was badly mangled in a train wreck, and when the doctors tried to identify him by the clothes he was wearing, it looked as though the whole chapter was injured.
—*Boston Beanpot.*

The new trench mouth song is sweeping the campus. You know, the one that goes, "Love is spreading infection, I know that wonderful something is love . . ."

—*Ohio Sundial.*

—S—

"Where to, frater?"

"To the asylum for the dumb, blind and deaf."

"And, for why?"

"We need a chaperon for the party."
—*Boston Beanpot.*

—S—

First Prom Trotter: "I can't understand why you stayed outside so long with such a splendid dancer as William."

Second Drag: "Well, he showed me some new steps—and we sat on them."
—*Colorado Dodo.*

The cannibals had just cooked up a party of missionaries and the feast was being passed.

"Would you like a nice, fresh roasted priest?" asked the chef.

"Nun, thank you," rejoined the chief.

It's great to have a ruler with a sense of humor, isn't it?

—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

—S—

Teacher: Correct this sentence for me—"There are an awful lot of freshmen in this university."

Susie: There are a lot of awful fresh men in this university.

—*Iowa Frivol.*

—S—

Light a Murad

In a pinch use Allen's Foot Ease.
In a squeeze—use discretion.



"With whom are you going to room this semester?"

"Anyone whose Charter House suits from *Kaufman's* are handy."

RIALTO THEATRE

Week Starting Sunday, Sept. 28



Buddy Rogers
Nancy Carroll

—IN—

"Follow Thru"

IN TECHNICOLOR

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PLAY—LOVE—LAUGHS—SONG HITS

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KISSES

I have known kisses sweet and warm,
And kisses hot as the flames of hell.
I have been kissed in a slashing storm,
And deep in the coolest dell.

I have known the kiss of passion,
And the cool kiss of sweet pure love,
(From school girl, and bud of fashion),
From wind, sun and moon above.

I have taken kisses by force,
From the willing and unwilling,
And they were sweet from either source,
But not as sweet as thrilling.

And I have had kisses forced on me,
Burning kisses that I didn't crave,
Kisses that were not sought by me,
But I took as good as I gave.

But the kisses that I treasure
Deep in my heart and memory,
Are the kisses I've had from you,
Tender, sweet and just for me.

They are rare and dewy fresh,
And linger on my lips forever,
Like wondrous incense, always fresh,
That springs from Love's eternal river.

—Y. M. I. Sniper.

—S—

The R. O. T. C. was in camp.
"Who goes there," called out the rookie guard.
"A Sigma Nu," came back the answer.
Corporal of the guard—"drunken man on post number
two." —Arizona Kitty-Kat.

—S—

"Want to take a blind date Friday?"
"Oh, my deah, haven't you heard? I am going to be
married Friday!"
"That night? Well, how about Saturday?"

—Iowa Frivol.

—S—

Freshmen get dumber every year.
Do you think so?
Yeh. One of them came up to me the other day and
said how funny it was at this university.
Why?
'Cause so many of the Dean's were named Emeritus.
—Gargoyle.

Heard at the Prom

"Love me, hon?"
 "Uh-huh."
 "Love me a lot, hon?"
 "Uh-huh."
 "Love me an awful lot, hon?"
 "Uh-huh."
 "Then sit up. Your sorority pin's tearing my necktie."
 —*Beanpot.*

S

| | |
|------------------------------|---------------------|
| Blue eyes gaze at mine.— | <i>Excitation.</i> |
| Soft hands clasped in mine.— | <i>Palpitation.</i> |
| Fair hair brushing mine.— | <i>Expectation.</i> |
| Red lips close to mine.— | <i>Temptation.</i> |
| Lithe body close to mine.— | <i>Aspiration.</i> |
| Footsteps.— | <i>Damnation.</i> |

—*West Point Pointer.*

S

Many co-eds are responsible for teaching some boys to walk at an early date.

S

I followed the one and only out of the Libe. Just as she reached the door a book dropped out of her arms. It was my chance. I rushed to her and picked it up. I noticed it was English History.

"Excuse me," I said, "but did you drop this."
 "Drop it!" she exclaimed, "Hell, I flunked it."
 —*Sivasher.*

S

Another way to judge an old timer is one who remembers when his mother rocked him to sleep instead of blowing smoke rings to amuse him.
 —*Princeton Tiger.*

Sad But True

"You're the most wonderful girl I've ever known."
 "I only wish you meant that, George."
 "So do I."
 —*Ohio Green Goat.*

S

Golddigger: "I'd have adored to live during the age of chivalry."

Second Femme: "Yes, weren't the men polite then?"

First One: "And they had such wonderful manors."

—*West Point Pointer.*

S

Officer: "Did you get the note I sent down with my horse?"

Private: "Yessir, and we carried out your order."

Officer: "Fine, send the horse over immediately."

Private: "Yessir, shall we send him by truck?"

Officer: "No, you fool, let him walk!"

Pause.

Private: "Say would you please repeat what you had written on that note?"

Officer: "My orders were 'Have my horse shod right away.'"

Private: "Oh! was that a d—? I thought it was a t."
 —*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

S

Beautiful But Dumb (in cabaret): "Let's get one of those private rooms."

Escort: "Those aren't private rooms, they're telephone booths."
 —*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

S

And then there's the Zuguee bird who flies backwards. He doesn't give a damn where he's going, he just wants to know where he's been.
 —*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*

"Where Friends Meet"

Hanley's

713 Wright Street

Facing the Campus

Strauch's

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Fountain Pen Repair



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Strauch Photo Art-House

At Campus, 709 South Wright

Zoology is the course which attracts those frosh who wish credit hours and nothing more. Then too, there are the field trips that add greatly to the spirit of the class. At the last of these jaunts in the open field one sweet young thing in the class stopped and picked up a chestnut burr. "Professor," she called excitedly, "Come here! I've found a porcupine egg!"
—*Boston Beanpot.*

—S—

Her (at hop): "Wait for me here, Bill, while I powder my nose."

Her (Trois hops later): "Been waiting long?"

Second Classman: "No, but I've been looking all over for you to give you your compact."—*West Point Pointer.*

—S—

Are you the captain of the infantrymen?

These aren't infantrymen.

Well, are you in charge of the cavalry?

These aren't cavalry.

Are you in charge of the Hussars?

These aren't Hussars.

Are you an officer of these Lancers?

These aren't Lancers.

Well, then what are they?

They're rookies.

Well, are you in charge of these rookies?

Yes. What is it?

You're wanted on the telephone in the office.

—*Ohio State Sandial.*

—S—

They were sitting out in the moonlight.

"And," she said proudly, "if poverty comes, we'll face it together."

"Oh, sweetheart," he answered, "just the mere sight of your face would scare the wolf away."

And ever since he has been wondering why she returned his ring.
—*Beanpot.*

—S—

Hadn't you better go and tell your father?" said the motorist to the farmer's boy who stood looking at the load of hay upset in the lane by a collision.

"He knows," replied the boy.

"Knows? How can he know?"

"He's under the hay."

—*Drexerd.*

—S—

Drunk (entering street car): Shay, will you put me off this thing when we get to where I'm sposesh to get off.

Street Car Conductor: Yes sir, you get off right here!

Drunk: Gosh, here already! How time dush fly!

—*Sour Owl.*

Junior's Error

(Continued from Page 15)

"Hum," he mused, "somebody had an accident. Any matches out here? My lighter's on the blink."

Junior, nearly twelve, arrived, complaining because dinner wasn't ready. About to go, he remembered something and turned with a roguish look in his eyes.

"Find anything in the bread box?" he inquired.

"Junior," Helen commanded, "come here and tell mother all about it."

"Aw, there's nothing to tell. After I killed her, I just happened to think I could have fun maybe surprising you folks. Primo Rici does something like this often."

Junior was leaving, when Helen remembered.

"Junior," she called eagerly, "tell me, where's the head?"

Her son marched proudly to the potato bin and produced from under the Early Ohios a grisly thing which evidently had been a human head.

"Why," remarked John, "it looks like grandma's."

"Sure, it's grandma. There's more in the clothes hamper. 'And say,' he spoke naively, 'I'll bet you didn't find her fingers.'"

"Yes, we did," laughed Helen, "—in the silverware drawer. But why—"

"Them's her nose and ears," Junior interrupted scornfully. "Her fingers are in the pickle jar."

John, looking for a match, heard this last and was nauseated, because he liked pickles. He faced Junior sternly.

"Junior, why did you do this? The idea, and grandma, too!"

The child sensed a scene and sat down on a chair, removing grandma's head first.

"Well, you know last night when that dumb old guy called on grandma and brought her a box of candy?"

His parents nodded.

"You see I was watching, but they didn't know it. Well, I saw grandma reach for a sweet instead of a——"

"Heavens," shrieked Helen, interrupting, "You've made a horrid mistake. Mamma wanted to get fat!"

She turned to John, but he had gone to Rici's to borrow a match.

S

A. T. O.: "Woman's greatest attraction is her hair."

Pi K. A.: "I say that it is her eyes."

Phi: "It is unquestionably her teeth."

S. A. E.: "What's the use of us sitting here lying to each other?"

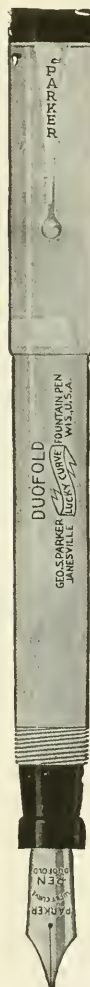
—*The Mountain Goat.*

S

Those who follow the lines of least resistance are reputed to be the fellows who go to the Theta house.—*Frivol.*

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Tel. 3550

Pleasing you keeps us in business

WHAT NEXT?

And now we have a sixteen cylinder car. With a car that long, the rear end will just be getting across one crossing while the front end will be starting to cross the next corner.

And what with all these boulevard stops. The car will have to come to another stop before the gears can be shifted. It will seem funny for the driver to stop at a corner while he is still sitting in the middle of the block.

They will have to devise some method of bending the car in the middle to enable it to get around these hairpin mountain curves.

And just think of parking the car. Parking perpendicular to the curb will hold up traffic for the day. Garages long enough for these cars will almost be impossible.

Guess I'll stick to my old broken down Ford.

—*Southern California Wampus.*

—S—

"Move over there," bellowed the big, burly cop, "who do you think you are? Where did you ever get the idea that you could drive on the left side of the street going 35 miles an hour through an intersection?"

"But, my dear man, your philosophy is all wrong," mumbled the professor who taught *Theory of Philosophy*. "After all, are you sure that I'm even here? And if I am here, are you sure that I'm not somebody else? Perhaps I'm even a table or a chair or maybe I lived 3,000 years ago. Am I standing on my head or is the rest of the world upside down? You'd better pinch yourself to see if you're really here, too. One can never—"

The cop is now in a padded cell.

—*Southern California Wampus.*

—S—

As You Love

Pessimist: "She loves me not. She loves me not. She loves me not."

Optimist: "She loves me. She loves me not. She loves me. She loves me not."

College Student: "She loves me. She loves me. She loves me." —*Wampus.*

—S—

Two hundred (200) Christian women in Colorado Springs recently petitioned the city council to pass an ordinance against bill-board advertisements which represented women using "tobacco in any form." It is undermining the "heart of our nation," they say.—From *Time Magazine*.

We shall send them a wire immediately recommending Old Dutch Cleanser as a bath-salts.

—*Sour Owl.*

Rhythm in Music

Is the important fundamental that
assures good dancing



FRANK ZELL

and his eleven piece orchestra
invite you to

College Hall

The most attractive ballroom and lounge on the campus

"DANCE ON THE CAMPUS"



To the Editor

They will not take my stories now,
They say they have no plot;
If they're as bad as some I see,
I think I should be shot.

Ye Ed takes pride in destroying
All that I can write,
Methinks he sells my manuscripts
To ragmen, oh so tight.

Some day, perhaps, he'll write to me
And then what will I do?
I'll calmly throw his writing dear,
Into a basket, too. —Black and Blue Jay.

—S—

*The man who always sang in the bathtub installed a
shower and met his death through drowning.*

—Purple Parrot.

—S—

Like father, like son—but like daughter and you don't
give a damn for the rest of the family. —Punch Bowl.

SCRAPING ALONG

*"Oh, George, do you realize it's almost a year since our
honeymoon, and that glorious day we spent on the sands?
I wonder how we'll spend this one?"*

"On the rocks."

—Vancouver Province.

—S—

Chicago university is having difficulty with the track
team. The dash men are rum-runners, the distance men are
barred, pole vaulting is over-stressed for a wall-leaping
future, and all the weight men are half-shot.

—Missouri Showmc.

—S—

We were visiting friends this summer and our conver-
sation was suddenly interrupted by one of the younger
members of the family. He walked slowly into the room,
sniffed and edged over to his father's chair.

"What's the matter, son?" asked his father.

The youngster stifled a sob.

"I've just had a terrible scene with your wife," he said.

—Jack-o'-Lantern.

—S—

"It's a wise cork that knows its own Pop."—Pointer.

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We trust we may be of much
service to you
*We can make anything you want
—and we deliver it on time*



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Phone 4444

Mr. Kipling Reads His Stories in Liberty—Plus the Advertisements

He took her in his arms, once so weak, now strong, built up into masses of muscles by use of the Master Muscle Builder, only \$2.45 by mail anywhere east of the Rockies, \$2.95 west of the Rockies, postage prepaid. He felt her soft skin kept as lovely as that of 511 Hollywood actresses who all acclaim the wonder soap of the age; and looked into her eyes—you can have eyes like those, dark and dangerous, just a minute a day; a simple preparation; easy to apply; does not cake. Her hair shone with that lustre which only the pure oil of the Siberian nuts, mixed with the rich perfume of Arabia, and sold under the exclusive copyrighted name: Golden Line (Trade Mark) can give. And still something was lacking—perhaps he had no "Sox appeal"; but then four out of five have it. Could he be the fifth? He looked down, trembling, and then he realized that even your best friend won't tell you. —*Georgia Cracker.*

—S—

THE SIDELINES

Half-shot fraternity brothers—blaring strains of a band—freshman hats—beautiful girls—sunshine—a boy with two buckets and a towel—eleven tense crimson jerseyed men—a shrill whistle—a deafening roar of applause—and the football season is with us once more.

—*Rammer Jammer.*

—S—

She threw me a rose and it started
'Neath an old Spanish moon in Madrid,
And I'll never quite know how we parted.
'Cause her husband came home 'fore we did.

—*Rammer Jammer.*

—S—

Two Chicago men left a banquet together, they had dined exceptionally well.

"When you get home," said one, "if you don't want to disturb your family, undress at the foot of the stairs, fold your clothes neatly, and creep up to your room."

They met the next day at lunch.

"How did you get on?" asked the adviser.

"Rottenly," replied the other; "I took off all my clothes at the foot of the stairs, as you told me, and folded them up neatly. I didn't make a sound. But when I reached the top of the stairs—it was the elevated station."

—*Yellow Jacket.*

—S—

Inside: May's dress seems to have seen hard wear.

Outside: Hardware is right. She has had six fraternity pins.

—*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

Mother Goose for the Sophisticated

Jack and Jill meandered up a small protuberance from the earth's surface for the express purpose of gaining a quantity of water necessary for their wants. On their return journey, the attraction of gravity proving too great for him, the young boy fell, causing a fracture of the skull, probably a slight concussion of the brain, and a small cerebral hemorrhage. Jill's subconscious mind, her long suppressed desires, her numerous inhibitions, probably caused by early repressions, and her many complexes, all united to force her to descend rapidly also. —*Georgia Cracker.*

—S—

"THE LION"

(Playlet in 3 acts)

Act I -

Lion, Trainer, and his Assistant.

Act II

Lion, Trainer

Act III

Lion.

End.

—*Black and Blue Jay.*

R-K-O

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Champaign's leading amusement center

Starting Sept. 28

"CALL OF THE FLESH"

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RAMON NOVARRO

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"Half Shot at Sunrise"

With Bert Wheeler and Robt. Woolsen

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The best in first run pictures at popular prices

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I'll Make a Date With Anybody

To sell them a subscription
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The experience will cost you
One Buck



Meet me at the Siren office

Public Utilities Make Today's City Possible

Suppose the public utilities would vanish tonight.

Suppose electric, gas, water, transportation, and telephone service would end? What of the city of tomorrow?

The modern home, built as it is around these great aids to better living, would be impossible.

With no elevators in service, no lights, no gas for their ranges, no water, no telephones, the great stores, hotels and office buildings would go out of business. We would step back into the dark age of commerce with its congested, poorly lighted, wretchedly ventilated, insanitary shops and factories.

Without public utilities civilized life of today would be paralyzed.

**Illinois
Power and Light
Corporation**

There's one thing gets us college guys,

We wish we had a bat

To bash the head of ev'ry bloke

That calls our house a "frat." —*Frater.*

—————S—————

The huge problem in fraternity architecture: Guest room or extra davenport?

—*Frater.*

—————S—————

Editor: "Did you ever write anything before?"

Authoress: "Oh, yes, I wrote a confession story once."

Editor: "Did the editor send it back?"

Authoress: "No, he came all the way from New York to California to meet me." —*Arizona Kitty Kat.*

—————S—————

The most difficult problem ever presented to Prof. Mac-Whoopee for solution is that in which one of a set of twins died and the likeness between them being so great the parents were unable to tell which of the two was dead.

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

First Sewanee Student: "Who was that innocent young damsel I saw you with last night?"

Second Abstainer: "Innocent young girl? Oh, was that before or after intermission?" —*The Mountain Goat.*

—————S—————

And He Never Attended Any More Tea Dances

Co-ed (to her first-year guest at sorority dance): "I bet you don't know how long I have been here at school."

Frosh (seriously): "Really, I wouldn't even attempt to guess." —*Exchange.*

—————S—————

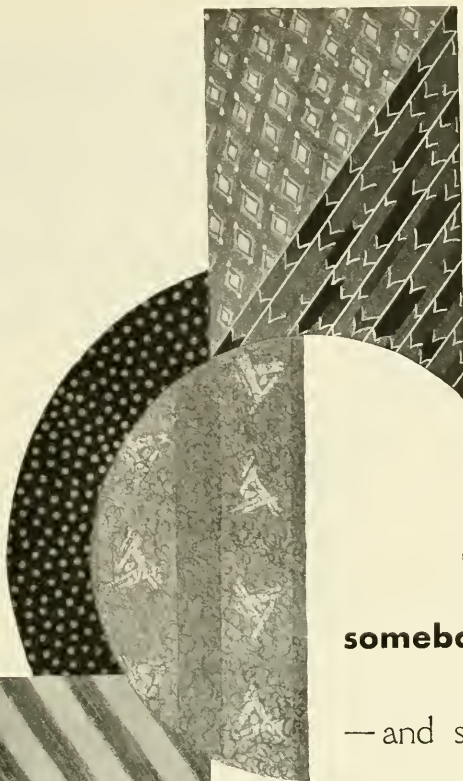
Prof.: "Please do not talk; you disturb me."

Yawning Voice: "Yeh, and the same to you."

—*Penn State Froth.*

—————S—————

"One of the grads became so tight on a bet he had won, that he thought he was Sir Gallahad with the grail, and it took the whole Kappa Sig chapter to pry him loose from their bright, shining cuspidor." —*Whirlwind.*



**TODAY . . is
somebody's birthday !**

—and somebody is pretty
sure to be pleased—if he is
remembered with some
good-looking ties.

There are Cheney
Cravats—for every type of
daytime and evening wear.

**CHENEY
CRAVATS**
MADE OF CHENEY SILKS

WHITE LINE LAUNDRY

HOME OF KAPTAIN KLEAN

It seems to us that the talkies are getting voice and voice.

—Armour Engineer.

—S—

It seems that there was once a Kappa Sig who went dancing at the Kappa Sig house but the D U's threw him out.

—Frater.

—S—

There's at Least One in Every House

The man who is learning to play a saxophone.

The man who is always lamenting the loss of the "Fraternity Spirit."

A fork whose prongs have lost their sense of direction.
A man who has your necktie every time you want to wear it.

A "No Parking" sign.

Somebody yelling "Study Hour!"

A salt shaker from the Corner.

A ***** who'll double-date you if you come in before daylight.

—Frater.

Phi Delt: "Do you know that Phi Delta Theta maintains five homes for the feeble minded?"

Frosh: "I thought you had more chapters than that."

—Frivol.

—S—

Two elderly deans were discussing the respective merits of their colleges. One of them had been eulogizing upon the great superiority of his school to the other's until the latter gentleman became griped. His school had a student body of about 5,000 and he thought that in numbers at least he could outdo the other fellow. So he asked, "Well, how many students are there in your college?"

"Oh, about 7,000 odd, I guess.

"How many excluding the queer ones?" —Phoenix.

—S—

Clerk: "Sec, that hat fits perfectly. How does it feel?"

Stewardent: "Fine, unless my ears get tired."

—The Mountain Goat.

THE SIREN CALL FOR NEW FALL APPAREL FOR
MEN IS DEFINITELY ANSWERED AT THE STORE FOR
ILLINOIS MEN

Jos. Kuhn & Co.

Downtown

Champaign

BEAT THIS

The two kings were facing in opposite directions. Neither was able to face the other. Before them was the field of battle.

"Check!"

"I can offer no more than ten iron men, the last that I have."

"I will see them."

"Then I am with you."

"Good! Me too."

So the fellow who had the kings back to back showed them to the rest of the boys and took the pot—a nice haul; close to a hundred dollars. Some guys sure are lucky in stud poker. —*New York Medley.*

—S—

CORRECT

Professor (in engineering class): "What's a dry dock?"

Student: "A physician who won't give out prescriptions."

—*Drexel Drexerd.*

—S—

Traveler: Will you please register my berth?

Pullman Agent: Say, this is a Rail Road Station, not a Court House.

—*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

—S—

Son: "Dad, how do they catch crazy people?"

Dad: "With rouge, powder, permanent waves, smiles and sweet nothings, my boy."

—*Sewanee Mountain Goat.*



by
**Francis
Wallace**

ALL AMERICAN JACK ELDER:

... "One of the best college stories I have ever read!"

Huddle

IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE

CollegeHumor
MAGAZINE

"I know of no contemporary who is better qualified to write modern football fiction than Francis Wallace; this is particularly true of the kind of football we play at Notre Dame, as he has had an opportunity to observe it from the inside for the last eleven years.

"I know that in his first novel, *Huddle*, the football scenes both on and off the field will be authoritative and authentic; more so, perhaps, than any long football story of recent years."

Knut O. Rockne



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Bite*

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ENGRAVERS
CHAMPAIGN,
ILLINOIS.

There was a young poet from Japan
Who wrote verses that never would scan

When his friends told him so

He replied, "Yes, I know,

But I always try to get as many words in the last line as I
possibly can."

—Exchange.

S

"I've got tired of fooling with you. You aren't really
intelligent, are you?"

"Well, I belong to the Student Council.—Pitt Panther.

S

The Prom Committee Meets

Chairman: Meeting come to order.

C. B. A.: Three of my fraters want free seats.

C. L. A.: So do four of mine.

Chairman: I'd like a couple of tickets myself—just for
advertising purposes you know.

Ed: That's what we need, more publicity.

C. B. A.: Let's get Dean Franklin to say the Prom is
no place for a nice girl.

Ed: I need five free tickets.

Music: So do I.

Chairman: Well, let's all take five tickets to start
things—O K.? All right, all those in favor?

Bunch: O. K.

Chairman: Opposed? Carried. Now how about
decorations.

C. L. A.: Let's carry that over.

Chairman: O. K. How about catering?

C. B. A.: Let that slide.

Chairman: O. K. What we got to do is start interest
—let's take five tickets to give out to those that will help.
All in favor? Opposed? Carried. What's that, yeh, we'll
meet next week—that's all.

—Boston Beanpot.

S

Once upon a time a little boy went on a long trip with
his father, and when he came home he said to his mother:
"Mamma, am I really pop's little nephew? That's what he
told a pretty lady."

—Longhorn Ranger.

S

The crowd roared as he started straight down the field.
Everyone was behind him, not a man was before him! A
clear field! Only a few more yards to the goal line—would
he make it? Behind him he could hear the drumming feet.
Another yard—just one more—ah! there it goes! Thank
heaven. He continued to swing his stick as he led the band
over the line.

—Harvard Lampoon.

S

A tadpole is a curious beast

A paradox complete

For he is but four inches long

When he has grown four Feet. —Pointer.

Familiarize Yourself

— with what's Correct for Fall



Our display will guide you accurately as to style—protect you as to quality—benefit you beautifully in value-giving. Throughout every department you'll see the cream of production from America's most prominent makers and style authorities—in Goodman & Suss clothes, Mallory hats, and Kingly shirts.



We emphasize a complete line of Thompson Shoes

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604 Green Street

On the Campus



Choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are blended in Camels . . . sun-soaked tobaccos, rich with the delicate qualities that mean more pleasure to the experienced smoker. The distinctive fragrance of Camels appeals to the person who has smoked around enough to know the difference.

IF YOU NOTE a conspicuous dearth of horsefeathers in the things we say about Camel Cigarettes, you can probably guess why. Year in and year out, more people smoke Camels than any other cigarette. Far be it from us to gild that lily . . . or drape a blanket of blarney around something that needs no elaboration. All we can do is add the reason—a reason so fundamental that it leaves no room for talking back: *They smoke Camels because they like them better.* In words of one or more syllables, that states our case for pleasure.

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SIREN

Ø



TWO BITS

+

+



Attractive Coeds

*prefer to
dance at....*

COLLEGE HALL

because there they
find the congenial at-
mosphere created by
rhythmic music. Cam-
pus co-eds are enthusi-
astic in their praise of
the unusual entertain-
ment provided by

FRANK ZELL

*If you have a favorite tune
Frank will be happy to
sing it for you.*



College Hall



The greatest relief ever
experienced since your initiation into the
Caterpillar Club cigarettes
that really SATISFY!

CHESTERFIELD

*Milder
. . . and*



better taste



She was Disappointed!

"Never mind Betty Co-ed the programs for our next dance will be made by the College Publishers. I'll put in the order tomorrow at 606 East Green street, over Bailey & Himes. You shall not be disappointed again."

Eliminate such conversations at your next house dance and allow us to design your dance program and devise mood Christmas cards for you, your house or your what not.

We not only design dance programs from the appropriate cover to the famous last lines but we DEVISE individual Christmas GREETINGS that will so please you and your friends that you will always have them designed by our craftsmen.

EVERYTHING ORIGINAL

College Publishers

Grace Needham Oliver '24, manager

What Next?

"Could you tell me," inquired the so-called poppa, "Where is my wandering boy tonight?"

"Certainly, sir," informed our hero. "We left him back at the eighth hole of the miniature golf course, trying to drive through a small piece of rain spout."

"Ah, woe is me," cried the poor man. "Where will he next try to drive that Austin 1 bought him!"

—Pitt Panther.

—Kappa Sigma Tau—

"To what," said the nice old lady, "do you owe your remarkable agility, your faculty of self-protection, and your cat-like grace on your feet?"

"I was," replied the successful but young pugilist, "call-boy in a fraternity house for one year."

—Wabash Caveman.

—Phi Sigma Sigma—

Was there no escape? No one would hear her even if she did scream. Must she submit to his demands? She had thought she would be safe in the privacy of her boudoir, but the fiend had pursued her even there. There was but one thing to do. She must make the best of it. Others had succeeded in forcing her to do their will, but they at least had had a glittering personality, and this brute possessed nothing. He had had the temerity to offer her a mere hundred dollars. Others had offered more, but she had scorned them. Times were hard, and money was scarce, so she said, "All right. I'll endorse your cigarettes, but you're getting it damned cheap considering my reputation!"

—Penn State Frater.

—Lambda Alpha Lambda—

"Aw Nell, Nell, you wouldn't do this to me, would you? You wouldn't treat me this way, would you? After all that's passed between us. And I've done so much for you. Why you couldn't leave me this way! Nell, tell me you don't mean it! Ya ain't playactin' are you, Nell?"

"Huh?"

—California Pelican.

—Tau Delta Phi—

Magazine Agent: Is the lady of the house home?

Maid: No; come right in.

—Red Cat.

—Phi Alpha Delta—

"You remind me of a Packard motor."

"Because I am so strong and silent?"

"No, because you idle so easily."

—Lampoon.

—Delta Alpha Pi—

Voice from the darkness: "Help, thief!"

Passing hold-up man: "Sure, I'll help!"

—Theta Alpha—



In case you think that purchasing merely means buying



Back and forth across four states traveled a Western Electric man—

out to secure one particular kind of tree for telephone poles. **C**, Month

after month he checked quantity and quality of timber, means and cost of transportation,

the labor situation, value of stumpage,



prices. Not until every point

was settled satisfactorily did Western Electric buy a single pole.

C, Purchasing all the Bell System uses is a vast and fascinating task. It requires keen

judgment, extensive research, scientific planning. Western Electric continually searches

the whole world to make sure of adequate sources of supply.

C, This is just *one* of its many responsibilities in the Bell System.

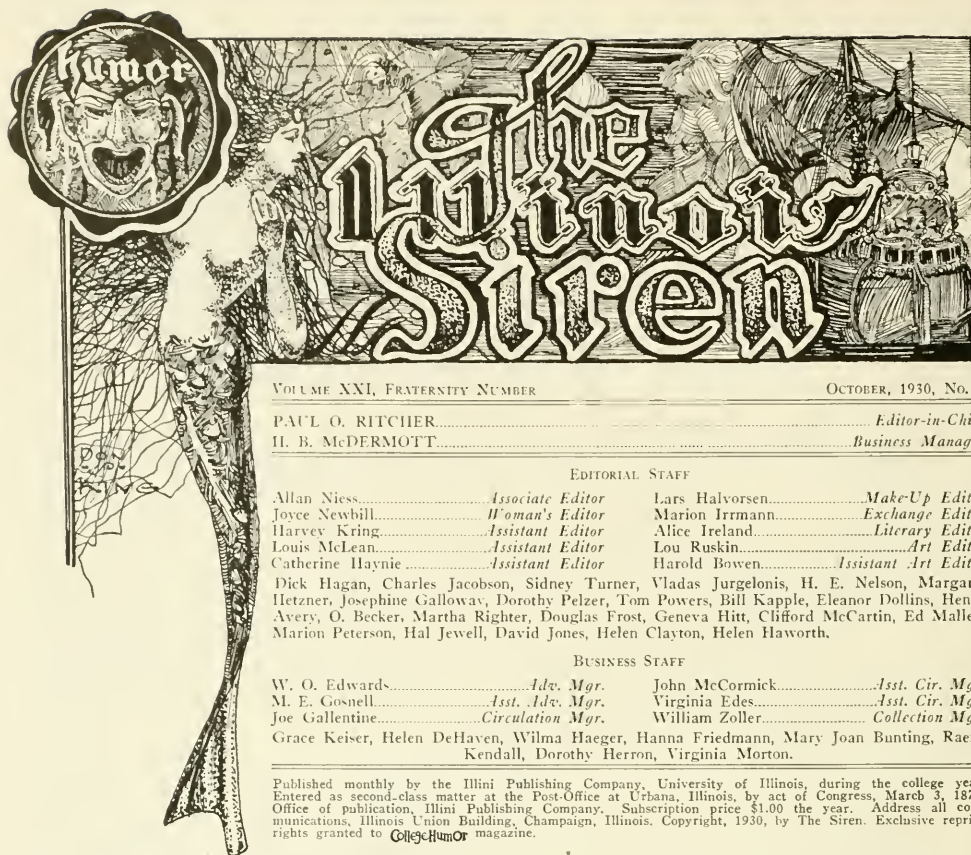


Western Electric

Manufacturers... Purchasers... Distributors

SINCE 1882 FOR THE BELL SYSTEM





Humor

The Illinois Siren

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Grace Keiser, Helen DeHaven, Wilma Haeger, Hanna Friedmann, Mary Joan Bunting, Raene Kendall, Dorothy Herron, Virginia Morton.

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Contents

| | |
|---|---------------------|
| COVER..... | <i>Harold Bowen</i> |
| Cartoon, by <i>Lou Ruskin</i> | 6 |
| Madame X Says..... | 7 |
| My Book of Hims, by <i>Al Niess</i> | 16 |
| Do You Know—, by <i>Charles Jacobson</i> | 17 |
| Coming Distractions, by <i>Catherine Haynie</i> | 18 |

The Greek Situation

In our recent investigations into the moral side of fraternity life we have discovered a decided laxness among Greek actives, probably decided after due consideration. What agencies have been responsible for this state of affairs and what means can be taken to remedy the situation have called forth this editorial.

We have noticed that bars have sprung into increased popularity during the last few years among the organized men. In that one fact we see undisputable evidence of the influence of the Main Stein song. "A bar in every room" has come to be the slogan of many a prominent Greek house, and the motto does not refer to cakes of soap.

Another contributing cause to the moral downfall appears to be in the harmless appearing loving cup which adorns house mantles. We have found that students of economics, irritated by the lack of utility apparent in them, have taken up the habit of smoking in order to assign some use to the cups as receptacles for tobacco ashes.

As a means of combating the growing evils, we suggest that other houses follow the excellent example already established by some—that of scratching or otherwise mutilating records of Rudy Valee's masterpiece so that when played, the hic-hic and frequent lack of coherency will have a moralizing effect on the brethren.

So far as the cup proposition goes we would advocate the practice of presenting cups, if at all, only if they had lids. The extra effort involved in lifting this cover would deter all but the most energetic from the insidious practice of dumping cigarette ashes into the trophies.

We feel that various other solutions, equally absurd and effective, could be advanced to cope with this enigma. But one which is unquestionably efficient is this—buy a copy of the SIREN, read it, and have no time for petty misdemeanors.



On Serenades

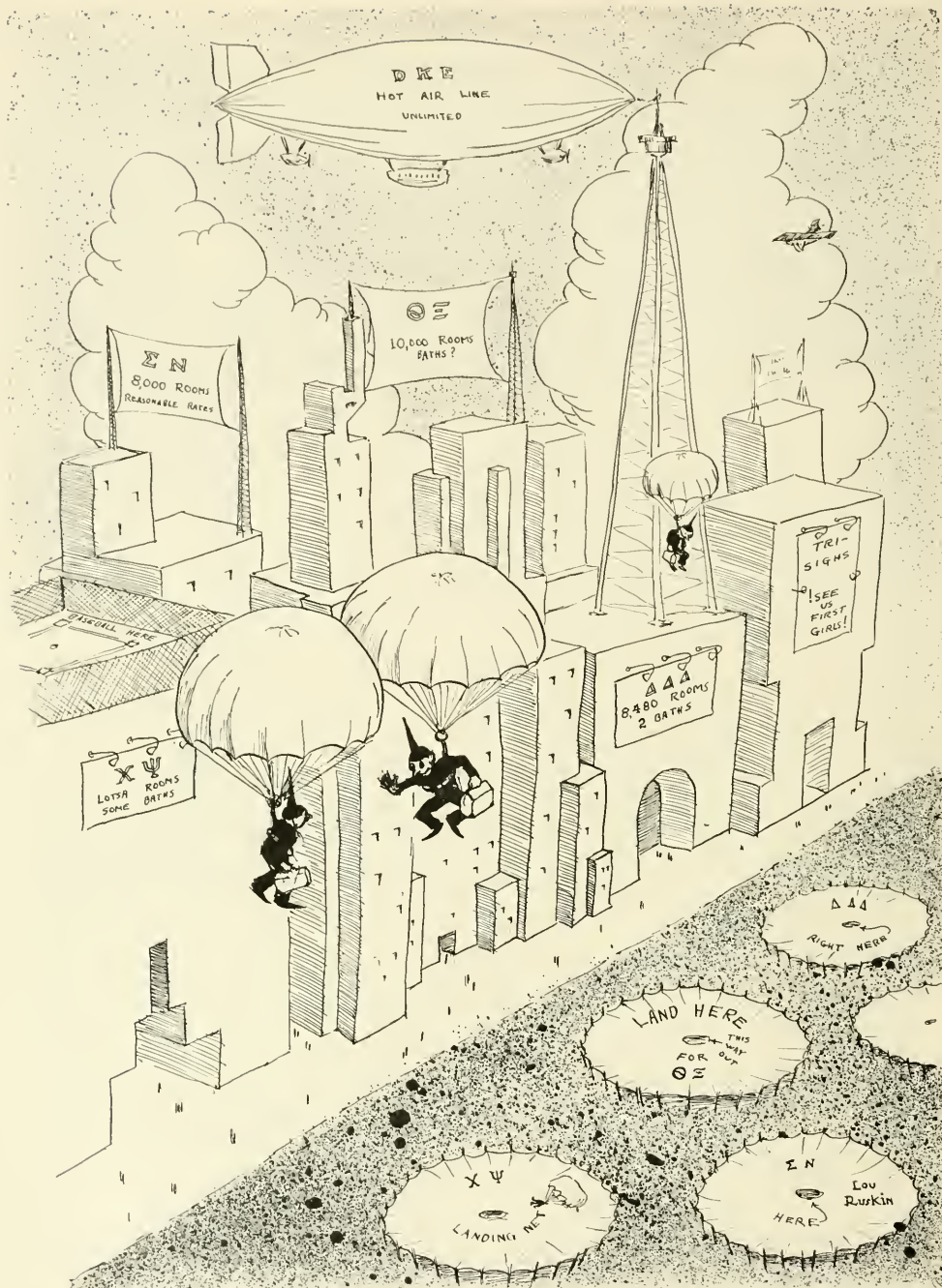
We wouldn't discourage fraternities from serenading for anything in the world, but after all, there is a limit to what any sorority will stand when the would-be Lawrence Tibbetts come crooning 'neath the dorm windows of an evening, even the most sentimentally inclined young ladies are apt to be more than a trifle irritated at losing their beauty sleep. And so we view with alarm the degeneration of what must have once been a beautifully romantic custom, and which has come to be received in this coldly realistic age with only polite enthusiasm.

However, we do want to help these poor benighted lads who are trying to express the music in their souls, but whose harmony is so close that, as a famous literary light has put it, "it is betimes a bit stuffy." And in our earnest endeavor to help them, we are taking this opportunity to drop encouraging little hints, which we are sure will be of great value.

To begin with, won't they please, oh, please refrain from bursting into a sprightly version of that old favorite, "Pull Your Shades Down, Mary Ann!" Imagine thinking romantic thoughts when the boys are gayly caroling about a lady whom we all know had false teeth, and, (we blush for her)—a wig! And then they proceed to follow it up with "Exactly Like You" or some such charming number. Grave attention simply must be taken in choosing likely numbers, and may we suggest something like Mendelssohn's "Song Without Words?"

We come now to the keynote of a successful serenade, about which so many fraternities are shamefully ignorant. It is the undeniable fact that really to put their songs over, a pipe organ is practically indispensable, both in keeping them in tune, (that itself would be a tremendous improvement), and in adding a culture and dignity to the whole performance.

Accept this gentle criticism, dear serenaders, in the helpful spirit in which we give it, and take this as our last bit of sound advice—stop singing altogether.



FRATERNITIES IN 2000 A. D.

First rushee: "Say, bo, where ya goin'?"

Second soak: "Don't know yet, but if a south wind comes up I'll probably land Theta Xi."

Madame X says —

We have in our possession a paper written by a young lady, after she was informed what this page would consist of. It reads, "I would like to rate the Madame X page. Elsie Searing Moore." Now Elsie if you will go out and make history we will be glad to become historical.

—Gamma Pi Upsilon—

It is rumored that the Sig Alfs are paying one buck to certain of their members to run around the balcony of their house three times.

—Phi Kappa Phi—

This is absolutely a true story. Eddie Baldwin, over at the Triangle house, spent his summer at Camp Custer. As the story goes, Eddie and a certain captain both had dates with a certain little girl for the same night. Neither one would give her up, so they both prepared for the big event. The captain squirted himself generously with strong perfume, and the boys, thinking that Eddie's toilette lacked something, smeared his hat with limberger cheese.

The two went off together, and when they met her swinging on the garden gate, she wanted to know what on earth smelled so. The captain, thinking it was his perfume she meant, volunteered that he did. So Eddie got the date; and when they were seated comfortably in the theatre, she leaned over and whispered in his ear, "Phew, I can still smell that captain."

—Sigma Alpha Epsilon—

**The above won the two tickets to the R. K. O. Virginia. If the writer of the above will come into the Siren office, his tickets will be waiting for him.

—Cosmopolitan Club—

Mr. Horner, in discussing the beautiful Delta Zetas, remarks, that although he has never dated one he can at least SEE them. This statement seems rather trite to us in that Mr. Horner is a Kappa Sig, with a room on the third floor opposite the D. Z. house.

—Sigma Alpha Mu—

A certain Beta by the name of Mr. Duncan, explains that he is going to take Peg Parker to all the campus dances, because he likes Peg in a formal. My, my, what foresight these Betas do have!

—Omicron Alpha Tau—

Bob Carter, Sig Pi, is taking Astronomy 1 because he heard that one evening a week is spent on the South Campus star gazing. Bob, you weren't born yesterday!

—Kappa Theta Sigma—

Bob Lott, Beta, turned to painting about two days before school. It seems he met Miss Patten, D. Z., and after an acquaintanceship of a few hours, went over to the D. Z. house after supper and helped Miss Patten paint her room blue (and the town red).

—Kappa Zeta Rho—

While we are speaking of Miss Patten, maybe she would be kind enough to explain what she did with that chewing tobacco, the Chesterfield salesman gave to her.

—Theta Kappa Phi—

Madame X Will Give

two tickets to

The R. K. O. Virginia

for the best contribution printed on this page in the next issue.

Put contributions in the Siren box under the steps on the first floor of Uni. Hall. All names of contributors will be kept in secrecy.

Do you know Helen Struggles over at the Chi O house? No? Well we can't blame you; it doesn't sound like a Chi O.

—Gamma Eta Gamma—

Mr. Brigham, Beta, would have his brothers, and the general public know that he will undoubtedly be the next student colonel. Colonel Brigham, we salute you!

—Alpha Kappa Lambda—

A few evenings ago, Miss Louisan Mamer, noted woman's editor of the Illini, was seen with three very prominent young men, both at the R. K. O. Virginia and at the Roof. All three young men seemed very happy and content. This, we think, not only entitles Miss Mamer to be Woman's Editor of the Illini, but gives her sufficient background to also write a column for the love-lorn, of which two Chi Os, who were supposed to be with two of the said gentlemen, should be interested readers.

—Triangle—

If you tickle "B" Stevens, her glasses drop off!

—Sigma Delta Kappa—

May we congratulate Art Naudman, Sig Ep, now known as the sweetheart of Gamma Fi; who within the first three weeks of school, has broken four of the sistern's hearts.

—Delta Phi Epsilon—

There is really no time like the present to tell you of the kindness with which our President treats poor dumb animals.

It was like this! Pres. Chase was coming to work one morning. Closely following him was a dog, also a part of the 'the chase,' who wagged his tail at every kind word of the Pres. They entered the Administration building, and Pres. Chase, being in a hurry to get to work, jumped quickly into the elevator, leaving said pup in the rear.

After several minutes of waiting, the pup decided to let the general public know of his poor treatment. Without further delay he voiced his woe in loud accents, commonly known as howling. Pres. Chase, hearing the familiar voice, came out of his office, called the pup, who ran up the stairs to the happy reunion. The Pres. in going out to meet the pup however, went to the dogs!

—Sigma Phi Beta—

There is a cute little red-head frequenting the lawn of the Phi Delt hovel. From the way she plays croquet we have a faint suspicion that she is an Alpha Fie.

—Alpha Lambda Tau—

(Continued on Page 20)

Interviewing the Great Professor Spalding

"Oh: Professor Spalding, may I see you for a moment? I must interview you for the Siren."

"Indeed you may," cried the great man as he walked off the screen and onto the back of the stage. "But why not have a riverview instead; personally I like wet parties."

"To begin with, Professor, what do you think of the foreign situation?"

"Any situation is foreign to most people," came back Groucho, quick as a flask. "But there is one foreign situation that demands the undivided attention to both sexes, and that is the banana situation. The banana is a constant danger for it has appeal, appeal that sweeps you off your feet and leaves you downhearted for days on end. I have yet to see the person that falls downstairs and enjoys the trip, which all goes to show that one cannot trifle with a banana and come off unscathed."

I must be off now for my sauerkraut awaits without—why do I say sauerkraut? Because it is not the cabbage. I'll tell that to the king; maybe he'll knight me. If he socks me I'll be a Knight of the Garter."

With that the great man dashed out of the door holding himself at arm's length.

—Theta Kappa Nu—

Farm Propaganda

A discussion was in progress during the recent class elections. Says a Psi U: "Yea, Holstein from the house is nominated for sophomore presidency." "Well, well," comes back a Phi Gam, "I always thought you were running a barn over there."

—Theta Upsilon Omega—

Check

First Greek: "Sorry to keep you waiting, old thing, but you know we were having house meeting."

Second disorganized: "Yea, I just got out of a bull session too."

—Phi Sigma Kappa—

Grid Minded

Ask a modern college student to tell you about Shakespeare's plays, and he'll ask you what school he coaches, and what teams they play.

—Delta Kappa Epsilon—

Did you ever stop to think that a really intelligent girl never looks intelligent because she's intelligent enough not to?

—Gamma Phi Beta—

They tell me a bigamist is a man who makes the same mistake twice. Perhaps he is an optimist.

—Zeta Psi—

A REAL SCOTCHMAN

A Scotchman in church, when the plate was passed around, dropped into it a five-dollar gold piece instead of a quarter. He reached to take it back, but the plate had gone by, so he said, disgustingly: "Aw, to hell with it; it's for the church!"

—Delta Alpha Epsilon—

Pledgie had a little lam;

It pained him, so he blurted:

"I never will be bad again,

'Cause active's paddle hurtled!

—Delta Zeta—

What is really said in a term report

Sonny Gets a Letter

Dear Son:

I was extremely sorry to hear of the trouble you are having with your eyes. I have been wondering about you. It was only last night that I said to your mother, "It's about time Junior was having some trouble with his eyes. He hasn't been bothered since last February."

I think it would be advisable to consult a good doctor there at school. I really don't think these doctors here know much. Every one of the five times you have had to come home they have said that there was nothing the matter, and you ought to know if there is something the matter with your own eyes, oughtn't you?

Your mother says you may bring your roommate home with you for the holidays if you want to. However, remember that you have brought roommates home before and spare us the press agent material. Save it for the village damozels. You will have the use of the car, and I will see what I can do about having plenty of hot water.

We are still living on Main street.

Your Dad.

—Theta Upsilon—



"an Ah still maintains it was Lily ob de Valley"

ENLIGHTENMENT

Shades of night were falling, much to my regret, as I strolled leisurely and alertly along sorority row in this strange and unfamiliar college town. One after another, as light after light flooded respective rooms, the shades fell, shutting off the streams of yellow rays which had previously guided my eyes on the upward paths.

From the Kappa Deltas to the Thetas all curtains were drawn as lights went on. Were these the homes of co-eds? I asked myself wonderingly. I could scarcely believe the actualities. How different they were from the sororities of my home university where everything had been so democratic and free! My faith in womankind was being severely shaken but refusing to become discouraged, I continued on my what appeared to be fruitless task.

While engrossed in my search, an elderly lady accosted me with a "My good man, it seems to me that you are unduly interested in our sororities?" "No, madam," I answered, catching sight of and starting toward an unveiled window on the second floor of the Pify house and realizing that at last my search was to be rewarded, "I am merely seeking for the light."

—Alpha Chi Rho—

A girl used to look up a fellow's rating in the social Blue Book; now she looks it up in the income tax reports.

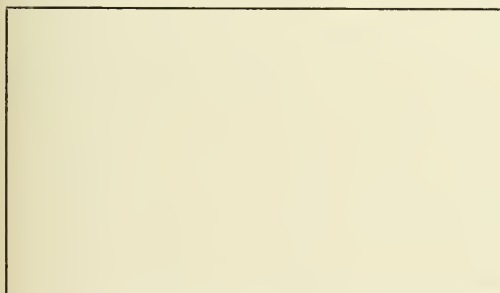
—Theta Chi—

Scientists have just disclosed that bees travel 300,000 miles to collect a pound of honey. The American tourist does double that to collect a bag full of stickers.

—Beta Phi Alpha—

The world trusts a man who admits he likes onions.

—Tau Delta Tau—



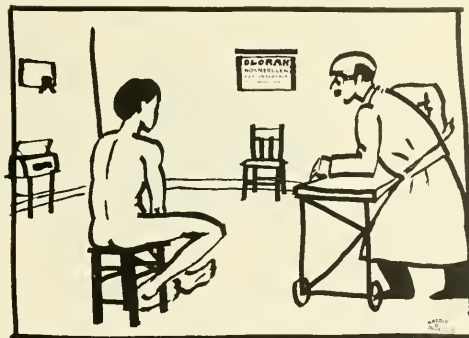
The A. K. L. smoking, drinking and swearing room

In the Rock Gardens

Gamma Phi blonde: Isn't that a beautiful butterfly on my knee; it must think I'm a flower."

T. U. O.: "That's no butterfly, that's a horsefly."

—Lambda Chi Alpha—



Doc: "Now read the letters on that chart."

'34 (after many vain attempts to get out of military): "What chart?"

—Delta Sigma Lambda—

From the Lips of the Famous

"Who the hell wants to get married unless he wants to?"

—H. L. Mencken.

"So we took the fifty thousand—."

—Jackson and O'Brine.

"I believe Washington, Lincoln, and Hoover to be the three greatest presidents: Washington freed our country, Lincoln freed the slaves, and Hoover freed the working man."

—Will Rogers.

"America needs an ambassador of good will. Why not elect 'Good Will Rogers'; the Illiterate Digest will gladly conduct the polls."

—Herbie Hoover.

"While in Rome, do the Romans." —Ben Mussolini.

"The economic situation is not alarming."

—John D. Rockefeller.

"I'm an atheist, thank God."

—Gandhi.

"Men still appreciate art and beauty—especially beauty."

—Mary Jane Caldwell.

"It's a shame the way idols of American slang have applied the dignified nautical term 'three decker' to sandwiches."

—Gar Wood.

"It's the cut that counts."

—Any Bootlegger.

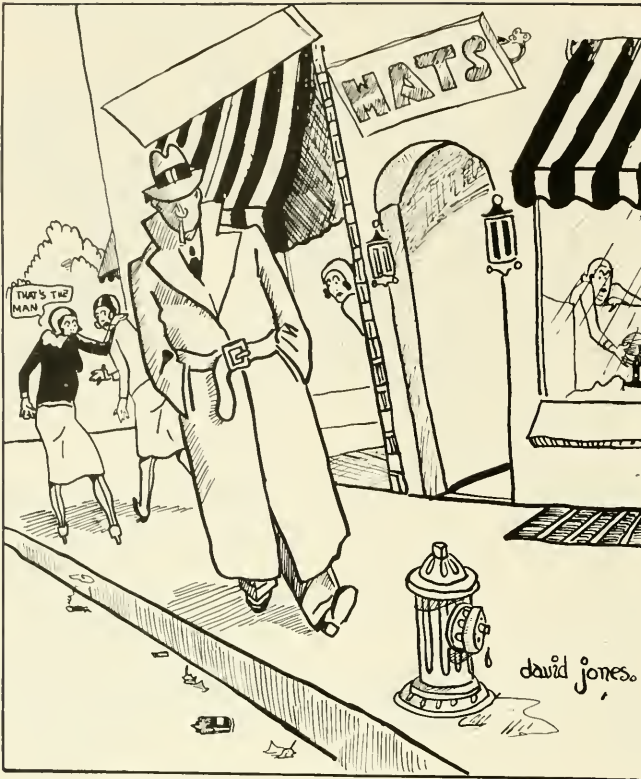
"The Siren still holds its rank in the line of America's humor."

—The Staff (Rank is right).

"Modern humor is vile."

—The Editor.

—Beta Theta Pi—



The only man who has ever snubbed the Thetas
and got away with it

S'nuff

"MissMumf, Jack, the girl I introduced y'to at h'sdance."

"Sure. I 'memberyu—swellookin' blonde 'nblack."

"Oyeuh? Didjulikit?"

"Y'r swell dancer too."

"Y'rnot goofin' me huh?"

"Musics lousy—S'terrible."

"S'awfull."

"Havasmoke?"

"Dyintu. Camel?"

"Nope. Smoke any given brand."

"Crakinwise. huh. S'old."

"S'tunes swell. Dance?"

"Don't be sil'."

"O. K."

"Beseeinyu."

"Cernly. S'pleasure."

—Ihus Fraternity—

You'll have to admit that these new hats the girls are wearing are the berets.

—Beta Psi—

DAPHNE AND MERCURY

FREDDIE was a TEKE, but he knew he COULD live that down SO his date—a PIFI—and he ENTERED into a LONG discussion about ALL Tekes; he SAID: "We are just TOO great!" WHEREUPON our ITTIE-BITTIE pifi answered, (IN THAT WAY): "Name the TWO!"

—Delta Tau Delta—

And then a prune is nothing more than a plum that has had a secret sorrow which made it wrinkle young.

—Phi Mu—

A dumb co-ed is one who thinks that "hanging a pin" is a wash-woman's job.

—Alpha Gamma Delta—

Owed to an Iceman

I'm old and cramped,
My spirits damped,
I think of days gone by.
When men were bold,
And ice stayed cold
From May until July.

Oh man of mine—
His lips were wine
When on me he did call.
Those secret hours
Beneath my bowers—
He seemed so strong and tall.

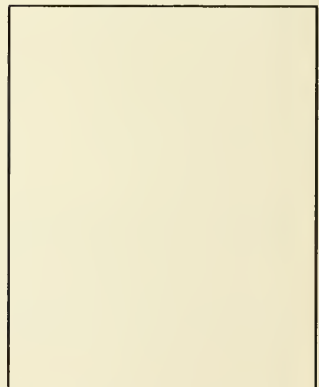
Those days are done,
Old age has come,
My life I've lived, no doubt.
I've lost appeal,
My life's not real—
My ice man left his route.

—Alpha Chi Omega—

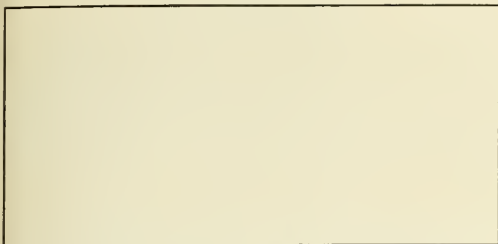
DIAMONDS FOR LOVE

The two were seated there deathly still, eyes peering into each other's. In their five years of married life they had often been this way; he, a bit afraid and worried, realizing that his next move might mean the end of all their happiness; she, tense, nervous, waiting. He stared straight ahead, knowing that her eyes were boring into his, trying—oh, trying very hard—to help him, yet she could do nothing. He could wait no longer. Whether it meant the end of everything or not he had to act. He looked straight at her for one last moment, as if to gather a bit of courage for the word he was about to speak, then whispered, "Five Diamonds" and the bid was theirs.

—Alpha Delta Theta—



Worm's eye view of the Rock Gardens



Sum of the work accomplished while studying
with an Alpha Phi

Dedicated to the Freshmen

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Necking an A. D. Pi.
He begged for a kiss
From this big-hearted miss.
Then said, "What a smart boy am I!"

—Kappa Sigma—

The Thomas Edison Test for Frat Pledges

Practical

1. If you were walking down Wright street at 3 a. m. with a Pify on one arm and a Chio on the other and your belt suddenly broke, what would you do? Think carefully; which is most important at 3 in the twilight, a Pify, Chio, or a belt? Answer briefly and come right out with the truth (you dirty brute).

2. If you were studying (a hypothetical set-up) in the Rock Garden with the moon overhead and about half under the belt and you caught the night watchman and the boiler stoker necking with the former's daughter in the engine room, what would you do? Keep on studying, make a proposition with the boiler stoker to get up steam in the boiler, or sell the night watchman a day bed? Think of the position of each man, including yourself, and decide.

3. Suppose that shnoogle rooms were installed in the fifth floor of Uny Hall. Figuring three co-eds and a Sig Chi in each of ten rooms, calculate the stress on the east beams. Range your figures on a chart in order from 10 at night to 4 in the a. m. An extension may be needed on the chart about 2 o'clock.

4. (a) Suppose that all the windows in the university were to be suddenly painted black at noon on Friday. Would all the absent minded professors returning to their afternoon classes think that night had fallen and return home? Be tolerant and put your self in place of a professor for a moment, what would you do?

(b) If there were A. D. Pis in the rooms at the time would the reactions be any different? Why not?

—Phi Delta Theta—

SHORT ROMANCE

PLAY IN ONE ACT

A forlorn appearing, poorly dressed girl, sitting on a park bench. Artist approaches and notices her.

Artist: "Would you care for a job?"

Girl: "Yes, what sort of a job?"

A.: "Nothing serious. I want you to model for me."

G.: "Oh! but my dear sir, what would my poor mother say?"

A.: "No, I don't mean that! I want to draw a picture of a steamship going up the Chicago River."

G.: "Yes, but what am I to do?"

A.: "Well, you stand in a tub of hot water while I paint the picture."

G.: (Looking romantically into his eyes) "Do you mean that?"

A.: "Gee, but you're beautiful! I didn't realize it until I thought of that steamship."

G.: "You're wonderful."

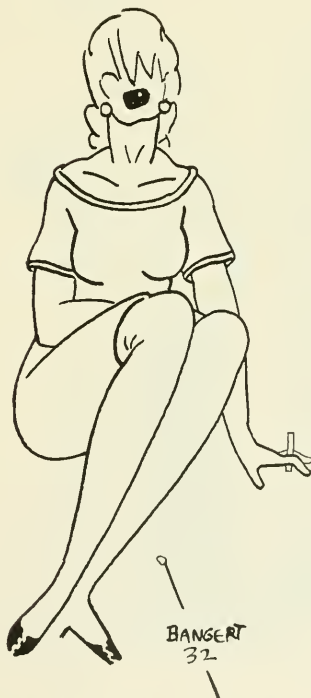
A.: "I love you."

G.: "I love you."

They get married.

(Curtain)

—Alpha Rho Chi—



Portrait of a co-ed without any visible means of support

Family Relief

Everything seemed nice and calm this morning. When mother came downstairs, the rooms were not all upset and the door was not half-ajar (it was a whole jar) nor were the milk bottles tipped over by some one who stumbled up against the doorway. Things weren't recklessly strewn about upon the chairs and floor. No one was disturbed early in the a. m. by sounds as of burglars breaking into the house, and lights in neighbor's windows were not turned on in curiosity to see what was happening. Even when the phone rang mother was not worried, and answered it calmly, for she had looked in the garage and seen that the car was safely stored inside. Everything was calm and quiet, everything was back to normal. Junior had returned to college yesterday.

—Psi Upsilon—

Absent-minded travelling salesman (calling wife on phone): "Hello, honey! Just arrived in town; how about a little party?"

—Delta Gamma



Dusting off the home plate

College A B C's

(Selected lessons from the new Primer for Rhetoric 00 by Herr Naphtha, designed not only to instruct the student in an easy way in the rudiments of our language, but to give novel facts and subtle ideas so as to pique the curiosity and stimulate the cerebrum.)

LESSON VII

Nouns, Pronouns, Adjectives, Pins

The student should look up the pronunciation and meaning of every word in the following sentences before coming to class. (To teacher: a dramatic effect, giving instructive amusement to the entire class, may be obtained by having two pupils read the sentences alternately).

Look at the young man.

The name of the young man is Joe.

Joe is wearing a pin.

Why does the young man wear a pin?

He wears a pin because he is in a fra-ter'ni-ty.

What is a fra-ter'ni-ty?

A fra-ter'ni-ty is a big, brick house.

Why is Joe in a fra-ter'ni-ty??

There are many other young men in the fra-ter'ni-ty whom Joe loves.

Why does Joe love these other young men??

Because they are fra-ter'ni-ty bro-thers and have clean shirts when Joe has none.

Joe's fra-ter'ni-ty is bigger and better.

It is bigger and better because it is at Il-li-nois'.

Why did Joe join this par-tic'u-lar fra-ter'ni-ty?

The Al-might'y De'i-ty knows; Joe does not.

LESSON MCXLVIII

Verbs, Prepositions, Roadsters, Cokes, Conjunctions

See the pretty girl in the au-to-mo'bile.

She has a cig-a-rette' in her mouth.

The name of the pretty girl in the au-to-mo'bile with the cig-a-rette' in her mouth is Bet-ty.

Betty is wearing a so-ror'i-ty pin, and she attends a co-ed-u-ca'tion-al in-sti-tu'tion.

Betty's so-ror'i-ty pledged four-teen fur coats and six sport road-sters this fall.

Is Betty a co-ed?

A-las, yes. But it is her road-ster.

Is Betty a good girl?

She is not. She is going to drive her au-to-mo'bile without the per-mis'sion of the U-ni-ver-si-ty of Il-li-nois'.

Oh look! Who is this about to get into the car with Betty?

It is Joe, one of the leading men on the cam-pus.

Are Betty and Joe going to ride in Betty's road-ster?

Yes, is it not a beau-ti-ful job?

Why are they going riding?

May-be to study their History lesson; but we shall not go into that now.

—Phi Kappa—

Cokensmoke

It must be swell not to have to sneak out behind the barn anymore when you want to smoke. Smoke, did I say? Didn't the word fumigate come from the Latin word for smoke? I'll bet. At least these babes think so. The lady on the left orders a coke. Why do they put ice in the things? Don't be silly—to freeze your nose so that you won't notice that it's the lousiest one that you ever had—year of the great drought, you know. They used summer squash. And what's more you'll like it. Just like you'll like that music if your eardrums hold out that long.

I really go for places with an atmosphere, and here I am, fool enough to go and admit it. I don't, however, recollect ever saying that I cared about having it so thick that it stuck to my clothes. If every cigarette they smoked in here were laid end to end wouldn't there be plenty? That one was almost too easy. What, now, do you suppose the answer to the one about two and two is?

There they sit. The man looks at her pensively while she adjusts portions of her complexion. I wonder if I am looking properly pensive. I'd be hot at looking pensive for the proper sort of cigarette ads if I had enough Roman nose to look superciliously down.

So she likes to play drop the handkerchief. The next time will make one up for her. I don't mind retrieving three times, but after that she can be it for a while. Post office always was the only game I gave a whoop for.

I wonder if she's one of these "but really, I don't know you well enough yet" women. My luck always was lousy. I wonder if I could talk five minutes using that word. Maybe I could if I spent the time counting to a thousand by fives. Five, ten, fifteen—you can't pry it into a conversation like that.

"Good evening, Mrs. Smith. I thought your party was five, ten, fifteen"—if they didn't guess right they might think you worked in the dime store.

Now to catch up on the home work. We are going to walk ten blocks and like it. And anyway, I hate sitting here and dawdling while all of those people in line look yearningly at this table. "Always be kind to Our Dumb Friends, my lad"; that's what my grandfather said to me when I was young. Besides that music will have me cutting paper dolls in another five minutes. It's lousy.

—Chi Tau—

SORORITY THEME SONGS

| | |
|---|-------------------|
| A Cottage for Sale..... | Alpha Phi |
| Ain't Misbehavin'..... | Pify |
| Little White Lies..... | Alpha Kappa Alpha |
| You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me..... | A. E. Phi |
| Kiss Waltz..... | Delta Zeta |
| Just a Little Closer..... | Zeta Tau Alpha |
| Back in Your Own Back Yard..... | Alpha Xi Delta |
| Around the Corner..... | Delta Gamma |
| We're on the Highway to Heaven..... | Chi Omega |

—Theta Delta Chi—



Now where the Hell is the National History building?

—Kappa Alpha Psi—

A HOT LINE

"Hello, is this the Pify house? Yea, well let me talk to Jeannie, will you? . . . No, not Ginney, Jeannie. It doesn't rhyme with tinney; it rhymes with beanie. Yea, that's it Jeannie . . . Hello, is this you? . . . Yea, well say, where have you been keeping yourself lately? Every time I've called you in the last week you've been out on some sort of a date. You're a fine one . . . never mind making any excuses. Are you busy tonight? . . . What again! . . . Well, I'll be damned . . . I guess that lets me out as usual. And I suppose you'll be busy all the rest of the time, too? . . . You won't, not to me . . . Aw hell, kid, I've heard that racket before . . . you'll have to do some mighty tall explaining. I'm getting good and . . . well, bad, if you insist, and tired of it; every time I want to see you, you're gone. . . . Don't interrupt me, and I'm not going to stand, sit, or lie, especially stand for lying, for any more of it. . . . Say, by the way, I met a girl who says she used to go with an old flame of yours back home. . . . Marj White is her name. . . . Can she dance and . . . and how! I had a date with Betty last night . . . Not very well, I didn't like some of her points . . . I prefer curves myself. . . . How's that Beta friend of yours? . . . Yea, not bad. . . . Well, I wanted something to write home about so I called you up. Uh-huh, well, so long, sis, I'll be seeing you later. Goodbye."

—Zeta Beta Tau—

MY SORORITY

"Well, you know Gwendolyn, that is how I feel about it too. Just because a sorority has a good name nationally is no sign that it's so torrid on the campus. What I mean is it could be really good at one school and terrible at the next. Take the Alpha Chi O's—now, I'll tell you what I think. Their girls are much too quiet—you could never tell when one was around. And the A D Pi's didn't have enough fraternity pins in the house, did you think so? The Pi Phi's never make any effort toward rushing men and I don't think the Chi Omega's treat the boys nice enough when they bring them home from dates. The Thetas, being so short, wouldn't take any one my height, and I've too many equine propensities for the petite Kappas. The Theta Phi Alphas are much too friendly with just every one, and the Sigma Kappas don't have such good grades, so I thought it must be rather hard to study there. The Gamma Phi's are all so active on the campus that I thought it would be too strenuous there, so I decided that dear old Tau Delta Fish-hook was the one for me, and I don't care what they say!"

—Phi Gamma Delta—

Assistant editor: "There seems to be a decided lack of efficiency around here."

Ye Ed: "Yes, it seems to be mostly if-ficiency."

—Delta Chi—

Lecturer: (describing his latest expedition in lengthy detail) "—coming out of the jungle I was confronted by a yawning chasm."

Bored Stude: "Was it yawning before it saw you?"

—Sigma Nu—

Delta Chi: (returning from vacation) "I want a nice room with a quiet family."

Another nut: "What, have you acquired a family?"

—Kappa Delta—

Boy (curly haired): "It's getting late, we had better quit."

Girl (Z T A): "Yeah, my arm is going dead."

—Sigma Pi—



"Go to sleep now, honey, want me to sing a lullaby?"
"Cut that stuff, Ma, put on Rudy Vallee."

—Zeta Tau Alpha—

THE MORNING AFTER

When he awoke it smote him as with a physical blow. His was the unforgivable sin, the irreparable blunder. Groaning, he started to turn over but jumped frantically from beneath the covers instead. Wildly, he grasped the telephone and called a certain number. At last a well known voice answered and his heart lurched sickeningly. For a second his throat was dry, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and his lips parched. Then words came to his rescue, tumbling over each other in their haste. He asked her a momentous question. Her quiet cool voice assured him that all was over and her decision made. Frantically he begged her to change that decision. He cajoled, prayed, implored, all to no avail for she remained adamant. In despair he dropped the phone. Now all that remained was to take it like a man. So bravely he bent his back for the paddling, being only a Theta Xi pledge and she was his Rhet. teacher.

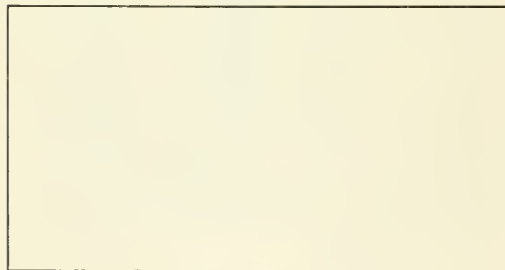
—Sigma Chi—

"There's been a helluva lot of money go through that," said the Alpha Sig, pointing with pride to the muffler on the pile of junk standing in front of the house.

—Delta Phi—

Dum: "Hey, don't spit on the floor!"

Dummer: "Smatter, is it leaking?"



Picture of those who are glad they joined the Union

Bureau of Vital Statistics

1,387,432 boys and girls were again sent into a state of unemployment.

693,716 parents were immensely relieved.

\$10,735,194 was requested by special delivery and wire for text books.

Publishing companies reported a text book sale of slightly over a million dollars.

Several thousand men write home to say that they are rooming with, next to, near, or in the same building with the football captain.

None of these prove very vital.

—Alpha Delta Pi—

"I'm after your blood," buzzed the horsefly as it took after its prey.

—Theta Phi Alpha—

History Prof.: What is the latest date mentioned in your book?

He: (dreamily thinking of his diary) Sunday night until 4 o'clock.

—Alpha Chi Sigma—

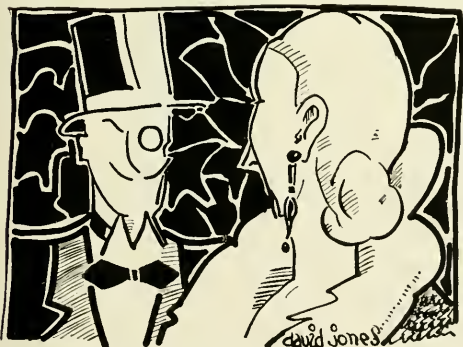
"Avoid that oncoming shadow," thought our little Mary Lou as she scurried aside to let a motor truck race by one foggy day.

—Alpha Delta Phi—

"Not everybody has as dark a future as I do," sobbed Col. Maxwell Johnson of the Boonville corps, "We all get knocks while we live, but I get 'taps' after I'm dead."

—Delta Sigma Phi—

There is some advantage to being a fraternity member—just think of trusting the hash any place else.



Absent-minded travelling salesman (to his wife): "Hello Honey! Just arrived in town; how about a little party?"



"What's the matter—don't you recognize her?"
"I don't know, it isn't dark enough yet."

—Kappa Alpha Theta—

N. B. LUCY STONE LEAGUE

It is known to scientists that a cannibal will not touch the flesh of one who has used tobacco. Good! we always knew that there was some benefit in smoking.

—Sigma Alpha Iota—

Prof.: "Why are you leaving, there are three more parts to this lecture?"

Soph: "Yes sir, that's just why I'm leaving."

—Sigma Phi Sigma—

Frosh: (after senior ducking) "How am I now?"

Junior: (helping repair the warriors) "Oh, all right. Your eye's still a bit swollen, but that doesn't bother me a bit."

Frosh: "I can understand that. If your eye were swollen it wouldn't bother me either."

—Alpha Delta Pi—

Tri Delt: "You're not the boy who kissed me three months ago."

Deke: "I should say not. I'm the boy you kissed five weeks ago."

—Alpha Chi Sigma—

"—and mother," said little Betty enthusiastically describing her first morning at Sunday school, "'Onward Christian Soldiers' was the theme song."

—Delta Zeta—

Dean: "What steps ought to be taken to get students to their classes on time?"

Bean: "Faster ones, I'd suggest."

—Alpha Gamma Rho—

Sally Tallenwider

*that old
Scandal Monger
lays bare
to the
Gasping Public—*



“—a pure and innocent girl—”

My Book of Hims

Etchings by Lou Ruskin

Having been quite a pure and innocent girl in my childhood, I look back on my past with a sort of self-satisfied smile, that is up to the time I was eighteen years old. From then on I became a veritable Gabriel sounding my horn and stepping on the gas at every corner. However, as the years sped by, there were times when I didn't know if I was turning a corner or was on a straight-away.

After reaching the age of twenty-five, and realizing that experiences as mine are not to be found in every home, I hereby set forth my accounts of crime, misdemeanor, and wrong-doings. I'm a wise woman, thanks to all my acquaintances, and what I don't know about life in the rough isn't worth knowing—I'll have you know I didn't come down in the last shower.

I started college at eighteen, pledged Bethany Circle the first week, and subscribed to the Daily Illini. That was the first step in my downfall—I met Jack Adams, the editor. He started to see me—I can still remember how he used to come plodding into the midst of the circle (the brute) and yell “I think Sally is expecting me.” And then the answer he'd get.

“If you're the goggled-eyed sap who does nothin' but sit on the couch an' twiddle ya thumbs and dangle ya gunboats from side to side and eat the candy ya bring and look like a dumb fish-face, then she is expectin' ya.” That cut him to the quick. I told him to read the New Testament again and scam. He left, but he left his mark.

Then I got into a scrape with Pete Yanuskus, the football player. He bought me a new sable and I says, “Thanx. —It'll keep me nice and warm.” “Warm, hell, that's to keep you quiet.” It did for a while.

After that came Paul Strohm, the football manager, as nice a boy as ever squashed a corsage. He did nothing but talk about his family. “I'm a family man by nature,” says he, “all my ancestors on both sides have families.” He wanted to be my “steady fella.” If he'd been any steadier, he'd been motionless. I finally took him in hand and taught him a thing or three. He faded at the end of the summer with the rest of the lilies and I planted him out the door.

Then I suddenly decided to shun men, figured I could get along without them. Decided on the finer things of

life. The Star Course appeared as a loop-hole. I joined and was thrown out of the first concert for demanding "Little White Lies" as a request number. "Oh well, life's not all roses," says the pleasantest voice. I looked, a man again! Introduced himself as Stacy Woods, manager of the Course. Damn those managers, can't manage themselves, much less any thing else. I accepted his invitation to a party, drank him under the table, the piano, the fireplace, and the rug. Carried him home and delivered him with the milkman.

The next day I walked to the gym to rent a couple of Indian clubs for protection and saw the nicest young wrestler that ever knocked the dust out of a mat. Gene Tonkhoff, I think he called himself, from the Phi Sig gym. He liked the way I raised my heels as I walked and decided we'd get along great. He taught me a few new holds. I decided he was rotten, never seemed to get any farther than a three-quarter Nelson, and I like things done complete. He would have come around O. K., but I got sick. By the time I was on my feet again, my old friends had flunked out of school, leaving me alone like a college widow.

So you see, dear readers, the depths to which a respectable woman can fall, though there is a bit of pride in



"—got caught one night—"

my voice when I say that I was self-made. May I add in parting a sort of warning to the unwary, a warning that I have forever kept before my thirteen daughters, beware of editors, football men, managers, and wrestlers. Men may come, and men may go, but worms as these turn on you forever.

DO YOU KNOW—

by

Charles Jacobson

That, according to some of our scintillating zoology students flies cannot see so well because they're always leaving their specs behind?

That, Betty Daly, diminutive Chi O, picked the first and second winners at Belmont Park last summer by closing both eyes and jabbing at the card with the prongs of a hair pin?

That, Bunting and Patten, the Delta Zeta personality girls, have decided to work up an act for vaudeville, and then gesticulate accordingly?

That, Ruth Ashmore, of popularity contest fame, was seen in brown suits and ensembles five days out of the week?

That, Finnegan and Gard, the well known Tri-Delt sister act have won more doubles cups than any other song and dance team on the campus?

That, according to the American Mercury, the Alpha Epsilon Pi fraternity, founded in 1913, has houses at its twenty chapters which average \$51,000 apiece?

That, Harold Maki, Sig Pi pledge, dated three different Delta Zetas on three consecutive nights? (Ask dad, he knows).

That, Evelyn Cote, sweet Z. T. A., is an acrobatic dancer of no small ability? (This might be said of many others—but we haven't seen Jay Seeley at Park for quite a while).

That, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, was a Kappa Sigma?

That, Lee Savage has transferred his field of observation from behind the Theta house to the more fertile fields of Urbana?

That, Prof. Adams, head of the Chemistry department, is a direct descendant from the John Quincy Adamases of Massachusetts?

That, Chester A. Arthur, and Wm. H. Taft are Psi U's? (a couple of big men "a-round" town).

That, only 28 per cent of Chicago's male population have an income of \$50 a week or more? (However, we all can't work on the Tribune).

That, the Kappa Sig's and S. A. E.'s have more than one hundred chapters each? (safety in numbers).

That, the old "who was the lady I saw you with last night" gag, was first sprung by those two famous vaudevillians, Weber and Fields, some thirty years ago, and—

That, Wm. Randolph Hearst once paid \$750 for a box seat on an opening night at the Weber and Fields Music Hall?

(Continued on Page 23)

Coming Distractions

As reviewed by Catherine Haynie

Thus openeth what ye honorable editor (aren't all editors honorable?) has been pleased to announce as a second new feature in the brochure of buffoonery, this journal of jocularity. Since the announcement was made, the original reviewer has been involved in lethal fisticuffs with some nasty bacteria of the *genus*—oh, well, you think up a good name.

So disposing of what should be a formal introduction, we settle down to serious business. At Mr. RKO's VIRGINIA, you can see, provided nothing goes wrong with your eyesight, Milton Sills in Jack London's "The Sea Wolf," gone talkie. As Wolf Larsen he hits first, thinks second, apologizes never. Blonde and beautiful Jane Keith is the only woman in the cast, but being a blonde, has the situation well in hand. The horror and brutality are a little too realistically done for the squeamish.

This was the last picture made by Sills before he died of a heart attack brought on by a strenuous game of tennis with his wife Doris Kenyon in Los Angeles. Refuting a favorite theory that most cinema actors (thank you, *Time*) are hollow above the neck are the following facts:

Sills was a bank director, an expert at chess, a pianist of note, a student of literature, and a Fellow in Philosophy at Chicago. He once told a New York critic, "I went on the stage, you poor ape, because I thought it would give me more leisure to read. What I would rather have done than anything else is to write." By that speech he proved his humanity.

Before we take up all the other products of the film factories coming to the VIRGINIA, let us announce a series of one-reel football pictures produced by Knute Rockne at Notre Dame under Pathe auspices. Every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday for six weeks will be re-enacted famous plays of famous coaches.

Beginning with a forty-yard pass for touchdown from Benny Friedman to Osterbaum of Michigan to a fifty-yard run for touchdown by

Chris Cagle in the Yale bowl, most of the spectacular plays of the decade are included. Slow motion photography, a line play shot from four or five different angles, a Rockne scoring play never before revealed to the camera, distinguish the series. Take your girl along and complete her football education.

After suffering badly from the stupid label of being a second Gish, Helen Twelvetrees, 1929 Wampus star, runs the ball back from kick-off for score in "Her Man" which happens to be "Frankie and Johnnie" adeptly adopted to the screen. Among other things the show contains a good fight sequence. But don't take your younger brother or sister.

The chief recommendation of "Back Pay" is Corinne Griffith, exquisite if declassé—and if you are interrogating us, that is recommendation to spare. This is the Orchid's last picture before exchanging the glare of the Kliegs for the glamour of marriage (permanent, she says).

And, as we said before, check and double-check, the week of the 26th for the first full-length picture of the modern American phenomena which is vying with pony golf for supremacy—the dusky Amos n' Andy in their spasm of spontaneity "Check and Double Check." Why say moah?"

* * *

Moving over to the Orpheum, you will find "Good News" with most of its original music intact, and Zelma O'Neill snapping into her original Varsity Drag.

Dorothy Mackaill chalks up another score with the cleverly conceived "Flirting Widow." Continental comedy, adequately adroit, results from the combination of Mackaill and Basil Rathbone.

Lila Lee and Robert Ames in another gangland picture "Double Crossroads" do provide more than the usual amount of entertainment. "Santa Fe Trail," epic of the railroads, is better than most of recent historical productions—and some of

them have been above the average.

Watch for "One Romantic Night"—Lillian Gish's first phonoplay. Here is one instance where the voice matches the personality (screen at any rate). Somewhat out of the expected Gish groove of the weeping wench idea.

Jack Mulhall gets a break at last in "The Fall Guy," one of last season's legit successes. Makes the most of a supinely stupid out-of-work husband. Simple but not too sweet.

* * *

By that legerdemain known only to reviewers, we are transported to the Rialto. If you are looking for something succinctly subtle—and who isn't—look in on "Monte Carlo." No matter which way you bet you can't lose on Jack Buchanan, Chavalier of England (which may or may not be a compliment, depending on the point of view) getting himself dexterously in and out of scintillatingly sophisticated situations with the pleasingly piquant Jeannette McDonald. The McDonald, in the continental struggle between passion and pride, finds occasion to break into frequent (and charming) song. Her *Beyond the Blue Horizon* would make any strong man all give-in-ee. Claud Allister and Zasu Pitts do their parts to complete this piece of deft diversion.

In "Three Faces East," Eric von Stroheim and Constance Bennett, the delicately disdainful high-hat of Hollywood, get all tangled up in the elaborate spy systems of the nations cast in major roles of the World War. Due respect to the producers for cutting out the usual sickening saccharine ending. On the other hand, it is all very tragic, but true.

Constance (one simply doesn't call her Connie) incidentally, is one of the few persons to have ever successfully ritized Hollywood and made them like it.

And that, for the present, is enough, plenty, and sufficient. Thus spake, not Zarathustra, but Nemesis I.

Salvation

Gently, silently, he raised the partly open window sash. He stuck his head in through the opening and peered into the darkness of the room. No one stirred. He saw the profile of a bed and in it was a woman. "Cowardly," he thought, as he climbed into the room, "to do this." He removed his shoes, then tiptoed quietly into the darkness, blinking his eyes wildly, trying to catch a glimpse of something he knew he couldn't see. Ah, yes! There it was! He picked it up, almost hurried into an adjoining room, and returned in five minutes, muttering to himself, "Well, wifie, you'll never know when this man came home!"

—Pi Kappa Alpha—

"Say, fellows, I've just decided we aren't being very democratic when we date our women by their sorority only. And here in this noble institution where democracy really is the outstanding characteristic we ought to pay more attention to the girl herself, not her house. How'd you feel if they all asked 'What is he' Why, there are plenty of good-looking ones, with clothes, too, who just didn't happen to have any one to recommend them, and you know that if they don't get in during rushing, they're sunk. I think we ought to cut out this "what is she" racket—and—'Who am I taking to house dance?' . . . well, you see she's in my history class, and no, she's not in any house—of course she has to be in the same time as the other girls!—and besides that hasn't anything to do with my point, and—av, shut up!"

—Kappa Kappa Gamma—

Judge: "Were you ever arrested before?"

Tough: "Now, honest, judge, do I look like a bud just makin' me daboo?"

—Sun Dial.

—Sigma Alpha Iota—

Moo! Moo!

Little girl (at football game): Oh, mamma, see the pretty jerseys!

Jaded collegian: Yeah; the thundering herd.

—Pitt Panther.

—Delta Sigma Tau—

She Musta Dated a Delt

Wuntz upon a time thare wuz a elegant lady. She went ta collidge and after a yere she wuzn't a lady ennymore. So all her ol' time girl fren's ast her how cum. She sez she woulđa still been a lady if it wuzn't fer a date she wuntz had with a frat guy. Her ol' fren's ast her wot wuz a frat guy, and she sez a frat guy? Doncha know wot a frat guy is? My Gawd! A frat guy is, well, lemme giv y'nill'strashun. Take a hobo, see; dress him up jus' a li'l bit, an' let 'm get his likker whare ever he wants ta; it don't matter much. Then giv 'm a li'l money an' a hell uv a line. All right; now change tha word "hobo" to tha word "moron" and that's jus' about wot a frat guy is.

—Alpha Sigma Phi—

The Break Down

"You know, Helen, or perhaps you don't, but anyway I think it is positively snooty the way we always find out what fraternity a man belongs to before we will date him. What I mean is, it seems so sort of childish. Just because one man in a house is an unadulterated oaf, doesn't make them all that . . . and just because a couple in another house are O. K., that's not saying they haven't any crocks, either. From now on I'm going to date by my own judgment and not mob psychology—why, there are even some barbs in my class who are da-a-rling. There's the phone . . . 'what's that . . . will I take a date for next Saturday . . . well, . . . what is he anyway?????'"

—Alpha Omicron Pi—



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SOUDER'S *Cleaners*

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and still going strong

Phones—3725, 4900, 8108



Have You Heard About

*The Deaf Mute that got lock-jaw
in his forefinger?*

He could have been worse off. As it
was, he could dance at



BILL DONAHUE'S

Over Prehn's and Kaufman's on Green

(Continued from Page 7)

We would be very pleased if the Kappa Delta Rhos would keep their pledge, "Beauty" Hilligros, out of Lincoln Hall. We hear that he smokes Murads in the halls, which is very plainly an infraction of rule seventy-eight.

—Beta Theta Pi—

The Thetas are evidently re-furnishing their house. A few days ago one of Montgomery Ward service trucks spent the entire afternoon in front of said hovel. Which reminds us of that old phrase, "Save the pennies, and the Thetas will take care of themselves."

—Phi Sigma Kappa—

It was about twelve-thirty Saturday, the eleventh of October, when a young miss strangely resembling Betty Stoolman, approached the Stoolman home, and finding the door locked, set up a howl for "Eva." Betty, we are informed that the party was just starting. We ask you, should a young lady yell so loudly for "Eva," or hold parties when her parents are out of town?

—S—

"Freckles are nothing but sun-kisses," says Bernarr Macfadden in *Life*. Yes, Mr. Macfadden, but there are sun-kisses and son-kisses. . . .

—Kappa Kappa Gamma—

"Clearly everyone has a weakness for something," says Rudy Vallee. Yes, Rudy, but how about the "Maine Stein Song?"

—Sigma Chi—

She has so many clothes that the only way I can recognize her for certain is by her voice.

—Theta Upsilon

Jack (beyond the three-mile limit): "That music is surely rotten."

Tar: "Yup, it's way off quay."

—Phi Gamma Delta—

Warden of insane asylum (to man visiting a couple of Beta friends): "Hey, what's the idea of telling traveling salesmen stories to the inmates?"

Visitor: "Why I thought you were supposed to humor them."

—Kappa Alpha Theta—

Visitor: "Have you gotten any reports about your gnus that escaped last week?"

Warden: "No gnus yet."

—Theta Xi—



Camels are made of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos, blended with expert care. You'll find them mellow, mild and smooth, with a full-bodied aroma that simply can't be copied. It's a simple statement of fact to say money can't buy a better cigarette.

WE HOLD certain truths to be self-evident in this matter of smoking — truths that need no garnishing of guff. A fellow smokes because he likes to; he smokes a certain brand because that brand gives him more pleasure than any other. Year in and year out more people smoke Camels than any other cigarette. We submit that the only legitimate reason is because they enjoy them better. If there's any bunk in that, we hope to swallow a senator.

Who Owns the Utilities?

Operators and managers of public utility companies are not owners of these great agencies. They are simply the men who have been picked by the owners—the great body of stockholders—to run these businesses.

The natural growth of any community produces a demand for increased utility service so that money invested for increasing the supply of public utility services is really invested for the advantage of the community in which you live.

Money that is put into public utility plants and distribution systems does not come from any so-called financial "clique," it comes from no small group. It comes from the whole public.

You rub elbows every day with owners of the public utilities, but not on Wall Street of New York, nor Milk Street of Boston, nor La Salle Street of Chicago. It is the people of America and this community—your neighbors, your friends and yourself—who are the real owners of the public Utility companies.

Illinois Power and Light Corporation

Alpha Delt: "I call my girl Spearmint."

Kappa Delt: "Why Spearmint?"

Alpha Delt: "She's after every meal."

—Chi Omega—

Sigma Kappa: "I'm blonde, short, sixteen years old, and shy."

Lambda Chi: "How many years?"

—Delta Delta Delta—

First Phi Sig: "Where can I get ahold of a good Tri-Delt?"

Second dope: "Around the waist, and if she resists, she's no Tri-Delt."

—Alpha Epsilon Pi—

House mother (to a D. U.): "Milt, can't you behave? Why don't you play the part of a gentleman?"

Milt: "What part?"

—Phi Kappa Sigma—

First Kappa: "But why do you call Mac thirty-three?"

Second K.: "Oh, he always was an odd number."

—Beta Chi—

Loyal

Union membership solicitor: "Are you a member of the Union?"

Messenger boy: "Hell yes, Western Union."

—Delta Upsilon—

First Teke: "Did I understand you to say that your femme was very strong?"

Second Drunk: "No, I merely said that her name was Vera Strong."

—Sigma Kappa—

You can drive a horse to drink, but a pencil has to be lead.

—Chi Phi—

Lonesome little co-ed: "Oh well, God loves me, and I can sit on my hands."

—Sigma Mu Sigma—

"New High Speed Radio to Link U. S. and China." An attempt to keep up with the revolutions.

—Chi Psi Lawdige—

Page Robbie Crusoe

I see by the newspaper headlines that Miss Hinklemeyer married Saturday. Heh, heh; wonder if he was any relation to Friday!

(Continued from Page 17)

That, Delta Psi fraternity, more than eighty years old, has the most costly houses of any fraternity, two of which were given outright by a couple of its millionaire members? ("cruel man, you can't more-close the forrage on the old stone hedge)."

That, Woodrow Wilson, opposed as he was to college fraternities, was a Phi Kappa Psi?

That, Lee Gelbach, former Illini, won a cross country flying derby this summer? (I've often wanted a hat like that myself).

That, Dorothy Altringer '30, former president of Women's Residence Hall, celebrated her twenty-second birthday on a trans-Atlantic liner with the necessary "eau de vie" while enroute to Paris last summer?

That, the following was quoted at the S. A. E. house meeting, "Yea brothers, prohibition is a game that ought to be called off on account of wet grounds?"

That, three out of five persons mispronounce "datil," which according to Webster's Standard dictionary should be used so, "I could data Theta any time," and the word "detail" should go, as Betty Stoolman, famous kite builder said, "pay close attention to de-tails?"

That, Princeton prohibits fraternities? (We girls *will* have our rights).

That, the Fritz Lieber mob scenes were composed of Pierrot and Mask and Bauble celebrities, among whom were, Lee Savage, S. T. M. Schewel III and Al Epton (he who ran across the stage twice during the storm scene). These gents kept moving about nervously while on stage—they later explained the spasmodic hopping; said it was harder to hit a moving target?

—Theta Upsilon Omega—

Intelligence Test No. 00001

A penny where is a penny what?
Who trips in where angels fear to do what?
Do what and the world does what with you?
What and what waits for no man?
Do unto who—s you would have who do unto you?
Don't do what until you see the what of his eyes?
Mighty what from little whats grow?
Clothes make a what?
What hath no what as a woman what?
It's better to have what and lost than what?
What can't you teach an old what what?
When to what, when to rise make a man what?

—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

—Delta Upsilon—

She: "How dare you, with your scandalous past, propose to me? It wouldn't take much for me to throw you downstairs and turn the dogs on you!"

He: "Am I to take that as a refusal then?"

—U. of Boston Beanpot.

—Kappa Sigma—

R-K-O
VIRGINIA
NOW PLAYING. The greatest sensation at
the motion picture industry

Amos 'N' Andy

In their first talking picture

"Check and
Double Check"



R-K-O
ORPHEUM

October 28, 29, 30

LILLIAN GISH ROD LA ROCQUE
MARIE DRESSLER CONRAD NAGEL

"One Romantic Night"

STARTING OCTOBER 31
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and

"By Thy Rivers"

Made in black and silver

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\$4.25

THE CO-OP

WHAT EVERY CO-ED KNOWS

That it is easy to win a man's love if you pretend to believe him as dangerous as he pretends to be.

That it isn't wise to drink as much gin as your escort, but that it is very pleasant.

That a professor often has his weaknesses like anyone else, and that in his weakness lies the strength of your grades.

That a soft answer turneth away wrath and a soft look may bring you someone's fraternity pin.

That there are two kinds of college girls. Those who pet and those who deny it.

That there is place for every thing, and if you aren't careful your escort will park his car there.

That a college man is always more intrigued by a co-ed's "Aye's" than her "No's."

—*Boston Beanpot.*

—*Phi Delta Theta*—

Ye Morning After

First campus gad-about: "What's the matter, Tom, aren't you feeling well this morning?"

Second fraternity man: "Boy, I'm feeling lower than the ring around a Scotchman's bath-tub!"

—*Washington U. Dirge.*

—*Alpha Chi Sigma*—

"Did you have my brown suit cleaned and pressed while I was in the hospital, dear?"

"No, darling I thought perhaps your black one would look better in case anything happened."

—*U. of Washington Columns.*

—*Kappa Theta Sigma*—

Edward: "You are the sunshine of my life! You alone reign in my heart. Without you life is but a dreary cloud."

Eva: "Is this a proposal or a weather report?"

—*U. of Boston Beanpot.*

—*Lambda Chi Alpha*—

Did you hear about the Scotch sophomore who plans to listen to the cotillion over the radio and look at his girl's picture.

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

—*Delta Alpha Pi*—

Father: I can see right through that chorus girl's intrigue.

Lovesick youth: I know, dad, but they all dress that way nowadays.

—*University of Texas Longhorn.*

—*Beta Sigma Psi*—



Fall needs its own ties

The bright ties of summer won't quite do for the fall. It's a different season . . . mellower, quieter, with a different feel. You need some new Cheney Cravats!

They're at your shop now . . . in colors, designs, and weaves for daytime, sports and evening wear . . . for every conceivable occasion.

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Reptile and Patent
Leathers



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Thanksgiving Day in the Fraternity.

"Good Lord, we've no brandy to light the plum-pudding with."

—Bucknell Belle Hop.

—Delta Kappa Epsilon—

She loved the guy who carried the pigskin; she rode with the guy in the coonskin; she learned from the guy with the sheepskin; but she married the guy with the frog-skin!

—Notre Dame Juggler.

—Sigma Alpha Epsilon—

Speaking of embarrassing positions, how about the firemen who answered a general alarm from Fraternity Row the other day, only to discover that the excitement was caused by steam escaping from one of the fraternities' hot-box. Before they could get away, three of the firemen had pledged and signed house notes. —Washington U. Dirge.

Sigma Delta Rho—

Drawing Prof.: "Have you finished making your map?"

Certain Party: "No, dear, I can't find my compact."

—Annapolis Log.

—Alpha Sigma Phi—

The largest truck stopped in front of the sorority house. A man, well-dressed in a suit of livery, stepped sprightly from behind the mahogany steering wheel, walked jauntily up the stairs to the door, and with a jocular air rang the bell most shrilly. Suddenly the door opened and a beautiful farmer's daughter smiled benignly at the young man.

"What is it?" she asked.

The man did not smile. It was against orders to flirt with damsels. He silently put his hand in his watch pocket and drew forth a package of very small dimensions. He handed it gently but firmly to the fair young maiden.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Is it a ring?"

"No," he answered, "it's the sorority's laundry for last week."

—Wash. U. Dirge.

—Acacia Fraternity—

He: Hello, girlie, doesn't my face look familiar?

She: No, but I think its trying to be.

—Colgate Banter.

—Delta Alpha Epsilon—

Old Version. "Come into my parlor," said the spider to the fly.

New Version: "Won't you come on upstairs a moment," said the rushing chairman to the rushee.

—U. of Washington Columns.

S'TRUTH

All things being equal, the average fraternity consists somewhat about as follows:

One President—who appears to be a little tin god on wheels.

One Steward—who is pretty much ostracised at meal time.

Three apes—who are most unintelligent, but who have football letters.

Two Intelligentsia—who are tolerated 'cause they might make Phi Bete.

Five Senior Society Men—who abide in such altitudes that they are continually gasping for breath.

Two mopes—whose fathers or uncles were Tappa Kegs.

Fifteen Nitwits—who are continually in different stages of intoxication and consider themselves the only ones to appreciate the significance of the 'mystic bonds.'

One Dodo—who is continually writing stuff like this for some publications board.

—*Cornell Widow.*

—*Alpha Rho Chi*—

"And as I stepped off the train I was met by a squad of detectives."

"Ah! P'lice to meetcha, eh?" —*Wash U. Dirge.*

—*Sigma Phi Epsilon*—

No, Willie, a neckerchief isn't the head of a sorority.

—*Washington U. Dirge.*

—*Phi Gamma Delta*—

Art: "Do you think you can make a good portrait of my wife?"

Artist: "My friend, I can make it so life-like you'll jump every time you see it." —*U. of Boston Beaput.*

—*Delta Chi*—

Cannibal chief: What's for dinner?

Chef: A missionary and a college boy.

Chief: Serve the missionary—I'm in no mood for canned meat.

—*Bucknell Belle Hop.*

—*Beta Theta Pi*—

Phi Delt: I love you, dearie.

Hazel: You don't mean it.

Phi Delt: My Gawsh, you're a mind reader.

—*U. of S. Dakota Wet Hen.*

—*Sigma Delta Kappa*—

"I'm engaged to be married and I've only known the girl two days."

"What folly!"

"Ziegfeld's."

—*Syracuse Orange Peel.*

—*Alpha Kappa Lambda*—

"What a whale of a difference a few cents make!" said the commuter, as he started to walk home with seven cents in his pocket.

—*M. I. T. Foo-doo.*

Rialto Theatre

CHAMPAIGN

Starting Sunday, November 2

A scrimmage of laughs—a salvo of thrills



JOE E. BROWN
JOAN BENNETT

in

"Maybe It's
Love"

with

The All-American Football Team

Starting Sunday, November 9

JOHN BARRYMORE in

"MOBY DICK"

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KANDY'S

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No Waiting

12 Chairs

623 East Green Street



by
**Francis
Wallace**

ALL AMERICAN JACK ELDER:
... "One of the best college stories I have
ever read!"

Huddle

IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE

CollegeHumor
MAGAZINE

"I know of no contemporary who is better qualified to write modern football fiction than Francis Wallace; this is particularly true of the kind of football we play at Notre Dame, as he has had an opportunity to observe it from the inside for the last eleven years.

"I know that in his first novel, *Huddle*, the football scenes both on and off the field will be authoritative and authentic; more so, perhaps, than any long football story of recent years."

Kinto A. Rockne

For Shame!

At last she had fallen! Such a thing was bound to happen. She had disregarded both her mother's and father's warnings about such things, and now she was suffering the consequences. Others more experienced than she had already succumbed to the disgrace. But she would not listen, on and on she went, and now the mortification of it all was unbearable. Humanity passed by her; ignored her; no more was she to be respected. With a painful sigh little Alicia, aged six, picked her bruised body from the ice and slowly removed her ice skates.—Pitt Panther.

—Alpha Xi Delta—

Banker (telephoning): "Mr. Cohen, do you know your bank account is overdrawn \$17?"

Mr. Cohen: "Say, Mr. Banker, look up a month ago. How did I stand then? I'll hold the phone."

Banker (returning to the telephone): "You had a balance of \$440."

Mr. Cohen: "Vell, did I call you up?"

—Malteaser.

—Triangle Fraternity—

First: Yes, I guess every one has different desires. Some thirst after knowledge and some after music and others after still other things.

Second: Well, I can tell you one thing everybody thirsts after.

First: What's that?

Second: Salted peanuts and pretzels.

—Penn Punch Bowl.

—Sigma Phi Sigma—

Tourist (to papoose): "So that big bad man busted your doll?"

Educated Indian Maiden: The philosophy of my forebears forbids any but a stoical appearance but I'd certainly like to make that son-of-a-gun fix the damned thing!

—Kappa Delta Rho—

Chemistry Instructor: "Mr. Jones, I take great pleasure in giving you 87 as your final grade in chemistry."

Jones: "Give me a 100, sir, and thoroughly enjoy yourself."

—Lampoon.

—Sigma Delta Tau—

FACTS AND FIGURES

Nowadays it's not the facts that show so much as the figures.

As has been opined before, all girls can be divided into two classes—pretty ones, and those who just don't care about dating.

Common sense is one of the rarest things on earth.

Wonder if the man who said women were squirrely stopt to think that squirrels only chase nuts?

—Tau Kappa Epsilon—

Dean of Women—"Didn't I see you entering a fraternity house last night at 9:45?"

Co'ed—"Yes mam, but I didn't stay a minute—I was just going back after my hat."—Penn State Frater.

—Phi Kappa Psi—

"Hurrah! I just made a hole in one-half!"

"One-half what?"

"One-half an hour!"

—Pitt Panther.

—Alpha Epsilon Phi—

Harassed father: My son's expenses at college are terrible. And the worst of all are the languages.

Friend: Languages! How's that?

Harassed father: Here's one item on his account which says: "For Scotch, \$250!" —Loughorn.

—Beta Sigma Psi—

Does your brother live at a fraternity house, or has he always had such terrible table manners?

—Sun Dial.

—Phi Epsilon Pi—

"Pastor Resigns to Be Janitor, Gets More Pay." . . . San Francisco Chronicle.

Will take up collection.

—California Pelican.

—Chi Tau—

A college girl
Is like a cop—
When she gets hard
It's time to stop.

—K. U. Sour Owl.



Oscar Shaw in his dressing-room wearing a waistcoat of Catoir Silk

WAISTCOATS OF REAL QUALITY

BEFORE you buy a dress or dinner waistcoat, make it a point to look for the green label of Catoir Vesting on the strap. If it is not there, you may be certain that you are not getting the best in either fabric or workmanship.

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HEAR this merry, merry melody of happy heartbeats set to music... recorded for Victor —and how! by Gus Arnheim and his high-voltage orchestra.

Other Victor Record hits, too... each one "the Broadway berries"—sweet or hot—for every mood and moment. The greatest artists and orchestras record exclusively for Victor, in every field.

22505—GO HOME AND TELL YOUR MOTHER

I'm Doin' That Thing
Gus Arnheim and Orch.

22506—Confessin'
My Bluebird Was Caught in the Rain
Rudy Vallee and Orch.

22515—Sing
I Still Get a Thrill
Ted Weems and Orch.

23000—Okay Baby
I Want a Little Baby
McKinney's Cotton Pickers

NOW... BRAHMS SYMPHONY
No. 2 in D MAJOR
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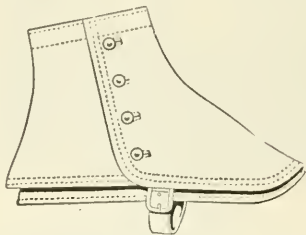


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\$1.50 — \$2.00

SPALDING SHOE STORE

19 Main

Champaign

OFFSIDE

Football player (after a fashion): "Yes, it's my ambition to be a judge some day."

She: "You are fortunate. Your experience on the bench will be very useful then." —*Virginia Reel.*

—*Pi Kappa Alpha*—

Customer: "Do you have any fresh sweet corn?"

Grocer: "George, go out and see if that corn is ripe enough to sell yet." —*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

—*Delta Tau Delta*—

Credited to a D. U.:

"Go wash your face and neck for dinner."

"All right to the last phrase, but I'll be damned if I'll wash just for dinner." —*Ohio State Sun Dial.*

—*Psi Upsilon*—

He: Where were you all my life?

She: Where I should be now.

—*U. of Southern California Wampus.*

—*Phi Sigma Kappa*—

He: Hello baby!

She: I'll have you know I'm nobody's baby.

He: Aha, an orphan. —*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

—*Theta Xi*—

Teacher: "If a group of sheep is a flock, and a group of cattle a herd, what is the name for a group of camels?"

Johnny: "A carton." —*Washington U. Dirge.*

—*Theta Nu Epsilon*—

Our Modern Maidens

A favorite of ours is the one about the mother who was giving her four-year-old daughter a scolding.

"I'm surprised at you," grumbled the mother; "you go right upstairs and wash your face and neck!"

"Who?" asked the child.

—*Exchange.*

—*Chi Phi*—

Then there were two Forestry students who went out to look for a couple of Babes in the woods.

—*Colgate Banter.*

—*Sigma Alpha Mu*—

"So you're a fraternity brother of mine? Give me the grip."

"Sorry, bud, I have just a bad cold." —*M. I. T. Woodoo.*

—*Beta Chi*—

DEAR DAD:

For the sixth time I'm asking you for money. I'm flat.
FRANK.

DEAR FRANK:

Sweat for your money. I did.

DAD.

DEAR DAD:

I've been doing nothing else since I sent you that first wire.
FRANK.

—*Penn. Punch Bowl.*

—*Alpha Chi Rho*—

"Just a Little Closer—"

"Couldn't you get just a little closer. I know, but please, don't put your arm around my neck that way. Yes, the music is good. That's quite all right, I like you to rub my face that way. Your hands are so soft. Isn't that a fox-trot they are playing now? You do dance wonderfully. Couldn't you pay a little more attention to me? Here is Harry coming in now. Please. I know but shut off that radio and go on with the shave." —*Notre Dame Juggler.*

—*Delta Phi*—

Speaking of force of habit, how about the bootlegger's son who got kicked out of school because of over-cutting?

—*Washington U. Dirge.*

—*Delta Theta Phi*—

Coach: Say, what's the matter with you fellows. You played terribly. You didn't execute the plays correctly; you didn't charge like you should have. What's wrong?

Player: Well, coach, you told us to play like we never played before.

—*So. Calif. Wampus.*

Scientists report that fleas can go without food for two weeks. But they won't. —Grinnell Malteaser.

—Sigma Pi—

She: "Say, it's past midnight. Do you think you can stay here all night?"

He: "Gosh, I'll have to telephone mother first."
—Exchange.

—Theta Delta Chi—

Things ain't like they usta be. I see where the Chi Psis are adding a tea room to their lawdge." The Betas are now serving cream puffs for dinner (probably to keep that athletic figure.) The Sigma Nus have fallen for the strenuous sport of ping-pong. It's no wonder, then, that the grounds committee went to put beds of dainty pansies hither and thither about the campus. —Lehigh-Burr.

—Alpha Gamma Rho—

Frosh: "Do they flunk many fellows at Washington?"

Soph: "Yes, they have a great faculty for that."
—Washington U. Dirge.

—Sigma Phi Sigma—

We don't permit foreigners to attend this dance.

Whatta you mean, huh? Ain't there polish all over the floor?
—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

—Alpha Delta Phi—

This one happened in summer school, disproving the old contention that nothing ever happens in summer school. The scene is an English Lit class, it's English that's lit, and not the class.

"What," asked the professor, "the the silent watches of the night?"

"The one's the boys forgot to wind," drawled the boy in the back row.
—Syracuse Orange Peel.

—Theta Alpha—

George is the kind of a fellow that changes the needle on the fraternity house victrola. —Carnegie Tech Puppet.

—Farmhouse Fraternity—

Senior: Well, Frosh, having taken freshman English, what do you think of O. Henry?

Frosh: O. K., but the nuts stick in my teeth.
—Buffalo Bison.

—Tau Kappa Epsilon—

First Hebrew Courtier: Solomon's always talking about his harem.

Second Ditto: Yeah, it's his pet subject.
—California Pelcan.

—Theta Kappa Phi—

Now that Homecoming is over,
let's be thinking about

Dad's Day

We had wonderful success with your Homecoming orders because you gave us real co-operation.

Please order early for DAD'S DAY.

Thank You!



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Football Number



Dad's Day, Army game, Ohio game, are all featured in the next issue of the Siren, the football number.

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▼

The SIREN

—Pi Beta Phi—

"You say several college men proposed to you?" he said, savagely.

"Yes, several," replied the wife. "Really quite a number."

"Well, I only wish you had married the first damn fool who proposed."

"I did."

—Texas Ranger.

—Phi Kappa Tau—

Reformer: Little boy, do you see that brazen creature over there bedecked in all those furs?

Little boy: Yes, sir. My papa.

Reformer: Well, do you know what poor creature had to suffer in order for her to have those furs?

Little boy: Yes, sir, My papa.

—Sigma Phi Epsilon—

Freshman: I want some paint without lead in it.

Salesman: What do you mean?

Freshman: I was told to get the lightest colors you have.

—Punch Bowl.

—Beta Kappa—

Woeful looking Freshman comes into drug store.

"Do you have any liquor?"

"No; I am sorry."

With a sigh: "All right, then, give me a Coca Cola."

—Punch Bowl.

—Acacia Fraternity—

Customer: A ham sandwich, and make it snappy!

Waiter: OK, sir. Ham on rye, Joe, with chopped rubber relish!

—Pitt Panther.

—Alpha Kappa Lambda—

The Commencement Procession was just passing the new Liberal Arts building.

"For four years I have been chiseling, and look where I am now," cursed an unseen mason at work as he gazed with envious eyes on the graduates.

"You're not the only one, baby," cried a flowing-gowned chorus.

—Penn State Frater.

—Phi Pi Phi—

Coach: (to football manager) "?! !&%? all the time losing things. Can't you ever remember where you put equipment? You never heard of a hen mislaying her eggs, did you?"

—Phi Mu Delta—

"Aw go butter your ears," the chief cook told his assistant as he handed him back a plateful of corn.

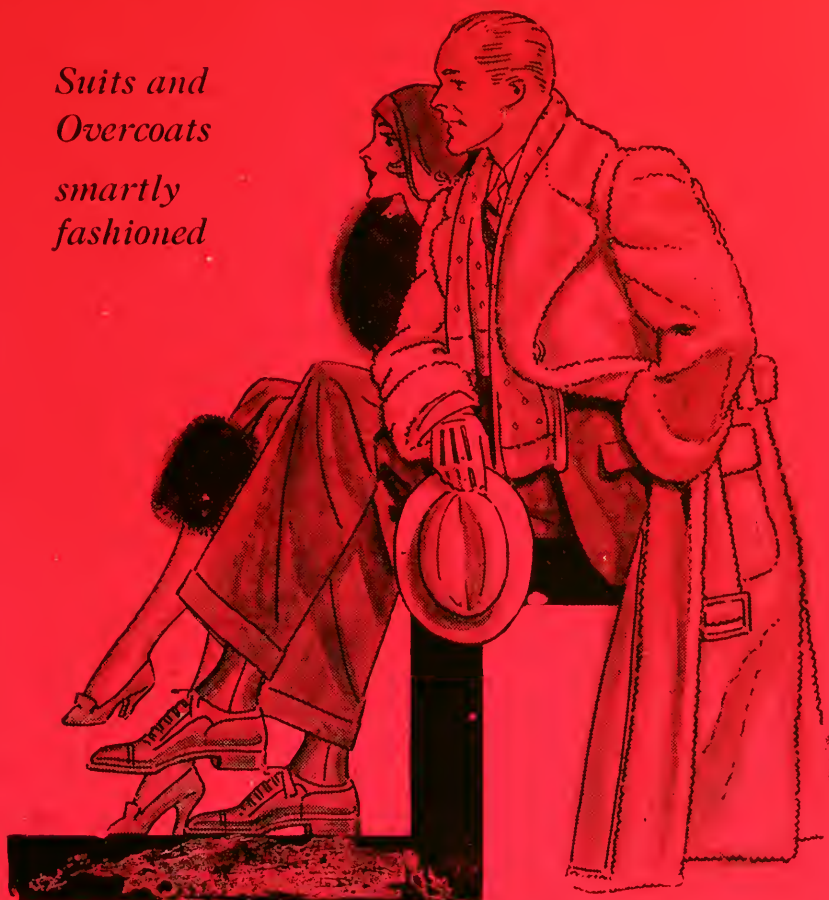
—Pitt Panther.

—Anubis Fraternity—

'Tis said that where there is life there is hope. But look at the Alpha Xi Deltas! —U. of Kansas Sour Owl.

Step Out *from the* Crowd

*Suits and
Overcoats
smartly
fashioned*



It's all in the cut and tailoring that goes with it! That unbeatable combination when applied to men's clothing. FLYNN'S demanded the better fabrics and the individual cutting in our suits. While the cost has been an additional one to us, it has produced the difference between average clothes and FLYNN'S clothes.

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604 EAST GREEN

ON THE CAMPUS

20,679 Physicians
say **LUCKIES** are
less irritating

I too prefer
LUCKIES
because ...

Toasting removes
dangerous irritants
that cause
throat irritation
and coughing



"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—
against irritation—against cough.



P.1
SIREN

**FOOTBALL
NUMBER**



The biggest little antidote
for over-work since the invention of Tom Thumb
golf . . . cigarettes that really *SATISFY!*



Chesterfield

MILDER . . AND BETTER TASTE



*It's great to know
There's a place to go
When a fellow has a date*

AND WANTS TO HEAR THE
LATEST IN SONG HITS

You can always be assured of hearing your
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WITH

FRANK ZELL

and His Collegians

Modern and rhythmic tunes

Where the fellow takes his date

When he wants to give her a break



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To
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and
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*You will always find pure food
and reasonable prices*

AT

OSTRAND'S CAFETERIA

On the Campus

Mistaken Identity

An Italian, Guisippi Guiricka,
Found a cat with a black-and-white-streaka.
He stooped down to pet it—
Gosh, does he regret it!
Eureka! Guiricka, you reecka!

—Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket.

—S—

"I hear they're putting an advertisement for Ethyl Gasoline in Rockview Penitentiary."

"I don't see where that's going to get them any business."

"Well, y'know, Ethyl Gasoline for that quick getaway."

—Penn State Froth.

—S—

Sig Alf: "Say didn't I see your roommate wearing that suit last year?"

K. A.: "Yes, but I'm a sophomore now and they let me wear it. You see I bought it."

—U. of Kentucky Moonshiner.

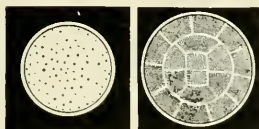
—S—

Macbeth: *Where the Hell are those three old hags. Banquo?*

Voice from Nowhere: Don't get excited, Mac old dear, and we'll bewitches in a minute. —Wisconsin Octopus.



They made 36 wires grow where only one grew before



*Yesterday, the 100 wire cable—
today the 3636. Development work
goes steadily forward.*

"No product or process is ever beyond improvement",

say Western Electric manufacturing engineers. For ex-

ample, see what they did with telephone cable . . . Through

years of patient trial they advanced from a crude 100 wire cable to one only slightly

larger which contained 2424 wires—until recently the biggest cable that could be laid in

existing conduits . . . Still further effort produced the 3636 wire cable of exactly the same

diameter as the 2424! Thus they have met the challenge of limited space in crowded cable

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use of the telephone . . . There's a real thrill in this

habit of seeking and finding the new and better way!



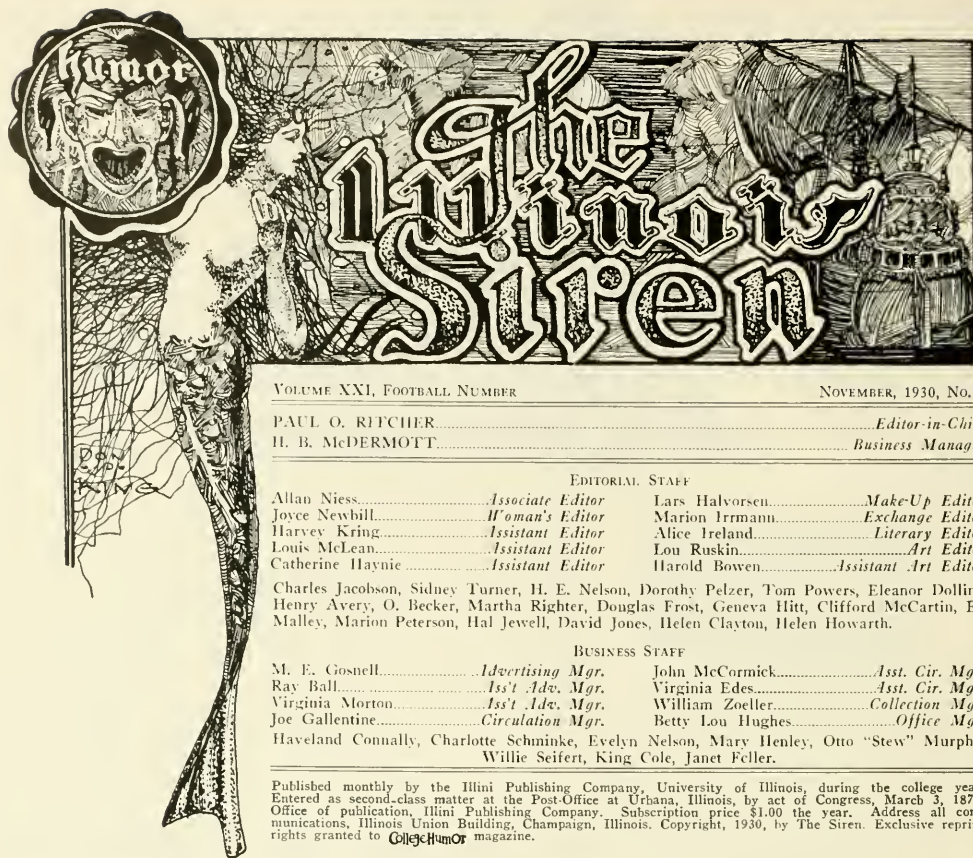
*Absorbing work plus out-of-hours
recreation — both are found at
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SINCE 1882 FOR THE BELL SYSTEM





humor

The Siren

VOLUME XXI, FOOTBALL NUMBER

NOVEMBER, 1930, No. 3

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Contents

| | |
|--|--------------|
| COVER..... | Ernest Freed |
| Madame X Says..... | 7 |
| How to Play Football, by <i>Al Niess</i> | 10 |
| Much Ado About Nothing, by <i>Henry Avery</i> | 14 |
| At the Football Game, by <i>Charles Jacobson</i> | 16 |
| Coming Distractions, by <i>Alice Ireland</i> | 18 |

HERE IT IS

This is the long-awaited, long-hoped-for Football number of the SIREN! Read it over and you will know all there is about football. If you don't feel in training when you get through, call the Health Service Station and let them look you over—it's free.

The next issue of the SIREN will be CHRISTMAS number. It will be hot off the presses, December 19, so that you will have it to read on the way home to that Christmas vacation. All contributions will be gladly received and should be placed in the SIREN box, under the west stairs in Uni Hall.

A PRESSING MATTER

In an effort perhaps to ameliorate the deplorable state of unemployment, student and otherwise, it is suggested, advised, and urged that Illini men and women take up the gainful occupation of matching wits—as opposed to what, in the vulgar parlance for want of a more graphic word is termed "necking."

The question first arises as to what benefits would accrue therefrom. The proponents of this mentally stimulating diversion maintain that if you date with ulterior motives none other than a stiff round of wit-matching, the evening will be pleasant, profitable, and without regrets, or words to that effect. An evening of exhilarating, scintillating cerebral communication is sure to result. Such naive faith in the intellectual reaches of our students is appreciated, and ought to be justified.

But immediately another question raises its head. Are those who are at all capable of any high powered mental fencing the ones who stoop low and often to that particular form of anatomical disposition (vertical, horizontal, or 45° angle) under discussion? Ordinarily not, unless ennui induced by a lack of skill,—the return of parry and thrust,—in a partner wearies them. Or put it this way. If persons are stupid enough to neck promiscuously, indiscriminately, and puerilely (for it is a hangover of adolescence), would they be smart enough to call "heads" or "tails" in a conversation approaching even remotely the trenchant, the pungent, the learned? The answer, my dear readers is apt to be a matter of two letters.

The proponents of necking have to offer but one subject for an evening's so-called entertainment, with perhaps a few variations depending on the development of technique,—but it is bound to pall eventually even on the most stupid. Benefits derived at best are dubious, and certainly transient. And the question is debatable as to whether the indulgence is mutually enjoyable. In a large number of cases (see files) while the one party may be enthusiastic, the other is merely submissive.

The point at issue is not new. Is it to be mental lassitude and physical activity, or physical passivity with mental agility?

Valuable Facts to Be Learned From Every Freshman Upon Matriculation

1. Is mental delinquency a common trait in your family? Then why did you come to the University?
2. Are you going to drop the courses you're taking, or don't you mind flunking out?
3. Are you aiming to be virtuous, or are you planning to join a fraternity or sorority?
4. Are you going to work on the Illini, or did you come here for an education?
5. Are you planning to date other students, or are you determined to lead a wholesome life?
6. Do you every worry, or do you still have a "sweet 16" record?
7. Are you going to get a permit to drive a car, or have you already made the acquaintance of a dean spy?
8. Are you going to study, or do you expect to date your instructors?
9. Do you prefer Kappa Beta Phi to Phi Beta Kappa, or do you disapprove of the single standard?
10. Shall you enter politics, or will you work your way through school?



"Dash in there, Percival, and demoralize Ohio."

Football Terms

"Off-side kick"—statue of victorious Amazonian wife sitting upon stomach of prostrate husband.

"Punt"—the lowest form of humor.

"Full-back"—drunken football player.

"Interference"—any sorority house mother at the hours of 10:00, 11:00, and 12:30 P. M. respectively.

"Time"—fellow taken "out" more than anyone else on the team.

"Substitute"—beware of these—"insist on the original, etc., etc."

"Guard"—prevents good pearls, etc. from leaving home.

"Side-lines"—selling Fuller-Brushes, playing drums, demonstrating fire-cookers to 45 house wives, and taking out Delta Gams.

"Safety"—no such thing possible in a football game.

"Fair Catch"—Lois Weisman in the dark.

"Penalty"—what happens to criminals who are caught, and to Bob Kennedy for passing 9 hours of C.

"Pass"—noise made by bridge and poker players at odd intervals—what our athletes never do.

"Triple-pass"—three fraternity bros. sitting together in a final exam.

"Quarter back"—what Bob Leicester wanted for his Homecoming badge.

"Pig-skin"—these gloves have been banished for ever from the Sammies, Zebes, and A. E. Pi's.

"Roughing the kicker"—Stan Bodman smothering any Pi Phi for fun—just good clean fun!

"End-run"—damage found in United Hosiery . . . !

"Kick-off"—futile command given to any "blind date."

"Two bad consecutive passes"—the last two passes—(above).

"End"—this is it.

A CO-ED MUSES

Gee, it's a keen day, but is it cold! . . . Glad I wore this raccoon . . . wonder who that good-looking man with the pipe is? . . . There's Claire . . . ouchy looking man she's with . . . oh, look, there's the band . . . aren't they just too cute . . . there goes the ball . . . wonder if Jack will take me to junior prom. . . . I can borrow Kay's new green formal . . . goody, he's got the ball . . . looks like Jim . . . oh, he tripped . . . hi, Bud, how are you . . . give me a light will you? . . . did we make a touchdown . . . no? . . . what a shame . . . wonder how much longer this will last. . . . I'm getting cold . . . the other team made a touchdown? . . . some team we've got this year, I'll say . . . I'm cold . . . guess I'll leave . . . stick! . . . stick! . . . let them stay and freeze . . . I'm leaving.

Reasons Why I Came to College

Because everyone else was coming.

Because I expected to meet an eligible man (woman). I'm still expecting.

Because I didn't know what else to do.

Because I expected to meet an eligible man (woman).

Because my folks wanted me to.

Because I wanted to join a sorority (fraternity).

Because I wanted to see if college were like the movies. I found out!

Because I was too lazy to go to work.

Because I wanted to play football.

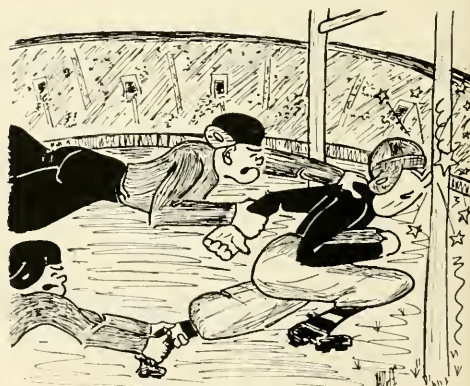
Because I wanted to meet an eligible . . .

Co-ed: "Honey, I want an ice cream sundae."

Boy friend: "All right, dear, remind me of it again. This is only Thursday."

Captain (sharply): "Button up that coat."

Married recruit (absently): "Yes, dear."



Ginsberg smashes the scenter.

madame X says—

The team was headed towards little old New York. As the train neared Detroit, the mighty Bob Conover was seen to stealthily put on his clothes, and go to the door of the car, where he waited for the train to stop.

About this same time, numerous reports were coming to the Detroit police to look out for a girl who was burning up the roads between the outskirts of the town and the station. As the train halted, our exalted hero and the above mentioned frail, embraced each other for fully two minutes. The train started up, our hero got back on it, and the beautiful young damsel went back to the outskirts of Detroit with a smile on her lips, and a song in her heart.

Wot a man! Wot a man! And to think, that a man with such a power over women, is in our midst!

—S—

Miss Jane Landee, Chi O, (Jane you don't know how it hurts us to print this) was seen the other day with a Delt pin on. The peculiar thing is, that a Jane is not dating any Deltas that we know of, but as she explains, "I always wanted a Delt pin, so I borrowed this one from one of the sisters."

Delta Tau Delta, have you no manliness left? Would you not not come to the aid of a lady in distress? Surely, among your vast numbers, there is one among you that will only be too willing to give his pin to this truly charming young lady. Come! Show your spirit! A pin for Jane!

—S—

**The above information, netted its donor two tickets to the current show at the R. K. O. Virginia. We thank You!

—S—

Since the Alpha Phis in their annex across from the Phi Delt house instituted the system of "shades down when lights are on" the Phi Deltas report only one pair of field glasses on their third floor.

One of the sweetest couples we have seen is Doc Johnson, Theta Chi, and his little girl all dressed in brown, who walk aimlessly around the streets of Champaign holding hands in broad daylight.

—S—

Roy Smith, T. U. O. is to be found at his new home in the Residence Hall, at least he and Clara seem to be monopolizing the living room about ten hours per day.

MADAME X WILL GIVE

two tickets to

THE R. K. O. VIRGINIA

for the best contribution printed on this page in the next issue.

Put contributions in the Siren box under the steps on the first floor of Uni. Hall. All names of contributors will be kept in secrecy.

It was growing dark in front of the Alpha Phi hovel, and about half the house was saying good-bye to a young man named Jonnie. Jonnie strolled off manfully, but as he walked away one Alpha Phi was very anxious to detain him. "Good-bye, Jonnie!" she called.

"So long Merl," answered Jonnie. At once the sweet young thing ran to Jonnie, put her arms around his neck, and turned him around. "Oh! said he surprised like, I'm sorry Marian, I couldn't see you in the dark."

Rushing to the nearest phone we called the Alpha Phis. "Is Marian there?" we asked. And who do you supposed answered? Miss Marian Craig answered. "Marian, we asked, what is Jonnie's last name?"

"I don't know his last name, she cooed, but he's a Sig Ep."

And now we know why boys pledge Sig Ep!

The following letter will explain in part, how publicity gave Miss Jean MacDonald a trip to New York. This letter we think explains itself, so we leave it for your own investigation.

—S—

Macdonald to Manhattan Campaign Headquarters

October 28, 1930.

Dear Fraternity or Sorority Member:

We are taking this opportunity to write to you on behalf of Miss Jean Macdonald, who as you undoubtedly know, is a candidate in the Bradley popularity contest.

Miss Macdonald is the clean-cut, courageous type of American girl that you would be proud to have as your sister. She is a far cry from the jazz-mad flapper that is infesting the American campus today. Kindly, sympathetic, sweet-dispositioned, lovable, far-sighted, discreet and democratic—all these adjectives and more can be applied to our candidate—Miss Macdonald.

Those of you who have been watching the election know that Miss Macdonald has been running an excellent race. In order to bring her candidacy to a large group of Illini, we are sending this letter to all organized houses. Suitable arrangements have been negotiated with Independent leaders to assure us of their votes.

So—let's put our shoulders to the wheel and push "True Blue" Macdonald over.

Crusadingly yours,

*Campaign Guidance Committee
Macdonald to Manhattan*

P. S. Truly it can be said: "To know her is to love her."

—S—

The band was marching down Fifth avenue in New York, when a gentleman, who would vulgarly be called a hobo, walks up to Director Harding, and touching him on the shoulder said, "Say pardner, how about loaning me two-bits to get something to eat."

As rumor has it, Harding replied in a rather haughty voice, "Hell, get in line! What do yuh think I'm marchin' for anyhow?"



"Well, so does the Elgin."

Diary of a Football Captain's Girl

Wednesday: Went to Feldkamps with Bob—he's just wonderful. Showed me his broken wrist.

Thursday: Went to Prehn's with Bob—he's just marvelous. Showed me his broken shoulder.

Friday: Went to Park with Bob—he's just too sweet. Broke bench when he sat down.

Saturday: Went to game. Bob made two fumbles and an incomplete pass. He's just precious. Broke his nose, poor boy.

Sunday: Sent Bob flowers at hospital. He's so darling.

Monday: Bob broke his leg.

Tuesday: Bob broke his arm.

Wednesday: Bob broke our date.

Finis.

S

Those Sticky Kisses

Delta Gam: "I love to kiss you."

Theta Xi: "The feeling is mucilage."

S

Beta (class of '34): "Can I hold your coat for you?"

Pify: (Haughtily) "I don't know. You don't look very strong to me."

S

First Sig Nu: "I see where your old flame has finally landed behind the bars. I thought you said she was a fast one."

Second Topper: "That's just the trouble—fast to everything she got hold of."

Hale vs. Yarvard

The huge bowl was filled to overflowing with thousands of dollars and people, but there was no spoon handy so it had to overflow. It was the annual game between Hale and Yarvard. Before the game, the Class of '89 presented a large sized cauliflower ear to the president of Hale by gently bashing him over the head with a small plank. This added a decidedly informal tone to the festivities.

As Grantland Rice's All-Americans tripped onto the field, to go thru a snappy set of Swedish gym movements, a huge roar rose from the crowd, frightened the team off the field, floated out over the town, and was finally shot down and used for fish bait.

Next, Walter Eckersall's selections indulged in a number of Hungarian folk dances and four Russian peasants dropped dead—in Moscow. Following this a group of Armenian refugees unobtrusively starved to death as an advertisement for the Near East Relief. Then came an exhibition of great strength and skill, the spectacle of the ages. Six men entered and engaged in a stiff round of charades. A mighty shout rent the air, but the rent was paid for, so no one felt bad.

As the frightened team rushed on the field again it was so ghostly quiet that you could hear a pin drop. Then the terrible thing happened—some one dropped a pin! The silence was broken and escorted from the field upon a caisson with a guard of honor.

The captain of Hale was embarrassed (what, no Murads!) for it was time to begin, and no opponents were on hand, foot, or horseback. Suddenly from the distance came a cheer. Closer and closer it came until it landed in the field with a *plop* and out of it stepped the Yarvard band which quickly formed $X+Y=Z$. Pencils were distributed among the crowd and the answer worked out.

The band then removed their uniforms and lo (Abou Ben Adhem led all the rest) it was the Yarvard football team. They got in position to receive the kick (Position A) and the game began. At the start of the second quarter the Hale back deftly passed the buck to the end who fumbled. The buck scampered about the field until it dashed out of the bowl and went screeching over the hills. The crowd cheered this act, the players took a bow (where they took it remains a mystery) and the curtain fell on the first half, injuring his back severely.

S

Frosh: "It says here that a butcher found a collar button in a cow's stomach."

Senior: "That's a lot of ballyhoo—how could a cow get under a bedroom dresser?"

S

Little boy: "Father, when has a man horse sense?"

Father: "When he can say 'Nay,' son."

S

That's my favorite dish," said the man as his wife threw a plate at him."

Great IFs of History

- If—Caesar hadn't crossed the Rubicon, what would we do for second year high school Latin?
- If—Paris hadn't stolen Helen, where would Homer get his theme song?
- If—Washington hadn't crossed the Delaware, we couldn't be forever arguing as to how he stood up in the boat.
- If—Antony loved Cleopatra, well, you answer that one. I hate to think of it.
- If—Lincoln hadn't freed the slaves, we'd have one hall less on the campus.
- If—Napoleon had stayed home with Josephine, he'd have never met his Waterloo.
- If—you didn't read the *Siren*, look what you'd have missed.

S

Working Their Way Through

- "My son is a football player."
- "Well, my son isn't paying tuition either, he's on the Prom Committee."
- "You know the old proverb, don't cross your bridges before you get there."
- "That's no good. How about when you dress for the Freshman Frolic?"

S

- "Whatcha been doin'?"
- Oh, I've been down at the mouth all summer."
- "That's too bad. What were you blue about?"
- "Blue? I was fishing on the Mississippi delta."

S



Fast color.



"What a date I had last night; she sat on my hat."
"Why didn't you take it off?"

S

Ruminating

Illinois, here I come

Myriad rapturous details of getting ready for the train-ride . . . the morning departure in a whirl of effervescent humidity . . . alternate excitement. Chilly gusts of wind carrying a taste of rain . . . people hurrying along with coat collars turned up high and pocketed hands . . . the jerking train . . . black smoke coming in heavy puffs . . . the hazy skyline engulfed in the morning mist . . . last visage of the windy city.

Train jottings

The yellowish green of the train-seats . . . blankets of gray smoke overhead . . . faces wan under their rouge and powder . . . audible whispers . . . white glare of the car lamps . . . reeking heat . . . dirty windows.

Registration

The hustling, bustling, jostling, rubbing, ripping, and raring of the Frosh . . . the Syrian rushing down on the grazing fold has a twentieth century edition in the sweeping by of the upper-classmen . . . the march down the broad-walk to the Commerce Building almost. . . .

Glasses

Worried by dangling hands . . . despising rolling gait . . . overwhelmed with sensitiveness at the awkward figure I am cutting . . . face burning as hotly as when it is exposed to the open furnace-door . . . speech full of jerks and halts . . . glitter in the eye of the instructor.

First date

Cloud feathers hiding the moon . . . over-reaching oaks casting blue-black shadows on the porch . . . breezes whispering ancient melodies . . . web-footed aves . . . creak of the swing . . . sense and nonsense . . . chimes . . . click of the front door . . . a sudden clinch.

Impressions

Curbstone lineup on Wright Street at all hours . . . chemistry building at night . . . campus lights fading out . . . senior bench . . . zig-zag walk to the Ag building . . . bleachers in the rain . . . tired girls selling funny ribbons . . . the fat squirrel in front of the Chem Building. . . may its children be chemists . . . frown of the *Siren* editor at getting this trash.

How to Play Football

By Robert B. Buppke

(Photos by the author, who in speaking of his Eastman says, "My Kodaks always click.")



Fig. 1

Editor's comment: After listening to Quinn Ryan and Graham McNamee, for several years, and after reading Grantland Rice's bush league stuff on football, we have come to the conclusion that football

ball for obvious reasons. As you know, the attempt died in infancy, for obvious reasons. Football players are hard guys and have to be treated that way. When a player is told to receive the kick and he dashes right

off the field to his bootlegger, something has to be done. Maybe discipline. Maybe a good thrashing. Being quite a psychological coach I believe in thrashing. Fig. 2 shows one of the later modeled thrashers for just such occasions. The man at the helm receiving the thrashing is Hull. This happened to him five times in one week—I remember that week—and the result was amazing. However, Hull was heard to remark, "the helm with that stuff."

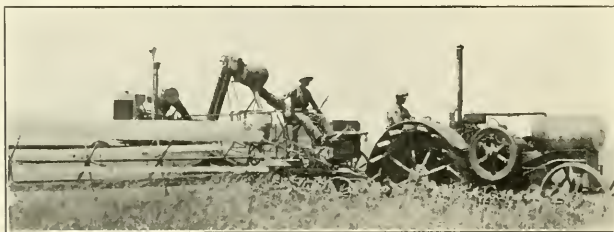


Fig. 2

should be portrayed the way she really is. This book, by one of the greatest football coaches, brings a vivid account of life in the rough. Sold at all bookstores, uncensored (the book, not the store). Coach Buppke is noted for his placid temperament though at times he flies off his handle like a dime hammer. Fig. 1 shows him in a ferocious attitude cowing two of his proteges. But let Robert tell you all about it—

Chapter I

Handling the Players

Football as the name implies, is played with the foot. Some of the greater men like Bodman and Wilson have tried to change it to brain-

Discipline is especially necessary for players who have lost their nerve. I recall one fateful day, the sun was up, my wife was up with the baby, and my Irish was up. I sent Robinson, my fullback, out on the field. We played Ohio that day and Robie was smashed all over the lot like a



Fig. 3



Fig. 4

baseball. He lost his nerve and wobbled over to the bench. "What-innell," says I, "Are you afraid? Haven't you any guts?" "No," says he, "I haven't, they're out on the fifty yard line." I didn't apply Fig. 2. I figured he had enough thrashing. So you see, dear reader, that at times it's best to let them thrash things out for themselves. After all this, you'll probably suggest that I knock the h— out of thrash, that is, the first "h." The revised edition will accommodate guys like youse.

Chapter II
The Game

After following directions in chapter 1, the team is ready to play ball. Line the players up as in Fig. 3. Think of a number between 10 and 4,931,876. The players thinking of the number play in the back field. In case no one thinks of the number, don't use a back field, it would probably cause a lot of trouble anyhow. Fig. 3 shows the original line-up at the start of the great game against

Northwestern. Reading from left to right we find Berry, Perrine, Yankus, Useman, Root, Munch, and Owens. I used only seven that day with quite surprising results.

The game is started by the flip of a coin, preferably a Scotch saxpenny. If yer Scatch bluid does nae permeet o' thet, tak it awa a wee distance and use a Canadian dime. If the game is played on a Mexican border, use a peso. Avoid playing on a border as much as possible, it makes it harder for the landlady to collect rent.

After the game is well under way and you find that your opponents can plow through center too easily, shift to the other side of the field, thereby having no one in front of your team, and a touchdown is assured. Plowing down the field for a touchdown is a topic for separate discussion in my other volume, "The Cultivation of Football Plays and Fields." Fig. 4, by the way, shows Schumaker plowing down the field to the right. Note the strategy employed. Which reminds me that if more strategies were employed, more football players would be bond salesmen. Fact is, they're bond to be salesmen. Oh, to hell with it. (Editor's note: Coach Buppke's famous reply to the usual question from fullbacks "What shall I do with the ball?")

Now for the plays. Don't try Shakespeare, they have been over-worked. Use plays with a kick to it. That, by the way, is the origin of the expression "place kick." (Clever people, these Chinese). The end run is popular. If it is possible, make both ends meet. Besides being economical, the idea is tricky—two men

(Continued on Page 23)

Fig. 5
(right)

One of Buppke's finest snapshots. Due to the action of the players it turned out to be slow motion.



LINE O' TRIPE

(with whatever apologies may be due Mr. O'Neill)

"How do you do, Dorothy. I've seen you around campus and wondered who you were. Glad I was able to fix up an introduction." (What d' I mean . . . lucky enough . . . good face . . . pretty tall . . . what year I wonder . . . how does she rate . . . small feet, no not so small . . . suede shoes, no lizard . . . blond mm . . . wonder how dumb she is and who dates her . . . clothes alright but jewelry doesn't match. . . .)

"Oh, how do you do Jack! I've seen you a lot too—the pleasure is all mine, let me assure you."

(Yes it is! . . . Glad I remembered that line though . . . wonder whether he's a junior . . . what fraternity did they say he belonged to . . . guess I'll act extra nice, doesn't do to get any one down on you . . . tall enough, not bad looking . . . wonder if he'd take me to prom if I asked him to our house dance . . .)

"No, it's mine, I insist—we might as well go have a coke if you haven't anything to do for a few minutes—"

(Really oughtn't to waste the time now but I might as well give her a break . . . wonder how I'm rating . . . doesn't do any harm to stand in good with the girls. . . .)

"Well, I won't argue but I can still have my own ideas, if you prefer it that way. And I suppose we could coke . . ."

(That's better . . . that red head he's been dating won't like it so well when she finds it out . . . hope she sees us . . . wonder if he's a junior . . . rather intelligent looking, but can he dance. . . .)

"You know Dorothy, you've got a face full of pretty things. . . ." (Pretty good line if I do say so myself . . . wonder if she necks . . . looks rather quiet but when you never can tell . . . would she take me to her house dance if I asked her to prom . . . supposed to rate but she sure is giving yours truly plenty of house. . . .)

"Well, you're under no handicap in that line yourself. And Jack, I do think you are so original. All these stories I've heard about your cleverness must be true—"

(Face full of plenty pretty things—sort of cute—think I'll mention something about house dances. . . .)

"There certainly are going to be a lot of house dances the next few weeks, aren't there?"

(That's an opening anyway. . . .)

"There sure are plenty all right."

(The game is on it seems . . . think I'll let her do the first asking . . . she might get too conceited if I didn't . . . and then maybe she wouldn't ask me anyway . . . don't see why she shouldn't though . . . Pat and Mary have . . .)

"You know I didn't intend going to ours for, well, a number of reasons . . . but I think I'd like to, that I've met you. Could you come? It's two weeks from Saturday—and rescue a maiden in distress?"

(That's appealing to his sense of being a big strong man . . . he's really a little boy but then all men are . . . won't Jim be surprised, also a few other people . . . if he doesn't ask me to prom, I'll get sick and break the date. . . .)



The kick-off

S

"Why, I'd sure love to come, Dorothy. And while we are on the subject, why don't you hop to the prom with me?"

(She wouldn't have asked me if she had had a date for prom . . . won't Mary get a surprise . . . she's been too cocky lately though . . . this one's better looking anyway . . . suppose she'll throw stall about prom, but she'll accept eventually . . . Gold Medal Flour).

"That's fine, Jack. I'm so glad. About prom—I really can't say yet—may have to break another date—tell you what. Call me tomorrow night, can you?"

(I knew he would . . . guess Ted isn't going to ask me anyway . . . won't he be stunned to see me there with Jack. . . .)

"Well, have to be getting back to class now, Jack. You'll be calling me tomorrow then?"

S

ONE CONSOLATION

After all, when a school hasn't a good football team, it can always claim a high scholastic standing.

S

Petting may not be on the decline, but it is getting to be more and more on the incline.

S

She: "Oh, so Jack's out for the football team. Will he get carried?"

He (unsympathetically): "Probably—to the hospital."

S

"I think I'll get Indian underwear this winter."

"What kind is that?"

"Woolen, the kind that creeps up on you."

HOMER

To date or not to date; that is the question,
 Whether 'tis nobler as a pledge to endure
 The loneliness of dateless days
 Or take steps against this sea of solitude
 And by sneaking end it; to meet or not to meet,
 No more; but by a date to say we end
 The boredom and the thousand natural gripes
 That pledge is heir to. 'Tis a situation
 Deeply to be thought on. To study, to date—
 To date—perchance to flunk. Ay, there's the rub!
 For from that date of daring what may come
 To each fair co-ed in this house
 Must give her pause. There's the "E"
 That spells calamity to her high hopes.
 But who would hear the sighs in seminar, the teacher's drone,
 The instructor's chant, the professor's thunder
 In lieu of quips and jests of merry men,
 The trenchant line of amorous sweet nothings?
 Forsooth, would that one rate an A!
 And to our actives, A's doth make heroes of us all.
 With this regard the pledges turn away
 To ponder—what are A's—bought at cost of dateless days?

S

A MILD STORY

Copyrighted 1812

(Translated from the Sanskrit with the aid of a
 sewing-machine)

It was a wild and stormy night on the west coast of Scotland. However, that has little to do with the story as our plot is laid in a tough western town. A rabbit walked down the main drag and spit in a bull-dog's face—nice town. A sign placed near the far end of town stated that the war-path was under repair. A dark brown cloud appeared rolling down the main street, which was the only street the town could boast of—if the town ever boasted. It was a great day for the town—but now we return to the brown cloud—or was it red? The brown, or red, cloud appeared in front the village saloon, and as a result four men swore off liquor. It later turned out to be a prohibitionist stunt.

S

Judging by the general consensus of opinion, the prerequisite for vigorous acting, is vigorous drinking, rather than vigorous thinking. Of course our football team is different.

S

Mr. Cohen stepped into the room where all of those who intended to try out for the choir were seated. He looked at a group of girls seated over in the corner, smoking.

"Won't that affect their throats?" he asked.

Mr. Cohen, don't you know that in a college town, the neck is more important than the throat?

Cigarette Crazy

Smoke Luckies—no, smoke Camels, because you would rather walk a mile for a Camel than a Lucky. But think of the throat irritation. Yes, just think of it. There is nothing more annoying than throat irritation. But why cough with throat irritation? . . . throat irritation cough . . . Smoke Old Golds the treasure of them all. Not a cough in a carload! Yes, not a carload in a cough! But they don't satisfy! . . . No, they don't satisfy me. I must have one that stands out. Yes, smoke Chesterfields . . . they stand out—but think of throat irritation—standing out in throat irritation—throat irritation standing out in the throat. . . . Not a cough. I would rather walk a mile because they satisfy my figure. Reduce by walking a mile for a Camel and smoke Luckies. But I want to graduate . . . who wants to be a school-boy? Who wants to graduate? I don't want to graduate! Graduate what? Graduate to Camels. Get a diploma . . . smoke Camels. Who wants a diploma? Why diploma? Because they give a milder and better taste. . . . Yes, that's the reason why. They satisfy. They have taste. They satisfy the taste. Yes, smoke them. Let them smoke you out with milder and better taste. Smoke—smoke—smoke what . . . ?

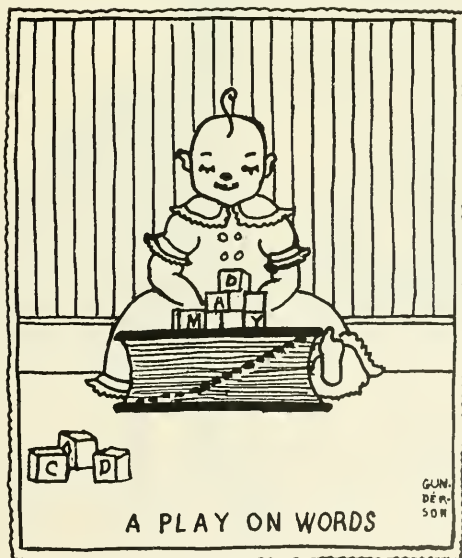
S

Says one A. K. L. to another: "I guess we'll have to get those glass rug protectors out from under the piano again. Another honorary is holding a smoker in the house tonight."

S

Headline in "The Daily Grind"—Professor Stiven to lecture on "Organ Development."

S



A PLAY ON WORDS

Much Ado About Nothing

HENRY AVERY

Gracie thinks that it is just too funny that firemen wear red suspenders to keep their pants up. Liar, liar, your nose is as long as a telephone wire. Which goes to show the handicap you are under if your parents went in for fetching you up properly.

Two bits that if I tell Gracie the one about the young man from Australia, she'll laugh. Its so darn respectable that she'll think its subtle or something . . . I knew it. Just like a charm, just like a charm. This is really getting to be fun. Only she doesn't know what she's letting herself in for. My next number is always singing a song, Sonny Boy. My

Gawd, if she can stand that she is a wonder.

Gracie is reading a book. Another one of these intellectual giants. All wit and repartee. And if you think lusterine can cure that you're crazy.

Gracie bares all. I do wish she'd stop or else pick maturer men. And grandma brought me up right too, young lady. No fiddling around about bees and butterflies and the little hyacinths. If Gracie ever had a dress without a back before, I'm Paul Revere. She's just too darn nonchalant. Or maybe somebody told her about adhesive tape. Just think of all the humorists starving today because there just can't be any more

jokes about having to hook up the back of milady's dress.

Gracie comes through with a swift one—her papa (and I bet he'd disown her if he caught her putting the accent on the last syllable like that) said to her that time that she came home, and you can call it Parlor Date or Home Work if either one of them suit.

Here I am, all dressed up in something classy for the college trade to sell for about twenty-three-fifty if you can get it, and who gets to gaze on all of this but Gracie. It just goes to show what human effort can come to. Shepherds watching their flocks by night, sheep dippers holding their noses, Bertha the beautiful sewing machine girl singing as she sews (How long has this been going on?), Isadore coming down to the store at eight because times are hard you know, and all so Gracie can look at it.

I wonder if the collar fits. Another crack like that one and I'll complain to the management.

I like this place. More food for thought. A good thing I ate fish today. The old brain is getting a work out. There I go, bragging again. And while we are on the subject of futility, I wonder, yes I wonder, why dear old Helter Skelter Whoopsilon spent that four hundred bucks for a chandeir. Just as good as new mister, only used once, and there aint even a spot on the lining yet. And lots of nice sofas. I hope we draw the one in front of the fire—more futility. Pretty soon I'll be a philosopher or something. I'm going to buy a lantern tomorrow.

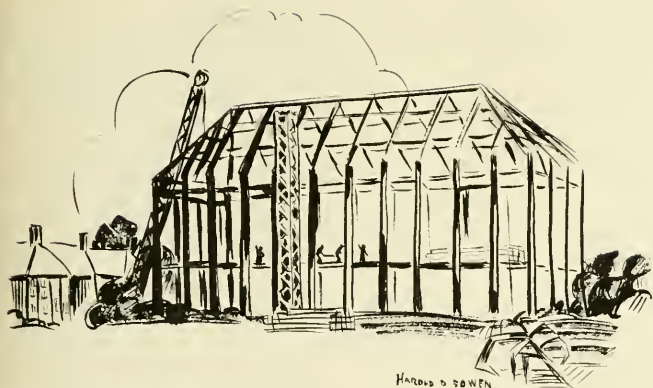
Sure enough. I knew Gracie was smart. I like fires. I almost got pneu—a cold one night last winter when I went to one in my pajamas. It was swell, the whole roof burned off. I bet this place would make a swell fire too, especially after they got a paddling for trying to stick a senior in the bathtub that they hadn't ought to call them sororities, but sore—and how do you know, Gracie but what I cannot appreciate that sort of humor. But what I am as pure as the driven snow—as God taking a bath, or an A. K. L.? How do you know? As if you didn't have an Illio, three-fifty now, six after the

(Continued on Page 19)



Backfield in motion

JANE FAUNTZ



HAROLD D. BOWEN
Open house at the New Woman's Gym.

AND THEN THE GREAT DAY ARRIVED

The great football bowl was filled to the rim with people, for the greatest game of the year was in play. Pennants waved from all sides of the stadium, while poor little Willie Cözerksks was sitting on the bench. There he had been sitting for almost four years. This was his last game before graduation, and he must show his metal by doing something for dear Old Hooserbernizola. The score was 2 to 0 in favor of Fugerborgen U. The game dragged on, until there were five minutes left to play. Willie bit his fingernails! (The brute.) He was nervous, very nervous! Suddenly the halfback of D. O. H. (Dear old Hooserbernizola) began to gallop down the field. Twenty yards to a touchdown; fifteen yards to a touchdown; ten yards to a touch. . . . Bang! he was tackled. The halfback for D. O. H. did not get up. The team surrounded him. Willie's heart leaped! His chance at last! Now he would go in and fight! The captain came running in, shouting, "Willie! Willie." Willie stood up trembling. "Y-y-y-es C-c-captain." "Listen Willie, take off your pants, the halfback just split his."

—S—

Inquisitive frosh: "Do you play by ear?"

Bored senior, or what have you: "No, by preference."

—S—

Math Instructor: "Can you find the sine of theta?"

Student (just waking up): "Why, more campus scandal?"

ANOTHER AIR HERO

Richa Zell, far from his native climate California, was playing the last game of his meteoric career. Two great teams were deadlocked in the crucial intersectional contest of the year. The score was tied with only three minutes to play, when time was called; a telegram had arrived from Richa's doctor in California stating that he had but three minute to live. The great star was deaf to the pleas of his teammates that he leave the game. Resolutely he wrote his will, grabbed the ball with only ten seconds to play, raced through the entire opposing team, and with his dying effort dove twenty yards across the goal line for a touchdown. The ball burst with the force of the impact, releasing some of our hero's own native air, thus saving his life.

—S—

We saw several long runs at the Illinois-Purdue game—in girls' stockings.

—S—

He: "Marge is a regular mine of information."

Second Him: "Yeah, you got to dig through a lot of dirt to get it."

—S—

Co-ed: "But why don't you like Champaign?"

Ed: "It soots me too well."

—S—

She: When are you going to marry me, dear?

He: Sometime when I'm not so busy.

She: When is that?

He: I'm always busy.

VIRGINIA REEL

Ah wuz leahnin on the dahway of the Delta Delta Delta hovel. Yes suh, it wuz verri sad, suh. Ah says to the young dahmsel, "Dahlin, ah's fond of you-all, mah drivin' hundreds of niahles to see you—all proves that."

"You-all's hands covahed plenty of ter'tohry T' night," says this Northern Belle meanin like.

Ah spat at one of the mice that run thereabouts. It wuz ahl verri rohmantic.

"Now babby (consolin' like) what say we-all go 'roun steady?"

"Sho, my dahlin," she croons, takin a long pull from her black cheroot, "Long as you-all don't see me on Friday or Saturday, that would sohta intahfer with mah week-end dates."

A southern gentleman, suh, nevah takes a crack at a lady or Trah-Dehlt suh.

—S—

That college football is a game that requires education, we offer as proof that all of our players are required to attend the university.

—S—



FIRST AID

Gene: "I see the girls are wearing their pins on their hats now. It's the latest fad."

Eugene: "What's the idea?"

Gene: "Their boy friends are complaining of scratched hands."

—S—

Then there's the case of the football hero who thought that animal crackers are dog biscuits.

At the Football Game

By Charles Jacobson

It was bad. Tres mal, as the French have it. (And heavens knows, they have!) Bobbie had a girl. That, in itself wasn't so bad. Think of how sad things might have been if I had said, "Bobbie had a cow, or an Ornitherynychus Anatinus." So, let be as is: Bobbie had a girl—and the girl had a hobby as well as a Bobbie: she wanted to learn all about football. He liked the game, too, and said "No" to her pleas to be taken to the next big game. (Bobbie had read the "Siren" and feared the consequences). But true love springs from out there where the vest begins and Bobbie had to drag aforementioned girl, ginche, gal, moll, babe, maid (or "filly," as we hear at any sorority after dinner)—to the Big Game.

Upon arriving at the Stadium, the gal promptly proceeded to tell all of Section K that her seat was too hard, and why didn't they supply pillows anyway? To Bobby's chagrin, some fresh guy suggested that if she wanted to sleep to go home. Mamie, which was the gal's name, picked up the argument and would have smashed a couple of heads if quarters hadn't been so close.

Like the fellah trying to fly the kite in the telephone booth, Mamie needed more room for expression. What were those fellows rolling around on the ground for, Bobby? They were tweezeing their eye-brows, volunteers Bobbie, and writhing in pain as they did so. What did she think they had, cramps? No, but they looked funny. Yes? Yes, Bobbie, who are the fellows in linen golf knickers, in this awful weather, too? The Bloomer Sisters in convention—they demonstrate the meaning of interference—interfere with every play.

Oh? Oh. What do they mean by "Meriwether's some boy?" If he is, why is he going out? His mother-in-law just found out that Listerine does not remove fish and onion odors and is calling long-distance from Oskaloosa, telling Meriwether to smoke a herring. Bobbie, why can't he kick now? He is like me: he could if he wanted to, but it wouldn't do any good. Bobbie, why are those fellows in the sweaters waving their arms at me? They can't see this far. Who is that player with 26 on his back? That's Farwell. Don't you think he moves gracefully? Yes, that's what his landlord said.

... Oh, Bobbie, I hear they make the team keep in strict training—George had to eat spinach for two weeks. That's nothing, I've lived on earth for twenty-two years. Oh-oh. What are they all doing now with their heads together that way? They are looking for a couple of veal-birds that escaped from the Sigma Kaps. Bobbie, I think you're horrid. Mamie, we agree. There is Mae in a stunning wrap—and that beautiful German Police dog beside her! That's not a dog, it's Johnny Jones in a raccoon. But

it is a gorgeous wrap, Bobbie. Yes, quite a rap—for Johnny. No, for Mae. Yeah. Bobbie, who's the man there in the glasses? A track man. Oo-oh, I've always adored runners. He doesn't, he follows the horses. Does he make much money? No. What does his wife say? Nothing. What do his children say? Nothing. Why? He isn't married.

You bet on horses once, didn't you Bobbie? Yes, Green River and Cripple Creek in the fifth—they're running yet . . . Oh, what a beautiful run! Look at that line rip! Bobbie, my hose! No, Perkins the left end . . . Isn't Fanny lovely today? My, what a perfect offensive end! Bobbie-e-e! Huh? Did you attend your bacteriology lecture this morning? Don't bacilli, gal, don't bacilli.

What's that man holding a gun for? He's one of the Chicago referees on the defensive. Bobbie, why do they call it a grid-iron? Because the game was originated by Waffles, the Amateur Crackman. That's a hot one. Mamie, were you ever engaged? No. Oh. Were you? Yes, I was once engaged to a girl with a wooden leg, but I broke it. What, the leg? No, the engagement . . . Ah, there goes the gun. Well, another game. Bobbie, who won? What's the difference—where's my hat? That's right, where's my compact?

Thus came the dusk; shadows threw their arms around, as shadows will, and the setting sun gleamed iridescence. Two love-birds went their respective ways—160 and 120 pounds ringside alas, the weigh of all flesh.

S

And you've probably met Mary some place too—she's the one who is always looking for a spade so she can call it one.

S



One down—two to go



I'm positive there were at least 10 down that time.

—S—

JUST CRAZY

"Prisoner, if you didn't steal the \$3,000, where did you get it?"

"Yer honor, I saved it by not joining the Union, "Y," Hospital Association, or a fraternity; by not subscribing to the Illini, Illio, Siren, Agriculturist, Technograph, or Enterpriser; by not going to the Stunt shows, Pierrot's shows, Mask and Bauble plays, Junior Prom, Senior Ball, Military Ball, Soph Cotillion, Frosh Frolic, Pan-Hell, Axe Grinders, Fine Arts Ball, or Glee Club Concert; and by not buying any Homecoming Badges or Stamps, Programs or A. A. Books."

"Not guilty of robbery, but throw him in a padded cell. No man can do that and be sane."

—S—

"Don't you know that drinking is against the law?"

"Yeh, but I started before the law was passed."

—S—

Boys We Love to Date—No. 983652

The boy who talks all evening about drinking and tells us how much he drinks, what he drinks, and how he drinks—and how!—and usually throws in a monologue on the drinking habits of his entire fraternity. Yeah, we *love* it!

—S—

"Didn't you say your dog's bark is worse than his bite?"

"Yes."

"Then for goodness' sake don't let him bark. He just bit me."

—S—

"I know a girl who changes clothes three times a day."

"And I know one who changes five times an hour."

"Aw, get out."

"Sure, but she's only three months old."

MY PASS

The freshman wandered dizzily into the lecture room. He hadn't noticed the room number but he was pretty sure this was what he wanted. Pushed and pulled, he managed to locate a seat strangely marked and settled into it. But the girl on his right didn't have the same ears the last one had. The student on his left was definitely Nordic, whereas he should have been Mediteranean. In fact, the general run of faces seemed strangely altered. Very phenomenal. And to cap it all there was a fat woman standing behind the lecture desk. He was sure the other one had been a man. He was positive, in fact. He knew there was some mistake. "Hey" he yelled lustily, "you're not my lecture instructor!"

—S—

Moments We'd Like to Live Over

The night we dated the pledge who apparently became speechless after the introduction. We were beginning to worry—then after we had walked three and one-half blocks he coughed and said, "Well,—er—it's a nice evening!" Anyway, he was tall.

—S—

FAST

Go: "He stepped on the gas, hoping to beat the train."

Illini: "Did he get across?"

Go: "Yes, as soon as the tombstone maker finishes it."

—S—

"Yes, but you can't blame a man for going home intoxicated."

"When he's in such a condition, he's likely to go anywhere."

—S—

"Just the other day a lad, who is working his way through college, gave a quart of blood for a transfusion; but the M. D. could not use it as it was 80 per cent alcohol."

—S—

I always snub the boys who smile,

I never sit and neck awhile,

No one says that I have "style,"

I always walk back a mile—

I'm a horse.

—S—

First Pledge: "They give us black marks for not obeying rules."

Second Pledge: "That's nothing—we get black and blue marks!"

—S—

Says the Coach

Coach: "Of all the sap-headed players that ever tried to hold a football, you're the worst. You run like a turtle, fumble like a two-year old, and think as fast as a century plant grows. No, you can't play."

Player: "Am I to take that as a refusal?"

Coming Distractions

As reviewed by Alice Ireland

Having combatted victoriously the nasty bacteria of unknown genus, ye honorable literary editor—who says I'm honorable?—will come to the fore and begin operations upon this page of intriguing information.

At that palace of good, clean fun, the VIRGINIA, the various and sundry members of the critical audience are due for a pleasant surprise with the coming of the svelte Gloria Swanson in "What a Widow." Gloria plays a giddy young widow with the whole world before her and five million dollars to spend. You've guessed it—you bright little things—she goes straight to Paris, and indulges in a shopping orgy. "What a Widow" will please the girls when it isn't turning them a nice, bright shade of green. Gorgeous Gloria knows her clothes, and she knows her comedy touches, too—you'll find her charming. Her voice doesn't register as well as in "The Trespasser," however. Owen Moore is the plain American business man who wants to change what a widow into what a wife. Lew Cody is the complication.

"The Silver Horde," featuring Evelyn Brent, is a well photographed drama of one woman in a land of men, and women didn't brag about virtue where she came from. (Draw your own conclusions, me lads). It is an epic of the great outdoors, intermingling raw drama and raw salmon. Joel McCrea, the hero, is a new screen find, and Louise Wolheim will cause fluttering palpitations in even a nice, healthy heart. Oh doctor!

Save your pennies to see "The Silent Enemy" at the ORPHEUM. It is a marvelously photographed chronicle of the lives of the Ojibway Indians, and their silent enemy turns out to be Hunger (yes, dear Indians, we know how you feel, we had a bum meal today at the house).

Two years were spent in Canada making the picture, which is com-

posed entirely of Indians and animals—there is a caribou stampede that's a spine-tickler—and the principal players are the last word in naturalness, especially the brave who said, "Ugh-ugh," meaning, "Howdy, squaw, how about a coke?"

The ORPHEUM also brings us Jack Mulhall as a debonair young clubman in "Murder Will Out," with the able support of Lila Lee and Noah Beery. The story is a thrilling one of a blackhand gang that tries to extort a cool half million from Jack for the ransom of Lila Lee. Our lone hero, while battling the mean old gangsters on the three-mile limit (there has to be a limit somewhere in all these pictures), gets his pretty wave all mussed, but the action is fast—and plenty. It is a mystery story which will keep you guessing, and the solution may surprise you.

Skipping over to the RIALTO, we find "The Office Wife," a highly diverting bit of entertainment. One of our modern girls, Dorothy Mackaill, turns an old plot into a 1931 show, making it good, brisk amusement. The yarn, intelligent and convincing, is about a grand working girl (and Dorothy Mackaill is a secretary any one would like to ring the buzzer for!), who is so efficient that her employer, a successful publisher in the dignified form of Lewis Stone, wants her to double as his private wife, too.

Harold Lloyd is a lowly shoe clerk in "Feet First" who aspires to high honors as leading salesman. As usual, he starts out on the wrong foot, and gets himself into no end of ridiculous situations—the majority of them funny—and gets out in the most surprising manner to finally "make good" with his employer and Barbara Kent, his suppressed desire. He performs some thrilling antics on the top and sides of a skyscraper, which, although reminiscent of some of his other pictures, still make you gasp and breathe a relieved aw-t-aint-really-so.

In "Old English," George Arliss adds another to his list of perfect portrayals. Here is a picture of a typical Englishman of the old school who gives us his complete life story—his soul story—without a fadeback. The fadebacks of his devil-may-care youth, of his own love, are in his facial expressions. "Old English" is superb in the last fifteen minutes of action, when he plans and executes his suicide by over-eating and drinking to forestall business humiliations. Add this to your *must* list.

You just can't suppress Windy Bill Haines, and here he pops up again in "Way Out West" (you only need go as far as the PARK to see him, though), in his same, lovable, wise-cracking role. This time he is a smoothy barker under a carnival top, until he gyps some tough cow-punchers, and they make him work off his debt on their ranch. Leila Hyams is a right sweet bit of heart interest, and she leads Bill into making a new man of himself (darn it, we liked him the way he was—).

—S—

A DETA ZETAS' PRAYER

Dear God, my man has just been
sought
Out by an A. D. Pi, and taught
The things that Mother taught him
not;
Now here I lay in my small cot;
And all my dreams have night mares
been
Because I haven't heard from him.
And if it's all the same to you,
I'll pray for more than one or two.

—S—

He: "Let's go to the dog show to-night."

She: "Where's that?"

Again: "The Orp!"

—S—

"Do you know who was the organizer of the Ladies Aid Society?"

"No."

"Sir Walter Raleigh."

—S—

"My father's retired."

"Mine's out of a job, too."

THE WAGES OF VIRTUE

Mabel was a pretty girl,
A sweet angelic miss.
In all the years I knew her,
Never thought she'd come to this.

'Twas on a summer's evening
I asked to take her home.
She looked at me and at my car;
The end she might have known.

The road was gray, the sky was
black,
The stars did twinkle down.
And speedily I drove my car
On a road far out of town.

But Mabel got romantic
And spoke of love and such.
Before she could prevent it,
Her waist my arm did clutch.

My eyes were blue and now they're
black
O, what a change she made.
She's walking down a railroad track,
Still walking I'm afraid.

—S—

Truer words have ne'er been said,
"All those who die are surely dead."

—S—

Visitor: "Terrible weather you
have here, how do you keep from
getting a cold?"

Halfback: "I dode, I'b subbossed
to hab the Illinois Code ob Spords-
manshib ride now."

—S—

(Continued from Page 14)

first of the week and our house wants
the cup.

This place really has all the peace
and quiet of the Union Station. They
even believe in authenticity so far as to
carry it to having a waiting line. If
I could get the popcorn concession
I'd be fixed for life.

I think it would be the nerts if
Gracie would say she wanted to go
for a walk. She must be a bear for
peace and quiet, and would like to
like anything get a chance to smoke
up all of my cigarettes and chew all
of my gum. I think I'd like to go for
a walk with Gracie. And maybe if
we sat on the curb it wouldn't be
quite so congested. This place must
even have a nice old English gutter.

Sure, she's just dying for a
cigarette. Whoopedoo.

draWing
History
psYchology

Spanish
rheToric
mUsic
eDucation
algeBra
latiN
chemisTry
phySics

Dietetics
economIcs
mathEmatics

phYsIology
astrOnomy
accoUntancy
botaNy
Geology

DEFINITIONS

Heaven is a place where:

Your house has more than enough
high school stars holding out their
lapels for pledge pins.

You get a "knock-down" to the
best-looking co-ed and she dates you.
You get a schedule with no first
hours.

The Dean gives you a permit to
keep a car at college.

The Freshmen carry matches.

The local taproom has speedy
service.

But then, that is Heaven.

—Penn State Frater.

S

"I miss our battered cuspidor."

Said a little Pi Phi dear.

"Yeah," replied a sister,

"You missed it when 'twas here."

—Kansas Sour Owl.



christmas gifts—moderne

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ladies and men's rings
compacts, make up boxes and novelties, fra-
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"dick" cott, mgr.

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THAT 8:30 CLASS

Freshman—in class, note books in hand, pencils poised.

Sophomore—running to class.

Junior—eating breakfast.

Senior—just turning alarm clock off.

N. Y. U. Medley.

—S—

"My wife never scolds me for dropping ashes on the rug, she never objects to me staying out late, or drinking or gambling."

"Why man, you have a model wife. I should like to meet her."

"You can't. She's dead." —*Ohio State Sun Dial.*

—S—

"Say, are you drunk?"

"If I'm not I've been cheated."

—*Washington University Dirge.*

—S—

Newly-wed (honeymooning in the West) wired to his boss: "Please give extension of vacation; it is wonderful out here."

Boss replied: "Come back at once, it is wonderful any place."

SUBSTITUTION

Student (at book store): "Gimme a map of New York State."

Clerk: "All we have are maps of New Jersey."

Student: "O. K. That's close enough."

—*Syracuse Orange Peel.*

—S—

"Who shall I say is asking for him?" inquired the operator of the man in the booth.

"Mr. O'Cohen."

"Mr. Who?"

"Mr. O'Cohen."

"Just a minute—the wires are crossed."

—*Washington University Dirge.*

—S—

Now we understand why blind men are so popular with girls as dates—they just feel their way around.

—*Alabama Rammer Jammer.*

—S—

Many a boy would make an excellent dancer if he would only learn to stand on his own feet.—*Grinnell Malteaser.*

—S—

Boy: "Why is an apple red?"

Friend: "Because it's blushing for Eve."

FOOTBALL DEFINITIONS

Coach: Highest paid member on University faculty.

Player: Small brained, large headed individual.

Tackle: Fond embrace, permitted only on football fields. Forbidden elsewhere.

Touchdown: Ball carrier dropping down from sheer exhaustion.

Rooters: Evidence that 70,000 people are out of work.

Cheer leader: Youngster afflicted with strange disease.

Referee: Blind inmate with Saturday off.

Star: One who goes out nights.

Band: Embryonic doormen for Ohio theatre.

Linesman: Junior prom chairman of bye gone years, still racketeering.

Training table: Free meals for player until salary check starts comin' in.

Teams: Bevy of individuals pulling against each other.

Senior manager: One who has first installment paid on Isotta Fraschini.

—Ohio State Sun Dial.

S

Guide: This, ladies and gentlemen, is the greatest cataract in the country, and if the ladies will only be silent for a moment you will hear the thunder of the waters.

—Voo Doo.

S

Astronomy Prof.: Name a star with a tail.

Stude: Rin-Tin-Tin. —U. of Texas Longhorn.

S

Ed: "The girls say you're very sympathetic.

Co-ed: "What do you mean?"

Ed: "Fellow—Feeling!"

S

Stump Orator: "The girl of today is no different from the woman of twenty years ago."

Frum Rear: "Y'r ri', Guv, you shoudla seen the relic I drew las' night."

S

"Boy, call me a taxi."

"All right, your a taxi."

—Washington University Dirge.

S

It: "His last words were 'will you marry me?'"

Another It: "What happened?"

The First It: "She married him."

—Washington University Dirge.

S

Make room for the one about the Scotch murderer who, when entering the death chamber, complained to the warden that he was being overcharged.

—Penn State Froth.

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CHICAGO

In Ravenswood Apartment Hotel

MOTHER GOOSE

Sing a song of six pants,
Pockets full of rye,
Nineteen-thirty-birds,
Tote it or go dry.
When the flasks are opened,
The birds begin to sing,
"Sweet Ad-o-line, Sweet Ad-o-line"
Oh, Death, where is thy sting?

—Alabama Rammer Jammer.

S

Soph: "I don't like Betty Co-ed; she's so biased."

Frosh. "What do you mean, biased?"

Soph: "She's always saying: 'Buy us this,' and 'Buy us that.'"

—N. Y. U. Medley.

S

My girl is an ash-blond.

How come?

Just the remains of a hot fire.—Grinnell Malteaser.

S

SEZ SHE

A pale, proud girl turned to the big, heavy-browed man, who was gazing at her intently. He held a glittering knife in his hand. "Have you no heart?" she asked in low, even tones.

"No," he growled.

"Then give me ten cents worth of liver."

—Alabama Rammer Jammer.

S

Musically Inclined

Q.: Have you heard Wagner's score?

A.: No, who were they playing?

—U. of Chicago Phoenix.

S

Use Plain Language

She: Do you neck?

Harvard man: What?

She: Do you pet?

Harvard man: Pardon me?

She: Do you spoon?

Harvard man: Won't you please explain yourself?

She: Well, then, are you wont, at various and sundry intervals, to indulge in demonstratively intimate relationships?

Harvard man: "Why, certainly. Why didn't you say so at first?"

—Penn Punch Bowl.

S

"Date her!

Her dad drives a big green car!"

He murmured and I said,

"Fine!"

How did I know

That her dad drove a car

On the

Dudley Trolley Line?

—Orange Peel.

How to Play Ball

(Continued from Page 11)

carry the ball around opposite ends at the same time, thereby baffling the opponents. Skirting the end is also effective, but with the long skirts this season the players are apt to trip and automatically go into a triple pass, which is over most player's heads. Use something simple, like tackling the dummy. In spite of anything Milton C. Work says about it, a dummy should be tackled. Finesse with a club if necessary. Tackling is especially good for making a hole through center. If the center objects, make a hole through somebody else. Tackling is not especially dangerous if the tackler and the tacklee know what it's about. Fig. 5 shows Huddelson just after he tackled Cagle in the great Army melee of '29. The player on top is Huddelson, and judging from his expressions, the affair came off O. K. As far as that goes, Cagle didn't seem to mind either. Football, like dates, must have co-operation.

Many unique tactics have been attributed to me, but I really owe them to my team, God bless it. It was back in the days of shaven mugs and gilt-edged gaboons when a recruit dashed up to me and spoke at length in no uncertain tones about my ability as a coach. "Aw, hold that line," says I. Wherewith he dashed out on the field and threw the team for a loss of seventy yards. Two days later he came on the field wearing suspenders and a belt. "Why the trick get up," asks I. "Safety," says he, and that's how that started. Football is quite intriguing.



Intimate photo of Keith Cady rooting for the team.

—S—

For some time little boys have been looking forward to the day when they will be college boys—sing the "Stein Song"—and above all pledge Sigma Alpha Epsilon. Ah, but now little girls can sit back and dream about the time when they will pledge Theta and be nice, big Fisher Body girls. —Kansas Sour Owl.



Oscar Shaw in his dressing-room wearing a waistcoat of Catoir Silk

WAISTCOATS OF REAL QUALITY

BEFORE you buy a dress or dinner waistcoat, make it a point to look for the green label of Catoir Vesting on the strap. If it is not there, you may be certain that you are not getting the best in either fabric or workmanship.

CATOIR

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[Pronounced "KAT-WAH"]
VESTINGS · FACINGS · LININGS



Doting Relative: Come give Aunty a dreat bid kiss!

Modern Child: Perhaps I shouldn't speak about it but my answer is "No!"—unless you take a LIFE SAVER first.

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Clean

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4175

4176

SALESMANSHIP

"But don't you think this machine has beautiful tonal qualities?" said the Victrola salesman.

"No."

"Isn't it really the best machine for the money?"

"No."

"But surely you'll agree the cabinet is remarkable. . . ."

"No."

"Say, what's your name, anyway?"

"Brunswick." —*U. of Kansas Sour Owl.*

S

I know a guy who has water on the knee, water on the brain, is a swimming champion and had an uncle who was drowned last week.

It can truly be said, "He is a gentleman of the first water."

P. S. He has a water Spaniel, too.

—*Alabama Polytechnic Institute Cajoler.*

S

First Co-ed: "I think big formal dances are just a bore. I abhor them, don't you?"

Second Co-ed: "Quite so, I didn't get a prom bid either."

—*N. Y. U. Medley.*

S

Daughter (screaming): "Mother, Jim's telling me a joke about a traveling salesman."

Mother: "Heavens, I'll call your father."

Daughter: "Never mind, I'll tell it to him."

—*I'anderbilt Masquerader.*

S

CONFUSION

Elevator boy: You say you want to go up to Downes? Now Downes is up on third and also down in basement. Upps are on the fourth floor with offices in the second basement. Now do you want to go down to Upps or Downes? Or would you prefer that I first take you up to Downes, then down to see Upps and up to see Upps or down to see Upps and Downes, and then up to Upps or Downes, or both Upps and Downes. —*Ohio Sun Dial.*

S

Prison Parson (to prisoner in electric chair): Have you any last request?

Convict: Yeh, I wish you'd put in a call to me pal what squealed on me an' reverse the charges.

—*Stanford Chapparral.*

S

Young Nurse: That freshman in bed seven is awfully handsome!

Superior: Yes, but don't wash his face, he's had that done six times today.

—*Cornell Widow.*

Purer Than Ivory

He was only 99.97 per cent pure because he had once whistled a naughty song. —West Point Pointer.

—S—

Old boy: "Son, isn't it about time you thought of taking a wife?"

Little stuff: "O. K.—whose wife shall I take?"

—S—

Frosh (to senior co-ed): Give me a date sometime, will you?

Co-ed: I'd like to, but I can't go out with a baby.

Frosh: Oh, beg pardon. I didn't know about it.
—Orange Peel.

—S—

The garbage department has an offal team this year.
—Exchange.

—S—

Sweet Young Thing: (At football game) "I don't like that huddle system. It makes them look like a herd of sheep."

Unkind escort: "Yea, waiting for the slaughter."

—S—

If all the dirty jokes told by football men while in the huddle were reserved for use on sorority porches—well, there would be a huddle.

—S—

He: "You know, darling, you're like an angel."

She: "Why, honey?"

He: "You are always harping on things, always flitting about, and always complaining about not having anything to wear."

—S—

"Who were those 'old-timers' I saw you with last night?"

"Hell! Those weren't two 'old-timers,' those were old 'two-timers!'"

—S—

Football mother. Son, you're looking fine, but what is that behind your left ear?

Football man: My right one, mother.

—Penn Punch Bowl.

—S—

Father: My son is reckless, careless, and indifferent of consequences.

Friend: Fine. Make a taxi driver of him.

—U. of Texas Longhorn.



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Ted Weems

Orch.
Hilo Hawaiian Orch.

22501

ON A LITTLE STREET IN HONOLULU
All Through the Night

Johnny Johnson
Orch.

22516

LEARNING A LOT FROM YOU
A Big Bouquet for You

McKianey's Cotton

22511

HULLABALOO
Baby Won't You Please Come Home

Pickers



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WEBER STUDIO

John Street

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

1. Love is a disease that most girls get just as often as they are exposed.

2. When a fellow loves a girl he thinks even her sneeze has a sweet sound.

3. The only difference between a caprice and a life-long passion, is that the caprice lasts a little longer.

4. Simple pleasures are the last refuge of the complex.

5. Young men want to be faithful and are not. Old men want to be faithless and cannot.

—Alabama Rammer Jammer.

My Dear Miss Dix:

I am a young girl 18 years of age and folks say I am pretty. Of late, in the night time when I am going to bed, I have been bothered by the most peculiar insect that keeps buzzing at my window. I have used three cans of Flit, but it has no apparent effect. What shall I do?

—Eighteen.

Dear Eighteen:

Scare the Freshman home by inviting him inside.

—Penn Punch Bowl.

—S—

"Say, dat guy busted de crystal of me watch. What should I do to him?"

"Go ahead, give him de woiks."

—U. of Texas Longhorn.

—S—

"May I present my wife?"

"No, thanks, I have one of my own."

—U. of Texas Longhorn.

—S—

Soph: Dad, you are a lucky man.

Father: How is that?

Soph: You won't have to buy me any school books this year. I'm taking all of last year's work over again.

—U. of Texas Longhorn.

—S—

Dumb? Say I told him Hal and Peg had a lot in common and he asks me when they're going to build on it!"

—S—

Teke: "Do you know the honey song?"

Frosh: "Which is?"

Soak: "If I Could Bee With You One Hour Tonight."

—S—

Bridegroom: And they say that no two people have the same thought.

Just name an Occasion —

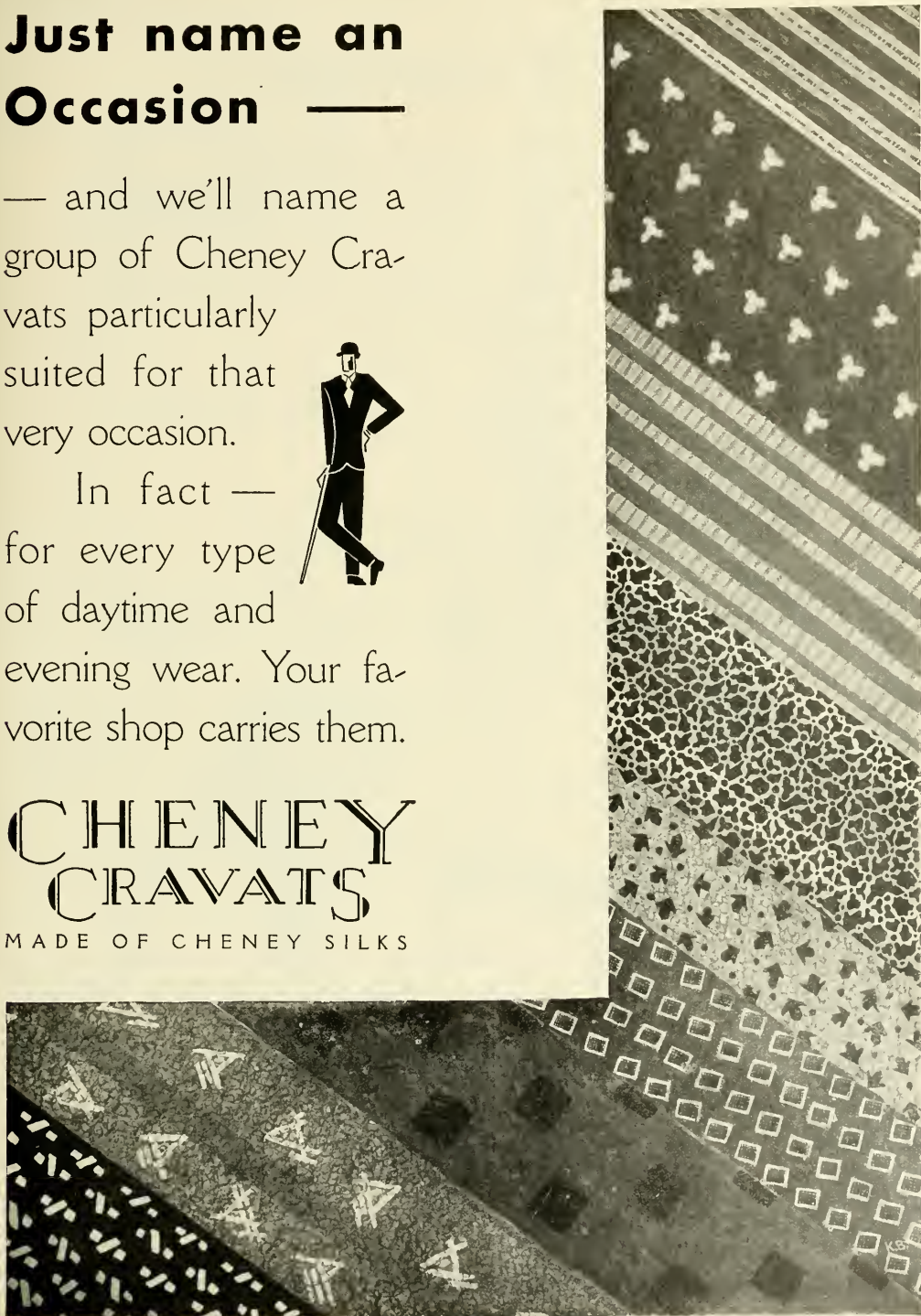
— and we'll name a group of Cheney Cravats particularly suited for that very occasion.



In fact — for every type of daytime and evening wear. Your favorite shop carries them.

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On the Square

On the Square

Pardon.... Can We "Cut-in"?

Just the art of shaking a fast and loose foot doesn't make you the Duke of the Dance in the eyes of the Dutchess.

Your scenery has got to be every bit as good as your stepping—if you expect to shine.

And what could be better than placing your justified confidence in one of the new fall models of the Famous-with-Fashionable-Fellows.

CARSON-MOONEY
610 E. GREEN ST.

Dear Mr. Editor: Will you please read the enclosed poem carefully and return it to me with your candid criticism as soon as possible, as I have other irons in the fire.

My Dear Sir: Remove the irons and insert the poem.
—Loughorn.

—S—

"He was trampled to death by sheep."
"Sort of dyed in the wool, eh?"

—Princeton Tiger.

—S—

Three men were stranded on a desert island. It was three weeks before the rescue party arrived. Two of the men were dead—the third was as strong and healthy as the day he and his companions were stranded.

The leader of the rescue party looked at the two strong men lying dead on the sands from starvation. Then he looked at the puny survivor. "Tell me," he said, "How in the world did you manage to survive without food when these two powerful men could not?"

The man smiled. "I ate at a Fraternity house for four years," he admitted.
—Bucknell U. Belle Hop.

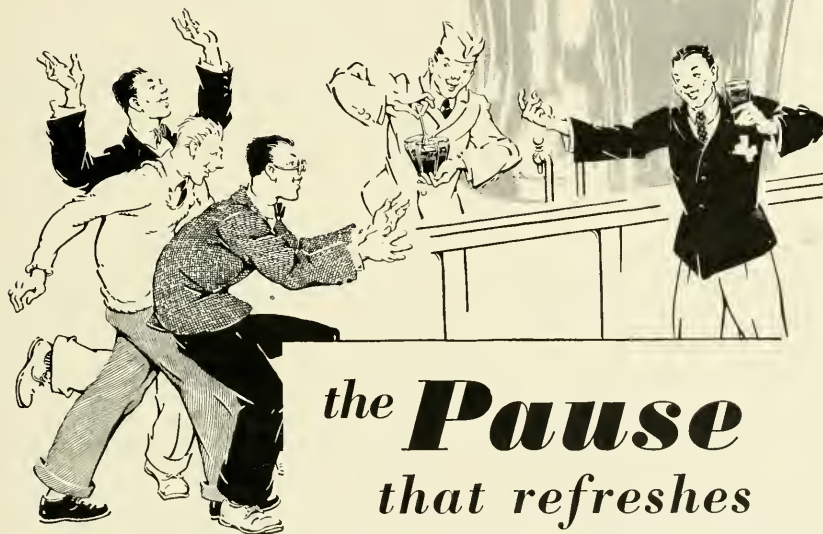
—S—

Bum: "Say mister can you slip me a dime for a cup of coffee?—I haven't worked for a year."

Top hat: "Well, for that matter, I haven't either."
—U. of Chicago Phoenix.



Your good deed
for today



the ***Pause***
that refreshes

No matter how busy you are—how hard you work or play—don't forget you owe yourself that refreshing pause with Coca-Cola.

You can always find a minute, here and there, and you don't have to look far or wait long for Coca-Cola. A pure drink of natural flavors—always ready for you—ice-cold—around the corner from anywhere. Along with millions of people every day you'll find in Coca-Cola's wholesome refreshment a delightful way to well-being.

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Reckless loves . . . sugar daddies . . . romances . . . it's
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WED., THURS., FRI., SAT., November 26, 27, 28, 29

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Richard Cromwell
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"

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The picture that was given four stars by all critics

"THE SILENT ENEMY"

The thrilling truth! Wild beasts, wild people,
fighting for love, life—

He laughed when I sat down at the piano—So I ups
and smashed him in the puss. —*Cornell Widow.*

—S—

SOFT PROFESSIONS

Taming wild flowers in a greenhouse.

Night watchman on the sorority quad.

Blacksmith in Detroit.

Cook at the Phi Kap house.

Dietician in Armenia.

Mind reader at a traveling salesmen's convention.

Weather forecaster on the Sahara.

Editor of the Daily. —*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

—S—

St. Peter (to Commerce student and Liberal Arts stu-
dent applying at Gates of Heaven): "I find I can let both
of you gentlemen enter, and as a reward for your earthly
good deeds I shall grant each of you a wish. You, sir, what
do you wish for?"

Liberal Arts Student: "I'd like to have a million
dollars."

St. Peter: "Granted—here it is, and you, sir, what do
you wish for?"

Commerce Student: "Fifteen dollars' worth of fake
jewelry, and a half hour alone with that guy."

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

—S—

I felt for my watch—it was gone!

I felt for my pants—they were gone!

I felt for my shoes—they were gone!

My God! Where was I?

Hell! I was in bed. —*Minn. Ski-U-Mah.*

—S—

How to find an intelligent girl. Tickle her under the
chin. If she laughs, she's intelligent, if she don't, duck.

—*Pitt Panther.*

—S—

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

"Any ice today, lady?"

"No thanks, I have two of my own." —*Punch Bowl.*

—S—

Coach: "Hey, useless, where in dash did you learn to
play football?"

Scrub: "From reading your book, sir."

—*Southern California Wampus.*

—S—

PROBABLY NOT

We wonder if those fellows who take the pictures for
these Art magazines get a salary too. —*Y. M. I. Sniper.*

An Anomalous Equation In Kuhn's Pep Steps

*Two Feet in Pep Steps=
Yards of Comfort=
Miles of Satisfaction*

The utmost in shoe value at \$7.50
"Ahead at the Foot"



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Illinois Seal Novelties, Pen-Pencil and Desk
Sets.

709 SOUTH WRIGHT STREET

SAFE

A mother stood wringing her hair in the hallway. Under her breath she repeated again and again with vehemence, "That perfectly filthy, beastly wretch." From the living-room, wherein was the cause of the mother's alarm, came a resonant masculine voice.

"Cute little ears, funny little ears. Like to have me pull them? There now, just lie still, I'm not hurting you, you like that. There I'm going to blow in this one."

After infinite seconds of nerve-racking strain the mother burst into the room. At the sight before her she became hysterical. There he sat on the davenport looking into the soulful eyes of the family cat. A mother's little girl was safe after all.

—*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*

AND HOW!

"Is good-night two words?"

"Honey it's two hours if you've got the right man."

—*U. of Kentucky Moonshier.*

—S—

Then there's the freshman who said: "Steam is water gone crazy as hell with the heat."

—*Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket.*

—S—

Wife (to absent-minded professor): "Your hat is on the wrong way, dear."

Prof.: "How do you know which way I'm going?"

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

WHITE LINE LAUNDRY

HOME OF KAPTAIN KLEAN



MR. HAROLD JAEGER,
a Wisconsin man



MISS FRANCES LEE,
a Vassar girl

Your correspondents on college styles

College Humor Magazine introduces these two young people, recently appointed to the editorial staff. Each month they will inform you of the modern trend of fashion.

You will meet them each month in the pages of this magazine, and since they will be visiting colleges constantly, perhaps before long you may meet them in person on your own campus.

Alert, keen, so recently out of school themselves that they can easily keep their fingers on the pulse of those influences which affect college styles and customs, you may follow their predictions and know that you are unerringly correct in your dress.

They are ready to help you with any problems your wardrobe may present, with advice and information. This is a service College Humor is happy to offer to college men and women.

College Humor

M A G A Z I N E

POME

See the happy moron,
He doesn't give a damn.
I wish I were a moron.
My God, perhaps I am.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—S—

SCIENTIFIC FARMING


Mary had a little cow
And, ho, how it did stutter.
In place of every quart of milk,
It gave a pound of butter.

—*Alabama Rammer Jammer.*

—S—

Mary had a football man
Who had a trick toe.
Everywhere that Mary went
Her man was sure to go.

He followed her to class one day.
Though not against the rule,
It surely made them laugh to see
A football man in school. —*Orange Peel.*



PICTURES

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INDISPENSIBLE

to every

SUCCESSFUL

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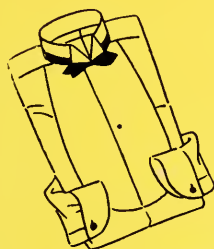
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either black or white;
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Silk mufflers in a
variety of patterns
and colors; very
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mas Formals, and
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offing, together with
its attendant celebra-
tions, man naturally
wants to look his best.
And that's possible in
one of FLYNN'S
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Tuxedos. The fabrics
were carefully chosen
and cut to the newest
styles of the 1931
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inducement to scores
of men we offer one
large group at a
moderate price of

\$35

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The choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos, saturated with sunshine, are carefully combined in the Camel blend . . . to give you a mild and mellow smoke, fragrant, full-bodied. Year in and year out more people smoke Camels than any other cigarette.

WHEN cigarettes are lighted in any gathering, it's easy to divide the group into two classes: smokers and puffers. Those who take short pulls, blow the smoke out in gusts, smoke any brand that's offered—they are the puffers. Those who've learned the gentle art of extracting pleasure from good tobacco let the fragrant cloud ease out, as though they're loath to let go of a good thing. Smokers. And of these, notice the significant number who insist upon Camels.

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25¢

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NUMBER



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*—makes the ideal Christmas gift
that only you can give*

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All featured at decided savings

The HOYT STUDIO

Kenneth Eugene Frederick
623 East Green Street

A visit to the Frederick Galleries is worth while—come up and smoke



Put the "grin" in Grind



—with the ***Pause***
that refreshes

When much study is a weariness to the flesh. When you find yourself getting nowhere—fast. Pipe down! Don't take any more punishment! Let go everything! Pause for a moment and refresh yourself.

That's just the time and place when an ice-cold bottle or glass of Coca-Cola will do you the most good. A regular cheer-leader with its happy sparkle and delicious flavor, while its pure, wholesome refreshment packs a big rest into a little minute and gets you off to a fresh start.

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THE STUDENTS' SUPPLY STORES

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Sonnet XIX

(A Booster, with the aid of Milton, sums up his philosophy.)

When I consider how my life is spent—
For all my days in Boosting far and wide,
And all my talents (which I do not hide),
By me made Useful till my back be bent,
To Serve therewith dear Service and present
My true account, lest She returning chide
That all good men have not yet been allied
To Her sweet worship—then I am content;
For Service soon replies: "I have no need
"Of those who neither Work or Boost. Who best
"And loudest Boosts, Serves
Service best. This state
"Is Mine, and thousands at My bidding Speed
"O'er land and sea. I have no Use for rest.
"They do not Serve who only stand and wait."
—California Pelican.

—S—

Me: "Why have I never seen any stories about bob-tailed cats?"

Ow: "Because there are no tales."

—Boston U. Bean Pot.

—S—

Woman (to druggist): "Have you got a big shaving mug?"

Druggist: "What do you care, you don't have to shave it."

—Vanderbilt Masquerader.

—S—

A college man is a guy who knows what she wants when she wants it.

—California Pelican.

—S—

Pros. Att.: "Did you leave your room bent on murder?"

Hambone: "Nossuh, I lef' dere staggerin' on cahn."

—Vanderbilt Masquerader.

—S—

A beautiful sunset was slowly sinking in the golden West when a boy and a girl went on a picnic in the park. Before they spread their lunch on the ground the boy started to feel the ground to see if it was wet.

"Hm, some dew!" he said.

"Yeah, and some don't," was the reply.

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

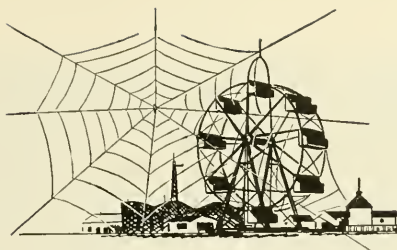
—S—

A gent passed gently into a restaurant, slipped into a seat and noticed, upon the menu, "Fresh tongue, while it lasts."

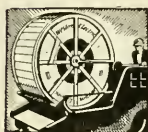
The gentleman addressed the waiter: "I hope your tongue isn't out."

Waituh: "Why, I thud thay not."

—Vanderbilt Masquerader.



... and so they put this abandoned playground to work



*Reels of cable roll
where roller coast-
ers once roared...*

Several years ago a group of Western Electric men set out to find the best location for a vast new telephone manufacturing plant.

¶ To assure availability of labor the site must be near a large city, yet land prices must not be prohibitive. Transportation facilities were of utmost importance. Local civic policies must be favorable to the growth of industry. ¶ Months of fascinating investigation revealed an ideal site—a once famous playground near Baltimore, which no longer paid its way. ¶ Here was an interesting problem, and an indication of the diversity of work that all comes under the heading of "Backing up the Bell System."



Handy shipping facilities—a prime reason for choosing Baltimore

Western Electric

Manufacturers... Purchasers... Distributors

SINCE 1882 FOR THE BELL SYSTEM



humor

The Siren

VOLUME XXI, HOLIDAY NUMBER

DECEMBER, 1930, No. 4

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Contents

| | |
|---|------------------|
| COVER..... | Bettie Toebelman |
| Madame X says..... | 7 |
| Close Shave, by <i>Al Niess</i> | 8 |
| I interview Santa Claus..... | 10 |
| Gee, Bridge Is Funny, by <i>Joyce Newbill</i> | 15 |
| A study in Waists and Measures..... | 16 |
| Coming Distractions, by <i>Alice Ireland</i> | 18 |



INKKLINGS

from
Ye Editor's Pen

Christmas Is Coming—Hooray!!

Just a few more hours and vacation will be here again! No eight o'clocks, no quizzes, no seminar!—And for heaven's sake throw away the books, term papers, and outside problems for a while. You won't need them anyhow, at least until next year.

And lest we forget. Here's hoping that this carton of humor, labeled the Holiday number of the SIREN, will give you some of that old holiday spirit. Taken in small doses, it's a sure cure for the blues or what have you?

Right here it might not be out of place to mention some of those adamant souls who have labored through the long nights to make this SIREN possible. Joyce Newbill, Catherine Haynie, and Al Niess have written some choice bits of real humor. Marion Irrmann is irresponsible for the representative exchanges.

At this time we are prepared to announce to the gasping public that the next issue will be a "Takeoff" number. What it will take off on will be announced after vacation. The countless readers of this magazine will have to wait in suspense until then.

—S—

The Folly of Vacations

BY LARS HALVORSEN IN AN OFF MOMENT

Vacations are not in the slightest degree beneficial to students, both in regard to health and to education—that is scholastically, of course. Be honest with yourself, apply sound reasoning, and you will surely agree with us on our various points. Nearly everyone saves his term papers and big problems for leisure time during the holidays. In the week or so preceding the eventful day when you hop on the train bound for the city of your home, absolutely no work is done.

You just go around dreamy eyed and think of the beautiful time you have in store. Then at eleven o'clock in the morning—vacation always begins in the middle of the day so that the faculty can get the fullest enjoyment out of the tortured students—the wildest scramble and confusion begins. Everybody wants to get into one bus or is complaining to high heaven that all of the taxis have been swallowed up.

After the inevitable last minute dash, you are in the coaches and find seats, saved by dutiful freshmen, and the ride begins. Most of the students are in their prime on the journey with its bridge games, clinches on the platform, dirt talk, bricks in suitcases, wise cracking, etc.—. Some get supreme enjoyment in walking up and down the whole length of the train—twenty cars at times—seeing how many they can say "hello" to. Then to be sure there is the meeting of "keen" boys and girls and making dates. The only sensible people are probably a bunch of Thetas who have taken possession of the smoking room and refuse to mingle with the plebians.

A week or so afterwards, we have the same crowd going back, doing the same identical things, only their conversation is slightly different. We hear about all of the drunken brawls, police raids, accidents, cute boys, rundown conditions, forgotten term papers, and clothes which the poor parents have been induced to buy.

In short, nothing has been gained. The doting folks perhaps catch a glimpse of their children on the run and are greatly cheered up, but much energy and money are spent and learning has been lost. Very little time is spent in the home circle, students become exposed to new dangers, and, not least important, state paid profs stand idle. We earnestly solicit the University of Illinois' assistance in curbing this great evil—VACATIONS.

CROSSED WIRES

"—and do you know what Jack is going to give me for Christmas? A handkerchief, the damned—"

"—lizard! My dear, lizard shoes went out last season. However, Bill is going to give me a—"

"—goose by all means. Turkey is out and chicken is so common. I'm going to serve a—"

"—mattress for the baby and a bridge lamp for me, I told Jim, would be enough this Christmas. He's always been so liberal with his—"

"—junk all over the basement! I have to wash my clothes down there and even sew—"

"—my wild oats, he said to me, but you never can believe your husband especially when he's an iceman, so I said, go haul—"

"—your can someplace else, so I can get some work done, I told him. Harry dug worms all morning and put them in a can for his fishing trip and when he put it on my table, I could—"

"—split up with my husband, is the last thing I'd do. Really, my dear, husbands do come in handy sometimes and if it's only for—"

"—a little while each night. My eyes hurt so when I read at night that I almost quit altogether. I read a mystery story last night, and, as I was alone, I felt the funniest—"

"—twitching gall stones, you know, are simply terrible in June, especially on hot days. Last year I had an awful attack—"

"—from the rear, her dress looks simply stunning, but when she turns around and shows her—"

"—twisted chassis, I think was all that resulted from our accident. Al was slightly bruised and I suffered nothing more than a shock at—"

"—seeing him in his underwear at all hours of the night, is scandalous, and her husband has been dead only two weeks. I hear that her alimony is hardly enough to keep her in—"

"—brassieres, I noticed, are falling off this year since silhouette dresses are the vogue. Marie thinks they aren't necessary for any kind of dress since—"

"—they aren't noticeable anyhow, because I hung a tapestry over those cracks in the wall—"

—————S—————

"I see that your clock is named Mystic?"

"Yes, it's a wonder that it runs."

—————S—————

"Is you husband an even-tempered man?"

"Yes, indeed, he's jes' about as cross one day as another."

ONCE THERE WAS

A Pi Phi who never sold subscriptions
 A Theta who never had a hole in her hose
 A Kappa who didn't wear braids
 A D. G. who didn't sing
 An A. D. Pi who didn't neck
 A Chi O who didn't like dogs
 An A. O. Pi who didn't act vivacious
 A Tri Delt who wasn't in the stunt show
 But that was a long time ago.

—————S—————

A beautiful miss from Champaiyegne,
 Was walking alone in the raiyegne.

She slipped so she flopped,

All her parcels she dropped.

Boy! The language she used was profaiyegne!

—————S—————



Another Christmas belle.

madame X says—



Rumor has it that the brethern of Delta Theta Phi are slowly recovering from a shock received when one of their own frosh, Jack Kellogg by name, hung his pledge pin on Mary James, a Theta U. It wasn't the idea of the pledge button changing places that broke up the boys, but the fact that he did it in two days after being pledged. We wait with fond expectations the news that Jack has hung his Union button.

**The above bit garners two tickets to the R. K. O. Virginia for the donor. They will be found reposing in the Siren office.

Six Alpha Chi Rho pins mysteriously disappeared. Copy-cattin' the Phi Tau boys, they raided the porter's room, and raised a melee, in which ten brains and four fuse plugs were blown out. Result—no pins, and the campus lies in ambush for the thief. Unmindful of the ensuing storm, Pat Russell continues to walk the streets proudly displaying six Alpha Chi Rho pins, and the Pifys laugh up their sleeves, if any.

Louisian Mamer, Women's Editor of our Daily Contemporary, was seen walking down the street with three men and a black eye. When speaking to moviephone she mentioned that the three said eggs attempted to bum Chesterfields from her and on discovering her fondness for Luckies, soaked her one. We suggest the Hall of Shame—for Louisian for not being accommodating.

The Junior Prom had no attractions for Ted Wang. At first, in his anxiety to go he made two dates for the affair, but now it seems that he stayed home to study for the evening. Oh well, misunderstandings will happen, even to Ted Wang.

Evidently Isabel Gwinn believes in the old adage "Be kind to dumb animals." Bill Hudson called her one night and asked her to fix up a date for him. Being a dutiful child she made a round of the house and reported to dear Billy that only twelve of the sistern were at home but were all busy. After a choice bit of vocal unprintable tripe, he decided that the only solution would be to ask Isabel herself. She accepted, and William Hudson wonders what this power is he has over women.



MADAME X WILL GIVE

two tickets to

The R. K. O. Virginia

for the best contribution printed on this page in the next issue.

Put contributions in the Siren box under the steps at the west end of Uni. Hall basement. All names will be kept in strict secrecy.



Which reminds us that Doc. Rohinson was also dateless one night and being sadly in need of one, he perused the entire Student Directory from page one to however many there are, looking for a girl by her first name! We hope he found it, because diligence must be rewarded.

Louis McLean, that campus dope, has inaugurated a habit of calling everyone he meets, Honey.

Ever since Virginia Edes, the prude and joy of the Chi O hovel had her pictures taken, business has increased 100 per cent. The Hoyt Studios (free advertisement) are featuring her face on their billboards and are giving her pictures away as free samples to enhance—I mean increase their business.

Lives of Great . . . Etc.

No matter how long we live or how old we get, our dear High School Alma Mater always haunts us. For proof we have the following article taken from the school paper of Soldan at St. Louis.

Former Soldanite Writes to School

Frank Swann, June '30, who is now attending Illinois University, in a letter to Principal Stellwagen, enclosed the following letter to the school:

Dear Soldanians:

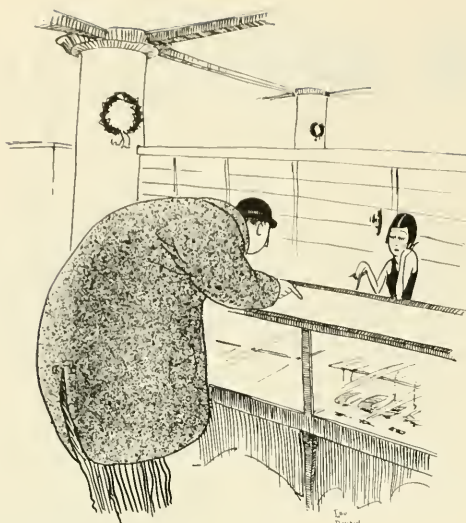
One of the first things I did when I came to the University of Illinois this fall was to become acquainted with the Dean of Men. The first question he asked me was, "From what high school were you graduated?" When I replied that I came from Soldan, he paid the school one of the highest compliments possible. He said that Soldan had one of the finest ratings of any high school in the United States. Soldan students have gained this enviable reputation by their ability to get down to business and study. HARD. Athletics and other activities are very important in life of a student, but studies should always come first. Most of us fail to realize this until after we have been graduated.

The students of the past have won for Soldan a nation-wide reputation. It is our duty to uphold the high standards for which Soldan is noted. I am sure that we are all proud of our school and that we want to make Soldan proud of us. Yours for continued success,

FRANK SWANN.

Frank is just a pledge, and still subject to pledge duties, so it may be that the Phi Delta are still after publicity and—

Lots of people have bad habits but the worst were some of those worn by co-eds in the horse show.



Can you show me something snappy in negligee?

—S—

Curiosity Kills Another

Little Oscar, the precocious child, was reading the seventeenth volume of Horatio Alger, which has not so much to do with this story, except that he would never have asked the question which makes this story possible had he been perusing the *Rise and Fall of the Roman Mark*. But we digress . . . little Oscar, always on the lookout for information, side-tracked the train of thought of his immediate male progenitor with the following query:

"Pop, what is a 'feebly'?"

The fond and doting parent responded somewhat vaguely:

"A what? A 'feebly'? How's it used? There's no such thing."

"Well," little, but precocious Oscar continued, "it says here that Horatio had a feebly growing down on his chin. . . ."

* * * *

The jury rendered a verdict of "Not Guilty."

—S—

Whim

Oh another little drink,
And another little smoke,
The wink of an eye,
A sly little joke;
The touch of two lips,
And the curve of an arm;
And another little drink
Wouldn't do us any harm!

CLOSE SHAVE

Schwartz was a good old duck. Ever since his wife eloped with the salesman from Boston, he spent his spare time devising ways to make dough to keep him in weener-wurst. "Barbering is a good profession," thinks he, "all I need is a nice little shop, a two seater will be plenty, and I'll make enough klotz to keep me in haasundpfeffer till Emmy gets tired of her compassionate marriage." So he up and inaugurates a barber shop.

Schwartz was also a wise old duck. Instead of hiring another barber, he taught his pet monkey, Penelope, the tricks of the barbering trade. So while Schwartz soaped and shaved in seat number one, Penelope hung on the apron and lathered in seat number two.

However came a day when Yukon Bill sat himself in Penelope's chair, spat in the only gaboon, hung his six-shooter on the chandelier, and yelled, "Shave." Penelope being a dutiful monkey hung on the apron, spat in the shaving mug, and worked up a beautiful lather. As Yukon Bill sat and dreamed of gold dust and brass-railed bars, Penelope plied the brush. Schwartz eyed him with admiration. But Penelope did not stop here as was his usual custom. Instead of waiting for Schwartz to shave the customer, he stropped the razor, applied it to Yukon Bill's face, and pulled. Yukon, awakened out of the midst of dreams of foam decked steins and dancing feet on tables, jumped out of the chair. With rage in his heart and an oath on his lips, he turned to Penelope and reached for his shooting iron. "You can put on the apron, lather my face, and sharpen the razor, but when it comes to shaving," here he pointed to Schwartz and hissed, "your old man can do that."

Schwartz is stuffing sausages these days for a living while Penelope stays at home and washes dishes.

—S—

"This pie is on me, boys," said the comedian as the custard did its duty.

—S—

Soliloquizing Sal says: He said he was a phrenologist but he wasn't. Phrenologists read people by feeling the curves of the head.

—S—

Now that the Thanksgiving holiday is over we can again get back to our normal habits of going to Rustic, studying, dating, necking, and so forth.

—S—

"It's funny it never entered my head before," said the racketeer as the gangster's bullet drilled his cranium.

—S—

Times are so hard the India rubber man had to contract to take the midget's place in the side show.

BEER PARTIES?

Beer parties are VILE. They make me stop to think. Last night, for example, I learned that I hate John; that I've always been more or less intrigued with his "style"; that I hung my sorority pin upon his manly bosom; that I'm going to kill him with the first sledge hammer I see; and that we're going to be married as soon as his position for prom chairman goes through.

Beer parties are STRANGE. (So much for John)—but there is Harry. Harry, whose favorite pastime is going out on big benders, is yet a great believer in the double standard. It's all still rather mysterious to me; but it seems I've somehow gone against the staidness of some of his antique principles.

Beer parties are SCREAMINGLY FUNNY. They told me this morning I did a pantomime of all four of the Marx brothers making themselves at home in Helen Kane's apartment; that I proved the theory of evolution by climbing the chandeliers; and that I made all present feel perfectly at home by my winning interpretation of "scrambling like an egg."

Gee beer parties are NICE. Harry just called and asked me to drink beer with him every night this week. Sorry, old thing, all dated up!

—S—

Some Popular Fallacies

1. That all co-eds are dumb.
2. That everyone in college drinks.
3. That no one in college studies.
4. That professors know everything.
5. That professors know nothing.
6. That all collegiates neck.
7. That all college graduates should earn large salaries.
8. That Father always pays for his own Christmas present.
9. That all girls are gold-diggers.
10. That no men are gold-diggers.
11. That smart people must be homely, and good-looking ones stupid.
12. That all freshmen are green.
13. That no seniors are green.
14. That it's easy to write this stuff.

Santa Brings a Perfect School

To the Faculty

New buildings.
"A" students.
No extra-curricular activities.
No cuts.
No papers written in long-hand.
Tripled salaries.

To the Students

No professors.
No grades, no exams.
No classes.
Cars.
No politics.
Beautiful co-eds.
Handsome men.
No crooks.
No rules.

—S—

Intelligence Test

"If you saw a beautiful little brunette walking down the street in Champaign, late at night, what would it prove?"

"That you had drunk too much."

CHRISTMAS VACATION

As It Is Supposed to Be:

A time of rest, quiet, and repose, spent with members of your family, in eating, sleeping, and rejoicing at the presents you received—a vacation which ends with much reluctance on your part as you drag yourself back to school. . . .

As It Really Is:

A hectic period of shove and bustle, pull and tussle, for the most part spent with people and in places that bore you—merely because it is the thing to do—a chaotic era of bolted food, ginful nights, head-aching days, filled with crabbing about the dirty deal in the Christmas present racket you received . . . a period which mercifully ends when you drop in the house to pick up the grip, kiss the Mater good-bye, and return to the quiet haven of the campus.

—S—

The difference between an angel and a devil is this: an angel has wings so that it can get some place; a devil has horns to show that he has gotten some place.



"You too?"

I Interview Santa Claus

By I. Gadfly

"So," said Santa Claus, preening his whiskers a little and looking important, "you've come from the *Siren* and want an interview."

"Yes sir," I replied respectfully; "'s about time we interviewed you again. Our readers expect something of the sort."

Well, I'm just starting for Champaign-Urbana with a load of stuff at this moment. Suppose you go along, and we'll talk on the way."

I followed his suggestion and climbed into his big, oversized truck. We sped along at an inconceivably fast clip, with Santa, in the jolliest of moods, at the wheel. He sang lustily, stopping now and then to point out polar bears and reindeer for my benefit.

"This is a pretty fair old buggy," he remarked, turning to me; "but have you ridden in a Greyhound bus lately?"

"No!" I answered savagely, "not since the Army game."

Santa cast a surprised look my way but said nothing more on that. Instead he swung back his arm and pointed to a large gunny sack near me.

"There's something for the *Siren* this Christmas; open 'er up and see how you like the gift."

Obediently I leaned over and reached into the bag and pulled out a sheaf of papers which were covered with jokes. I read a few.

"But these are all old jokes," I complained, before I thought how it sounded.

"Well," said Santa, "I'm only Santa Claus, not a miracle worker. Anyway, I thought these are what you use." He smiled to himself somewhat equivocally, and I pretended not to notice.

"What do you think about Christmas conditions?" I ventured to ask, beginning my series of reportorial inter-rogatory stories.

"I think that business is fundamentally sound," Santa began mechanically.

"Oh, so you're a Republican!" I interrupted him to exclaim.

"I'd rather not discuss politics, if you please, Mr. Reporter," Santa told me in a cool and formal manner unlike his original amiableness.

"What do you think of necking?" I next inquired. Santa let on as if he hadn't heard, and I repeated my question. "Do you think that necking is deleterious to the morals of college folk?"

Santa squirmed about and appeared obviously ill at ease. He blew his nose sonorously and hesitated.

"I was young myself once," he finally began, temporizing, "but in my day——"

"Tell me," I demanded, determined to pin him down, "when you took a girl home did you always feel satisfied to subjugate your amorous longings on the high plane of *bon mots*? After a spell of brilliant persiflage, after exercising the intellect and rationalizing the universe in the dark of some sorority front porch with no one to watch the two of you, did you never feel as if there was something lacking to make the evening complete? Did you know a girl more animal than intellectual? Rather, I might better say, did you ever know a girl other than that? What did you do?"

Santa was more visibly disturbed. He stopped the car and began to search his pockets feverishly.

"Here," I said, handing him a Murad which he lit with a nonchalant relish. "Now," I continued, "I can see you haven't been the dotard you'd have us believe. What did you do? Wasn't it unbecoming in public? Why did you do it? Was it immoral?"

Santa was smiling sheepishly, almost roguishly. He nudged me playfully in the ribs.

"Let's not talk about girls," he requested, "I gotta keep my mind on my work tonight."

With two of my more important questions thus answered, I sat back to enjoy the ride for a while. Santa glanced at the packages in the rear of the truck and then suddenly stopped the car. He scrambled back into the other end of the van and grabbed up several long, cylindrical bundles which he hurled from the truck with no little asperity.

"I told those shipping men not to put these things on," he muttered in a temper. "Honestly, they've got no more sense of responsibility than a bunch of Alpha Delta Phis."

"What are you throwing off?" I asked.

"Window blinds! Window blinds, for the Z. T. A's. I bring them a set every year, but they never use them. I'm getting fed up on them."

While the truck was halted, I observed some of the boxes and packages. Fitted out in a piano box, under study lamps, I noticed two anaemic-looking young men deeply engrossed in the pages of some formidable volumes of recondite philosophy.

"What," cried I in astonishment, "is the destination of these?"

"Why they're a couple of Phi Eta Sigmas I'm bringing the Betas for Spring pledging," Santa explained logically enough.

"By the way," I took occasion here to ask, "that reminds me, do the Chi O's believe in you?"

"Why not?" Santa asked in return, "they've got Jean Macdonald, haven't they?"

I peeped through the wrappings of a book, "Why We



"Just because you're my old man is no sign I don't get anything for Christmas."

—S—

Behave Like Human Beings," destined, according to the card, for the Thetas. Marveling at the inappropriateness of the present, I held it up for Santa to see.

"Yep, for the Thetas," he said. "I figured they might just as well find out what makes the rest of us human; maybe they'll be more charitable with us ordinary mortals hereafter."

Before we started on our way again, Santa showed me a multitude of intended gifts. I saw a cunning set of smiling false faces and some tins of ointment (to be applied to itchin' palms) for the Chi Phi politicians; three cases of Orange Crush for Gamma Eta Gamma; several backgammon outfits for Newman Hall to be used in absorbing the reaction to excessive bridge playing; and for the Pi Phis I saw a beautifully engraved scroll informing all concerned that every Pi Phi, by the time she attains Senior standing, has been (or should have been) engaged to be married on an average of $2\frac{7}{8}$ times. The Davenport House rated a radio.

"There are times when even a Davenport House girl prefers to take things easily and to entertain her date with a radio program," Santa remarked understandingly.

We drove on again. Santa Claus told me a lot not for publication. He was in the middle of an excellent dissertation about the Smoot-Hawley tariff when I fell asleep. Several hours later he awoke me and deposited me in front of the Illinois Union Building. Yawning like a Beta Psi at an 8 o'clock in the Transportation Building, I shouldered

the gunny sack of jokes for the *Siren* (at Santa's request, to save him the trouble of delivery), thanked my jolly friend for his kindnesses, and plodded down to the office to write-up my precious interview.

—S—

Scene: Dentists' office.

Characters: Mother and young son.

Setting: Both of them.

"Mama, what is that case of funny looking things?"

"Hush, my darling, those are teeth."

"Why are they lying around instead of somebody using them?"

"They are false teeth for people to look at."

"Gee, mom, I like those shiny ones on the bottom, I'd like to have some like that."

"Hush, child, how often have I told you, never to pick your teeth in public?"

—S—

Waiter: "What seems to be the trouble, sir; isn't the meat good?"

Struggling Patron: "Well, I'll tell you. I've played football, raced horses, and hunted hyenas, but this is the first time I've ever been a bull-fighter."

—S—

Alfafi: "There's something the matter with my stomach."

A. K. L.: "That's not so bad; just keep it covered up and nobody will notice it."

—S—

It's about time the varsity began knocking the spots off the freshmen.

—S—

Absent-minded Football Coach: "Hello! Operator? Give me Center 2171."

Operator: "The line is busy."

Coach: "Let's have around end 286 then, and see that the backfield gets busy too."

—S—

A man set on a box car trailing his feet on the tracks.
—Longfellow.

—S—

"We are now passing by Berlin's largest brewery," hollers the guide.

"We are not," retorts two loyal Illini and jump off.



"Have you got your flannels on, Pa?"

Christmas Figures

1. In spite of all the jokes on the subject, 1,746,333 men will receive as many atrocious color combinations in ties as ever from doting females.
2. Everyone will forget Father until the last minute, with the result that he receives six shirts, four ties, three handkerchiefs, all charged to his account.
3. It will be agreed that on account of the depression, you do not give presents this year—but you will be very much embarrassed if you take the agreement seriously.
4. Co-eds will protest that you really shouldn't give them anything. They're right, you shouldn't—but may the gods protect you if you don't!
5. Men will tell co-eds they really expect nothing . . . and they will get it.
6. Stores will have an unprecedented rush of exchange business on December 26.
7. No one will return to school admitting that he had a quiet vacation.
8. Bets as to who consumed the most liquor will produce some marvelous feats of imagination.
9. Large numbers of fraternity pins will be transplanted.
10. All these things will be repeated next year.

Letter Department

DEAR SANTA CLAUS:

Do you suppose there be some place a man for me? A man who doesn't dare to think he could drive most girls to drink; who doesn't tell his golfing score, who never, never is a bore? A man who'd cause a female's sighs, and yet be very, very wise; a man who never told of how much liquor he could hold; a man who never thought his love would startle all the gods above; a man whose sayings were not trite, a man whose manners were just right; a man whose dancing was divine; a man who some day might be mine. For sending me this paragon, so witty, rare, and true.

Most truly and sincerely, I'd thank you.

IMA CYNIC.

—S—

DEAR SANTA CLAUS:

Do you suppose there be some place a femme for me, who could do something more than simper, who was not a chronic prumper; a woman beautiful and rather wise, yet one who does not roll her eyes! Who does not brag of other men, with details how and why and when. Who does not think that the reason you rate is determined by the number of dates. Who doesn't call you "dear sweet boy," who can act her age and not be coy. Who would not trifle with my affections, who could not doubt my good intentions. Who would not rumple up my hair, who did not pick weird clothes to wear; who carried her own when she wanted to smoke, who wouldn't care if I were broke; whose dancing was less of a struggle and more of an art, who to me some day would lose her heart. Who would not care if I had wealth or fame but who would be satisfied with just my name. If you could find such a woman, who'd neck only me—

I'd much more than thankful be!

I. M. DISGUSTED.

—S—

Lesson

"Oh, why are you puzzled, my pretty co-ed?"

"Now what shall I do to keep thin?"

"Oh, I know the answer, my sweet co-ed,"

"Drink wine, old bourbon, and gin!"

"Then tell me, kind sir, how I may gain weight."

(Now whaddya know about that!)

"Drink beer, my happy co-ed, drink beer,

"And I'll warrant you soon will be fat!"

—S—

"You say your wife is still as beautiful as when you met her?"

"Yes, but she needs a lot more time."

Helpful Column Conducted for

the Benefit of Erring Frosh
By Carrie, A. Parashoot
"If she can't solve your love problem, nobody can't!"

Carrie Parashoot:
Beeg Beta luff native gal, then leave me weep mooch all lone. He say he come back, get native gal, take her America; show her beeg frat house. He no come again; white gal capture beeg Beta. Native gal catch white gal, she keel her quick!
Yoo-Hoola, native gal.

Dear Yoo-Hoola:
Let me hasten to assure you that your Beta is not the victim of a white girl like you suggested, but, alas! of all kinds of girls! Worry no longer, little Yoo-Hoola, you're young and can forget. For your sake, however, I'll see that he has a swell funeral. I'll write and tell you all about it soon.

Lovingly,
Carrie A. Parashoot.
—S—

Dear Miss Carriage:
I are freshman in retorick "O" and am been there the last three semesters. What to does?
Sorrow-eyed.

Dear Sorrow-eyed:
Write the Siren, of course; and your style will improve so rapidly that within two weeks you'll be correcting your instructor, and in eleven months, the English faculty will be pleading with you on benided knee to join their ranks.
Sincerely,
Carrie.
—S—

Dear Carrie A.:
I belong to the Mu Pu Whew fraternity. I'm puzzled. My Theta gives me no encouragement, but I believe she will accept my pin if I can only get her tight. How should I proceed?
Expectant.

Dear Expectant:
Put an aspirin in her coke when she isn't looking; then, if you get no response, flick your cigarette ash into same beverage while you pour burning love words into her ears. Being a Theta, she will immediately become flustered and will drink her coke absent-mindedly. You will then hang your pin, and being pie-eyed, she'll be wild with enthusiasm. Happy days to you!
Miss Parashoot.

Keep It Dark

Darkness settled down in the auditorium of the magnificent new planetarium. The stars, like little sparkling diamonds twinkled in the artificial sky. The moon came up, crossed the sky amid the oh's and ah's of a thrilled audience, and was on the verge of disappearing below the horizon, when:
In the back of the hall a fellow, who was with his sweetheart broke out thusly,
"Aw mister, won't you leave the moon out for awhile?"

How to Be a Gentleman
Never do anything to a co-ed that your father hasn't done to your mother.
—Chicago Phoenix.



Origin of the Hot Tomale.

If the Advertisements Lied

Awakened at 10 a. m. by falling shingles—damn that Johns-Manville reroofing job—Baby Ben failed again—puts on slippers and slides into the wall—Goodyear Rubber heels—room cold—the Iron Fireman stuck again—walks into bathroom—notes that the inlaid Congoleum has cracked—drops tumbler on the Standard bathtub—cracks the porcelain—turns on Crane faucet—breaks it off—no hot water—automatic Rudd Heater forget to turn on—decides to shave in cold water—cuts face with new Safety Gillette—Aqua Velva fails to stop flow of blood—blood stains new stainless Twinplex Stropper—breaks an unbreakable Ace comb in two—puts Stacom on hair—hair still stands on end—tries Trim with same results—brushes teeth with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream that lies flat on the brush—tooth film not removed—rinses mouth with Listerine—morning mouth still present—Absorbine Jr. applied to rid self of dread Athlete's Foot—Athlete's foot still present—Faultless No-belt pajamas slip—gets angry—puts on Wilson non-rip underwear—puts on Manhattan underwear after ripping Wilson's—Wrinkles Arrow Collar pulled out of drawer—thrown back—wrinkled—paris Garters pinch legs—Hickock Belt breaks—replaced by suspenders—Cheney Cravat tied up—looks like Hell—wrinkled and old style—puts on Learbury Suit—replaced with another that looks just as bad—reaches for a Lucky—decides to graduate—takes Camel instead—not toasted—throws it away—tries Old Gold—coughs for five minutes—tries a life saver—coughs five more minutes—tries Luden's cough drops—coughs for half an hour—tries Vic's Vaporub on chest—coughs for a week and dies.

—S—
As he stepped off of the train in London, he was cordially greeted by his friends who were glad to see him with them.

"Welcome into our mists," lisped one.

—S—
Peckem: "You are not married yet, are you?"
Youngbach: "No, but I'm engaged and that's as good as being married."
Peckem: "It's a whole lot better if you only knew it."
—U. of Iowa Frivol.



"Busy?"
 "No. You busy?"
 "No."
 "Well, let's go to class."

A SAD STORY

Oswald Jones was one of those fellows who didn't seem to count. He was a quiet fellow who attended to his own business, and so nobody seemed to notice him. This troubled him and to correct the situation he thought he would leave for college. That was the trouble, he was around too much. If he left he would be missed, and then the fellows would take more interest in him. So he packed his bags and left for the state university. The Christmas holidays arrived and Oswald went home. As he walked home from the railroad station with his bags, he met an old acquaintance.

"Why hello!" exclaimed Oswald.

"Oh, hello Oswald," said the friend glancing at the bags. "Going somewhere?"

Now is the time of the year for all good men to get the significance of breaking up with the girl (or friends).

Now that the twelve weeks exams are over, and everybody is happy (hello, Ted Lewis!) we may cheerfully look forward to bigger things, sometimes called finals. Well, maybe I shouldn't have mentioned it.

Techniques

A whisper, a sigh, a plea, and a lie;
 Men—they are crafty with guiles;
 But a weeping of tears, and a shrinking from fears,
 These, yea, are feminine wiles;
 But get you together a man and a maid,
 Who of their convictions are unafraid;
 And twist sighs and lies and smiles and wiles,
 There's nary a one who is calm and is staid!

Progress

7:30—"You're looking beautiful tonight."
 9:30—"Your hand is so nice and soft."
 11:30—"What adorable lips!"
 12:30—??

Brother: "What a figure!"
 Alum: "She sure costs me plenty!"
 Third Kappa Sig: "She looks fast."
 First Drunk: "Say, is she!"
 Another: "What a horse!"

Guest: "Waiter, where is the cheese in this spaghetti and cheese?"

Waiter (indicating lengthy string): "It's under that strip."

Our idea of the world's most unfortunate man is the one who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and immediately acquired lockjaw.

There may be two sides to every question, but you can't very well wear your vest inside out.

Then there is the absent minded man who poured alcohol in his radiator and drank a glass of water.

Lives of great men all remind us
 As we pass along the way,
 That it's best to wind our watches
 Just before we hit the hay.

Some men are born with wealth and then others just inherit it.

"Can you float?"
 "A loan?"
 "Of course, silly, whoever heard of floating in pairs."

GEE, BRIDGE IS FUNNY!

Gee, bridge is funny. Just last night I sat down with some of the boys to have a friendly little game—and this morning when I picked myself up off the floor, I discovered my right eye didn't work; my collar bone wasn't worth a damn, and the doctor said there was a crack in my head which looked as though a weapon similar to a sharp axe had come into contact with my cranium.

Many's the time I've lost all my clothes in poker, and my cash in "hearts"; but this is the first time I ever lost my mind. It seems so strange without it, too; maybe that's because I kind of got dependent upon it after having it about twenty years.

"Just what," asked the doc, "did you do to deserve all this?"

"Ha!" I cried, "What self-respecting person would tolerate being called absurd and degrading names!"

"None, of course," replied doc, "Only—tell me," he queried, "what insulting names did they call you?"

"Can you imagine it—a DUMMY!" I replied, and went on to explain, "At first I tried to overlook it in them, considering the fact they were actives and I am a pledge—but after the tenth offense, something primitive and brutal in me welled up inside like a vast surging of emotion, I rose, threw down my hand, and went at them like a veritable lion of strength, determined at all costs to defend my self-respect."

"Ah!" said the doctor, "Come with me! We have the nicest place for you to live in. It has the softest walls—all quiet and sound-proof. It's the nicest hotel, and it won't cost you a cent!"

"It won't cost anything?" said I smartly, "I'll go!"

Well, here I am in my cozy little room with the nice soft walls like the doc promised. There are such interesting guests here. You never know what they're going to do next. There's only one rule here; but I can't understand why they have it. It is that under NO circumstances must any guest of the hotel play bridge. Last night, however, we got up a private little game. When I picked myself up off the floor this morning, I guess I must have recovered the use of my mind—because as I walked out the door of the hotel, I was somewhat disappointed to read the following sign:

"Home for Mentally Deficient Bridge Victims."

* * *

I'm back in the fraternity house again. Last night we sat down to a friendly little game of bridge. Today, the coffin-maker came and took the measurements of three freshmen who got insulted because I told them they were the "dummy."

S

"How did you get to know Tom?"

"Oh, it was all so romantic—he shot my husband while we were out hunting—just like they do in the movies."

The Phi Taus Are Such Bright Boys

The Phi Taus had a porter—as you can see by that, they must be one of the wealthier fraternities. Nevertheless they had a porter, and they loved him dearly. For several years the boys had been discovering every now and then that something of theirs was missing, but they were good-natured, broad-minded, etc., and thought nothing of it. Of course they noticed the porter walking out of the house at different times, with several small articles under his arm, such as mahogany end tables, portable victrolas, and typewriters but they thought it was just one of his little pranks. Towels and blankets disappeared mysteriously, too, but as the boys had very little use for these, they just passed it off lightly. But then came the awakening—one night one of the brothers discovered that his favorite copy of the Police Gazette was gone, and he, being an intelligent fellow, smelled a rat. Being brave fellows a band of about twelve of them gathered together, and manfully strode over to the porter's house, and apprehended the fiend in his lair. On seeing these stalwart lads in a righteous fury, the porter quailed (or in the vulgate, gave them the bird) and forthwent down to the police station and gave himself up. The Phi Taus *had* a porter.

S

First hot number: "What do you think of Bill as a man?"

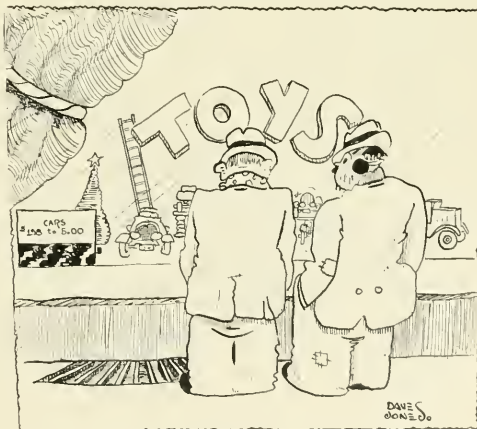
Second hot number: "Oh he makes me laugh."

First hot number: "Yes he tickles me too."

S

Cook-book catchwords: "Don't fry 'till you see the whites of the eggs." —*Washington University Dirge.*

S



"I don't know whether to buy the kid a new car this year, or not."

A STUDY IN WAISTS AND MEASURES

Before I came to college, my mother warned me about food. "Daughter," she said, "Never eat more than you need."

Often, during my freshman year, I puzzled over this term, and decided that want was synonymous with need. I had brownie ala modes, and chocolate milk shakes three times a day while I was a pledge. When it came initiation time, some of the girls suggested they might put me through the ritual twice because I was just one size of my self too large.

Chocolate cream pie and heavy malts were the mainstay of my sophomore year. Undaunted by slithering remarks, I continued to enjoy life in a pleasant Gargantuan manner. One thing I noted that puzzled me was a noticeable decline in the number and intensity of my dates. My boy-friends started to sing me the song about "Kathareena——" and the chorus burned in my ears for days. You know how it goes:

"There's so much of you,
Two could love you!"

My junior year, I concentrated on French pastry and double whipped cream delights. People by this time had learned I was of a deep, sensitive nature regarding my state of avoirdupois, and never wittingly broached the subject. I sat at home every Friday and Saturday night now; because one time when dancing, I accidentally slipped and fell on my date. There was quite a scandal on campus next day when his twisted torso was recovered from the debris.

My senior year I found my dream idol. He's a cunning five-feet-two, and reminds me so much of my little brother; but he's *so* devoted. I'm five feet nine and weigh three-hundred and seventy-five at present; but I know we're ideally matched! Honey's very cold-blooded, and suffers from anaemia. He says he's always dreamed of the time when he could snuggle up against a nice comfortable wife. But isn't that just like a man—comparing his dream-girl to the inevitable furnace or stove pipe?

I'm now married to Honey, the brute, and he mistreats me vilely. He beats me constantly. I think he's taken to drink. The other night, for example, when he came home late, there wasn't any dinner left because I got hungry waiting and ate it all up. Now, he's suing for a divorce, and our love-life has reached a dismal conclusion.

I've lost two hundred pounds worrying so much. How I wish I could return to those happy-go-lucky days when I weighed a convenient four-hundred!

—S—

Sigma Chi: "Say, did I ever show you the spot where I hurt my hip?"

Sweetheart of: "N-n no——"

Sigma Chi: "All right then; we'll drive over there."

—U. of Minn. Ski-u-mah.



"I hear Mary's baby is six pounds under-weight."
"Well, she would marry an iceman."

—S—

What Dateless Fraternity Men Do:

- (1). Take blind dates.
- (2). Call up sorority houses and ask for Mae. "Mae who?" Answer smartly: "Why, mayonnaise—I believe she's dressing!"
- (3). Go out on big bender and don't give a hang who sees 'em.
- (4). Sit around and let loose on what corks all of the women on campus are.

—

What Dateless Sorority Women Do:

- (1). Take blind dates.
- (2). Call up fraternity houses and pull the gag: "Do you have any members who live out of the house? Well, bring them in—it's cold!"
- (3). Go out anyhow in dejected groups without a date and are embarrassed to death when they see somebody they know.
- (4). Sit around and mope on the morbid subject of how they haven't yet seen a man on campus fit to go with!

—S—

Undertakers have reconciled themselves to the present period of hard times. But they haven't given up hope. These times will change and there will be another stock market crash in a few years.

Data

If you were to take

- all the sorority girls who never necked
- all the fraternity men who never drank
- all the chaperons who had a good time at a house dance
- all the men who never got in a bull session
- all the girls who told the latest that he was the first they'd ever kissed on a first date
- all the profs who never flunked a student
- all the freshmen who never had sneak dates and mix them all together and strain, you would get the same rotten lunches at the house as usual.

S

Christmas is the time of the year, well, let me tell you what John Wolgast '32, Sig Pi says. He says that if you drink some of the spirits of St. Vitus you will break into the St. Vitus dance.

S

The first Russian said: "Let'ski have a sleighing party."
The cohort responded: "All rightovitch! Whom shall we slay?"

S

Abie Cohen was out one day
To see what he could see.
Rosie dear walked by his side,
"A coat you'll buy for me?"

Christmas time was close at hand
And Rosie whispered low,
"Coats is vot I like, old boy,
Your dough ve'll haf to blow."

But Abie shied at prices steep,
He wouldn't budge a notch.
"Hush, my boy, dun't talk so loud,
Or folks vill think ve're Scotch."

S

"Do you know Dad, that animals get new furs every winter?"
"Sh . . . not so loud (your) mother is in the next room."

S

First: "I'm going to attend a good school now."
Second: "So am I."
First: "What, are you going to transfer too?"
Second: "No, I'm staying here."

SORORITY

Sorority . . . can I borrow your formal . . . who you bringing . . . she gave him his pin back yesterday . . . province director coming Friday . . . put away those tags . . . where's my toothbrush . . . who's next on the tub . . . twelve week's exam tomorrow . . . he asked the most awful questions . . . but the fellow next to me knew them all . . . where's a freshman . . . get that phone . . . rushing dinner . . . the cutest girl . . . getting a big Theta rush . . . can I borrow your gloves . . . they hot-boxed her . . . where's my College Humor . . . who took my hat . . . who you going to the Prom with . . . met the darlinest man in Feldkamps . . . oh hell, I'm trying to study . . . nothing like life in a sorority . . . no, nothing . . . Thank God. . .

S

She: "Isn't he a mountain of a man?"
He: "Yea, reminds me of Old Baldy."

S

"I hear that one of our men got choked to death."
"You don't say! How did it happen?"
"Well, he was eating a piece of horse meat and some one hollered 'W'hoa.'"
—Arizona Kitty Kat.

S

Space for the dean will not permit us to tell you about the traveling salesman who stopped at the farmer's house one rainy night and said he'd just like to get something to eat and push on to the next town. —Arizona Kitty-Kat.

S

Why do you say beer is like the sun?
Because it rises in the yeast and sets in the vest.
—U. of Texas Longhorn.

S



Aw wot da hell, I kin walk witcha, modern kids ain't so dumb.

Coming Distractions

As reviewed by Alice Ireland

And now, gentle readers and students of Illinois, if any, we present for your edification some delectable tidbits if morsels, cheese-crackers and have you got anything else to eat? I'm hungry. But I digress, (can I help it if three keys on my typewriter are missing?) and I do want to call your-wandering attention to some of the attractions down Champaign-way that you can see after you get all your homework done. (Five cents down and the rest when they catch you—). By the way, you might skip this charming introduction, if you are anxious for information. You might skip it anyway, I'm going to . . .

"Min and Bill," soon coming to the VIRGINIA, is a dramatic yarn of a self-sacrificing wharf-rat's mother love for practically-an-orphan and also the love of another derelict for her. Into this heavy stuff come many moments of grand comedy, supplied by those excellent performers, Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery. Be sure to see Min and Bill in their ludicrous cavortings; but leave the kiddies at home, for this is red-blooded, he-man stuff. Ambulances will be waiting at the door for those fragile young things whose idea of a real thrill would be a talkie version of the "Rover Boys at Vassar."

Keep the VIRGINIA in mind and another good show, "Billy the Kid," with John Mack Brown playing the title role, will soon unfold before your eager eyes. Help yourself to some real stirring drama in which a heroic outlaw travels the pace that kills—his countless enemies. You'll like this blood and thunder story of the Kid taken from the romantic stories of his life. John Mack

Brown's southern drawl doesn't exactly seem to fit the character he portrays, but it does no serious harm to the picture.

Would you like to see the sweetest old lady that ever trotted across the silver screen? Then watch for Charles Ruggles in "Charlie's Aunt." Ruggles succeeds in looking and talking like a sweet soprano, and wears skirts in an endeavor to try to be a perfect lady, though at times he does lift his skirts a bit higher than any nice old lady would consider proper. It isn't any easy job for a healthy bass to be demure and sopranic (?), but Charlie's Aunt does right well by his role.

If you care for Harry Langdon, skip over to the RIALTO and see him in "Soldier's Plaything," a queer combination of slapstick comedy and swiftly moving drama. It is a moderately entertaining war picture with Ben Lyon and Lotti Loder—but remember, I said *if* you care for Harry Langdon.

Take along your sou'wester for their next picture, "Derelict," and sit in on a ferocious storm at sea. And who do you suppose brings in the good ship to a safe harbor on Paramount's Stage Right? None other

than two-fisted scourge of the seas, George Bancroft. Donald Stuart, as a cockney comic, helps him along mighty nobly, as does William Boyd, who gives a convincing portrayal as Scourge of the Seas No. 2.

After such amazing deeds as those above, Charles (Buddy) Rogers, America's Sweetheart, will be rather mild fare in his latest offering, "Heads Up." He ups and joins the navy, but never you fear that they'll let him ruin his manicure swabbing decks. There doesn't seem to be much of a plot to this typical Rogers picture, which rambles everywhere from Annapolis to the lairs of rum-runners. He is once more the sweet young boy who miraculously manages to capture a rum-runner's gang, when he is not dancing or singing sweet tunes to his lady fair. Sorry to tell you, but Helen Kane boop-boop-a-doops her way in and out of this picture in a wearisome manner. Margaret Breen, the love interest, is however a compensating and truly enticing bit of femininity.

Keep your weather eye open for Irene Rich in "On Your Back" coming to PARK soon. It is an interest-holding story of an ambitious mother who does everything for her son, only to learn that he wishes to marry a chorus girl—but, of course (ouch!), this one is different.

The w. k. ORPHEUM seems to be suffering from a nervous breakdown and steadfastly refuses to divulge what features they may present in the future.

And now let us be brave and hide the tears that come welling up into our eyes, as see Xmas vacation coming closer. (and closer!)



"So I says, Santy, just use your judgment."

"Well, what did you get?"

"A rope ladder for quick get-aways."



Heard on the Campus

"Honest, Helen, the more I see of fraternity men, the less I think of them! They're such babies, you know. Why, a couple of them get a brainstorm that results in an idea, and the brothers repeat it like parrots. I don't ever want anything to do with them again, and that's no conversation, either! Why, just because Joe saw me having a coke with you now, Ed, he had to go and act like a two-year-old, and have a date with Betty. What I mean is, it's so obvious. . . . No, he hasn't asked me to his house formal, but that has nothing to do with it. It's a cinch I'm not going to ask him over to ours either. . . . I'll import first . . . not going to ask any of them, I'm swearing off here and now on all future fraternity dances. . . . Just a minute, there's my phone. . . . Well, it was about time that big bum of a Joe broke down and asked me for a date! . . . yes, it's to the formal . . . suppose it would be cutting off my nose to spite my face, because what I mean is a girl is only in college four years and she ought to get as much as she can out of it, don't you think? I'll let him wait awhile before I tell him definitely, but what I mean is, Helen, that they all seem so, O, you know. . . . By the way, what do you suppose I ought to wear . . . ?"

S

"Do you know 'Three Little Words'?"
 "No."
 "Go to Hell."

S

You can tell a pledge in the Reserve Library every time. Just watch one when the library telephone rings, they invariably shrink back out of sight.—*University of Iowa Frivol.*

S

Grew Coach: "Have you ever rowed before?"
Freshman: "Don't you mean ridden, sir?"
 —*Princeton Tiger.*

S

"Every girl in the Alpha Phi house knows me."
 "It's funny I never see you with any of them."
 "Didn't I say they all knew me?"
 —*Southern California Claw.*

People We Love to Meet in the Bleachers

The man who says any big hulk can play football and any leather-lunged lunatic can yell, but that it takes a fellow of individuality to sit with a girl at a football game. The girl who repeats and repeats that football men are just too cute! The girl who thinks the yell leader on the left looks like Rudy Vallee. The girl whose boy friend goes to U. S. C. and tells her all about football. The insistent little boy who insists that you want a glass of orange juice every time someone gets started for a touch-down. The fun-loving person behind you who cheers the team on by waving a mustard sandwich here and there from time to time.

—*Southern California Claw.*

S

"What's going on here" queried the stage manager as he entered the chorus girls' dressing room.
 "Oh nothing," said they, "Have a Murad?"

—*Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.*

His Big Moment

At last, his big day had arrived. Success lay just around the corner. Through thick and thin had he struggled. Many hours had he spent with the scrub team, learning all of the tricky formations. How to use his hands, how to handle his weight where it would do the most good, the quick-hip swing to avoid being hit, the observant eye that overlooked nothin', the smashing drive that pushed everything before it. Now, yes, now, he was going to show his stuff. For this was his first day as a white wing.

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

S

A young lady who had missed her train was stranded in a small country station. "Where can I spend the night?" she asked an old man nearby. "I dunno," he said, "I guess you'll hafta sleep with the station agent." "Sir," exclaimed the girl, "I'll have you know I'm a lady." "That's all right," said the old timer, "SO is the station agent."

—*Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.*



ED MALLEY '31

"Gosh Myrt—just what I want for Christmas—sorta conservative-like"

How to Avoid the Discomforts of Travel

1. Own a yacht, and have at least twenty servants.
2. Be a congressman and make a good-will tour.
3. Join the navy.
4. Play on the Notre Dame football team.
5. Stay at home. —*Cornell Widow.*

—S—

If the wise cracks passed in Stadiums every Saturday could be laid sheet to sheet—what a terrible College Comic there could be!

—*Bucknell Belle Hop.*

—S—

"Who's in that garden?"

"Only us pansies." —*Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.*

—S—

Was he proud of it? Say he had just accepted it this morning and it meant everything to him. He'd better work because of it from now on. And when his friend learned of it—wouldn't he just bask in the warmth of their admiring glances and the fervor of their congratulations? How thrilled he had been when they called him into that little room and spoke softly and confidentially and told him how they thought he deserved it—how they wanted him to have it, to keep it until that happy day when he could exchange it for another one, a better one, and how much that would mean to him—say, hadn't he felt big?

And the street-sweeper put his new broom over his shoulder and trudged whistling down the street.

—*Alabama Rammer Jammer.*

—S—

Maybe you heard this:

Once upon a time there was a young doctor who was called out one night on his first maternity case.

"Well, how was it?" asked his wife when he returned.

"Fine!" exclaimed the young doctor enthusiastically.

"The baby died and the mother died, but I think I'm going to be able to save the old man!"

—*Washington U. Dirge.*

—S—

Prof: Will you men please stop exchanging notes in the back of the room?

Stude: Them ain't notes. Them's dollar bills. We're shooting craps.

Prof.: Oh, pardon me. —*Texas Longhorn.*

—S—

If all freshmen were put end to end—they would still reach across the table. —*Alabama Rammer Jammer.*

How to Be Popular at a Fraternity House

(For Freshmen)

Kick about the meals. Tell about the swell dinners you had at prep school.

Refuse to learn the fraternity songs and chapter roll. Say it takes time from your studies.

Start a bull session every study hour.

Get into heated arguments with the president on the management of the house.

Refuse to do any work around the house. Explain that you came to college for culture.

Make repeated requests for redecoration of study rooms.

Air your opinion on how the house should have been built.

Buy a loud alarm clock, set it for 4:30 every morning, but sleep through.

Never buy cigarettes, razor blades or writing paper.

Bum them from the upper classmen.

Tell the football men they ought to be out for more activities.

—*Alabama Rammer Jammer.*

—S—

Fraternity: A sort of co-operative student book and clothing exchange. —*Alabama Rammer Jammer.*

—S—

This Week's Bughouse Fable

She: It must be wrong to love like this, dear.

He: It is.

—*Texas Longhorn.*

—S—

"Yes sir, I've traveled the world over, have seen everything, and have heard everything. I can truthfully say that there is one poor group of people universally misunderstood."

Frosh: "Who are they—train announcers?"

—*Cornell Widow.*

—S—

This is a fraternity story. One athletic sophomore was being sounded out previous to his initiation regarding his views on various and sundry matters of ethics and morality. The whole thing more or less tended to confuse the youth's mind. Suddenly the following question was shot at him:

"Well Jones, what do you think about Chastity?"

Now Jones never had thought about Chastity and if the truth were known it is doubtful if Jones knew what the word meant. However, he realized that the fate of the fraternity probably rested upon his opinion in the matter and he delivered himself somewhat as follows:

"Well, I think chastity is a good thing around the house all right, but I don't think it ought to be encouraged outside."

They're still dragging the river for his body.

—*Stanford Chapparral.*

Our Business is Your Business

Because your electric, gas, transportation, water and telephone service is so necessary to the convenience and comfort of your daily life, it is in truth a semi-public activity. For that reason, the company supplying these services is known as a "public utility."

The individual community is known by its utilities. Good lights, abundant power, good telephone service, pure water, good transportation tell a stranger within the gates more about the city than can the spoken words.

A public utility organization that is successful reflects its success throughout the community. It pays dividends to the people in the community with increased and improved utility service.

This company is endeavoring to pay a daily service dividend in return for the good things it enjoys with all the people in this community.

Illinois Power and Light Corporation

Overheard at the Prom

"Stop! Please don't do that, dear. Stop! Do you hear me? Stop!"

"What do you think you're doing, writing a telegram?"
—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

—————S—————

We admit that a modern girl living at a power station might get watts from eating too many currents but still we think it might transformer.
—*Boston U. Bean Pot.*

—————S—————

Rollicking Rover, the office dog, says: "No woman can make a fool out of a man unless she has co-operation."
—*South Dakota Wet Hen.*

—————S—————

New York Gangster: Do you have much control over the city of Chicago?

Chicago Gangster: Control—even the stop lights are fixed.
—*The Pitt Panther.*

—————S—————

Judge (to docketed weather man): "Your forecast is fine and costs with no relief in sight."

—*Vanderbilt Masquerader.*

Ballad

There she stood, a bit depressed
And feeling sorry too,
And no one cared to give a bid
To her, so sad and blue.
A scarf of lace was gathered o'er
Her arms and 'round her back,
But still she knew 'twas more than clothes
She really seemed to lack.
What could it be? She had no scars,
Her age was not too old;
Her slender legs were beautiful,
That is, so she was told.
Two handsome college boys right near
But no bid, just a stare;
Then all at once the auctioneer
Yelled, "How much for this chair?"

—*Boston U. Bean Pot.*

—————S—————

"You'll never see anything like it! Their blocking is absolutely perfect, their interference is superb, and their power, drive, and endurance—well, those boys just can't be stopped, that's all. They'll sweep through everything. Yeh, take it from me, you want to go to the Cotillion and see those Sophs in action."
—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

There's at Least One In Every House

The girl who is continuing her violin lessons at school.
 The girl who is always lamenting the loss of sorority spirit.
 The freshman who won't take showers with the other girls.
 A "No Parking" sign.
 A picture of Buddy Rogers.
 The girl . . .

—*Boston Beanpot.*

S

Remember, ye Romeos, that while some fellows may boast of being the reason why girls leave home, it's the guy who can make them come back that's got a really good line.

—*Boston Beanpot.*

S

Things we hate to have our best girls do—

1. *Ask us what we think of our room-mate and then start going with him.*
2. *Tell us what a hot date they had the night before.*
3. *Yawn.*
4. *Look disgusted.*
5. *Borrow our comb and clean thoroughly before using.*
6. *Smoke our last cigarette.*

—*Boston Beanpot.*

S

Dignified old lady in museum (slightly deaf): What sort of foot apparel is on that statue?

Old lady: Eh? I didn't hear.

Attendant: Boot, boot, a boot.

Old lady: See here, young man don't try any of your jazz songs on me.

—*Cornell Widow.*

S

The Perfect Crime

Before stepping into the street he looked back into the room he had just gone over. It would never do, thought he, to leave anything amiss for then he was most certainly a ruined man. Everything depended upon his carefulness. He removed the stain from the carpet, cautiously removed a similar stain from the steel paper knife, and saw to it that the chair he had overturned was put back in its place. He removed the fingerprints from the doorknob, swept up the ashes which had fallen from his cigar, cleaned up the muddy prints which led to the window, and with his customary foresight looked for further signs. Suddenly he spied a platinum stud lying under the bureau. "Whew," he whistled under his breath, "What a narrow squeak! Wouldn't old man Scroggins make it hot for his man if he couldn't find his stud!"

—*Cornell Widow.*

S

Now that the Red-headed Alphafee is out of circulation (oh, yes, haven't you heard?) what more is there in life for Jack. (Last name sent upon urgent request.)

A Playlet in One Act

Place—Telephone Booth.

Time—Up to you.

ACT I, SCENE I

Englishman: Hello.

Operator: Hello?

Englishman: Branch Brook 4212.

Operator: Branch Brook 4212?

Englishman: Hello!

Operator: Hello?

Englishman: Hello?

Operator: Hello!

Englishman: Well?

Operator: Well!

Englishman (slamming receiver)—Damn that echo!

—*Princeton Tiger.*

S

Captain: If anything moves, you shoot.

Sentry: Yes, and if anything shoots, I move.

—*Loughorn.*

S

Indignant One: Why don't you put "Wet Paint" on that bench.

Painter: I did.

—*Loughorn.*

S

First College Man: Hey, watcha doin'?

Second So and So: Hic! Celebratin' tha football game.

First Ditto: Well whyntcha wait until after it's over?

Second Ditto: Won't be nothin' to celebrate about then.

—*N. W. Purple Parrot.*

S

"What a charming baby, Mrs. Jones, and he does resemble your husband.

"Gracious, you alarm me; we adopted this baby."

—*U. of Boston Beanpot.*

S

She: Don't tell me you didn't have a date last night. I saw you with my own eyes.

He: Well are you going to believe me, or your eyes?

—*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

S

He: So you made these candies with your own dear little hands?

She (coily): Yes, why?

He: I just wondered how you managed to stamp "Hershey" on the bottom of each one.

—*Bucknell Belle Hop.*

S

"Now, sonny, go wash your face. Do you want to grow up to look like Al Jolson?"

—*U. of Chicago Phoenix.*

Clubbed to Death

What Great Men Say of Miniature Golf:

Shakespeare: *Out, out damned spot.*

Bryant: *So live that when thy summons come to join
that mysterious caravan, etc.*

Patrick Henry: *Our brothers are already in the field.
Why stand we here idle?*

Kipling: *You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din.*

Sandburg: *I am the grass; I cover all.*

Floyd G i b b o n s: *Read the literary digest for unbiased
opinions.*

Calvin Coolidge: *Ditto.* —The Pitt Panther.

S

Stretching a Point

Did you hear the one about the Scotchman who, after making a hole-in-one on a prize hole on a small-scale golf course, had a stroke and then died because his Aberdonian partner made him count it? —The Pitt Panther.

S

A Chicago actress came into a lawyer's office and said, "I want a divorce."

"Certainly," said the lawyer. "For a nominal fee I will institute proceedings."

"What is the nominal fee?"

"Five hundred dollars," he replied.

"Nothing doing," retorted the lady. "I can have him hot for ten." —U. of Iowa Frivol.

S

The next day after a late party during a convention one salesman said to another, "How did you find yourself this morning?"

"Oh, I just looked under a table and there I was."

—U. of Iowa Frivol.

S

Saint Peter was interviewing the fair damsel of the nearby gate. "Did you, while on earth," he asked, "indulge in necking, petting, smoking or dancing?"

"Never!" she retored emphatically.

"Then why haven't you reported sooner?" asked St. Peter. "You've been dead a long time."

—U. of Iowa Frivol.

S

Heard in a Jailyard

Dumb Dora: Oh Daddy, what does that man play?

Daddy: Why that man's a prisoner, Dora.

Dumb Dora: Well then what did he get his numerals for?

—Cornell Widow.

S

"Hot darn!" said the old lady as she mended the fifth stocking on the hottest day in July.—U. S. M. C. Pointer.

TAKEOFF NUMBER



Here you are folks, the long waited for take-off on Physical Culture by Madame Siren herself.

Read all about the mysteries of life, how to develop your museles in thirty days or your money back, why children are, the perfect physique and how it affects women and so on through the pages.

Drown your worries of finals (\$\$&@) by reading The Siren during exams. Give one to the Prof. and get an "A" out of the course. Shoot in six bits (75c) to The Siren and laugh from now until June. Four for the price of a date (Some times they can be had for that.) DON'T WAIT. Do it now while the money's fresh.

The SIREN

Swell Presents

Here are Some Things Good Enough for Anybody—

Ice skates (with shoes) \$7.00 to \$10.00 a pair

Books—for every reader 50c to \$25.00

Desk Sets, Lamps, Illinois Jewelry

Fine Toilet Goods

Fountain Pens, Pen and Pencil Sets

Illinois Pennants, Blankets, Shields, Book Ends, Ash Trays, Cigaret Cases, Lighters, etc.

Kodaks \$2.00 to \$20.00

Brief Cases \$3.50 to \$10.00

Fine Cigars

Memory Books, Photo Albums, Diaries, Purses, Bill Folds

At Prices to Save You Money

THE CO-OP

On the Square

On the Square

Tears

There are tears that are strained;

There are tears that are feigned;

There are tears that are rained

Perchance

But the tears that are worse

And that make a guy curse

are the tears in the back of your pants)!

—*U. of Iowa Frivol.*

—S—

Professor: "This examination will be conducted on the honor system. Please take seats three apart and in alternate rows."

—*U. of Iowa Frivol.*

—S—

It was a dark alley in one of the worst parts of the town. Three men were waiting. One of them pulled a slouch hat down over his eyes and said:

"D'ya see him?"

Another took a quick peck around the corner. "Yes, here he comes," he grunted.

The man with the slouch hat picked up a short, thick section of pipe. Another took up a heavy bar, while the third grabbed a small, but none the less effective, wrench.

"All right, fellows, here we go," one hissed.

And when the boss came around the corner, he found his three plumbers hard at work. —*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*

Times are certainly hard. Just the other day we heard of a football player who got laid off.

—*Vanderbilt Masquerader.*

—S—

Ag Prof.: "Why is some milk blue?"

Frosh: "These hard times seem to make the cows rather depressed."

—*Tennessee Mugwump.*

—S—

"The best time to take a bath is just before retiring."

"No wonder these boys retire at a ripe old age."

—*Vanderbilt Masquerader.*

—S—

Customer: "Are you a criminal lawyer?"

Chicago attorney: "Yeah, whom do you want shot?"

—*Vanderbilt Masquerader.*

—S—

Professor: "James could you write a good paragraph on football?"

Bright Little James: "Not this year, teacher, not this year."

—*U. of Iowa Frivol.*

—S—

On his sabbatical leave, a psychology professor toured Europe. When he visited the Rock of Gibraltar, he wrote home the following letter to one of his colleagues: "The trouble with this place is that it's suffering from a fixation complex."

—*U. of Chicago Phoenix.*

I Always Get Christmas Cards

Ones which have on them engravings of ladies in hoop skirts and men in tall hats and frock coats . . . the linings of these were designed by a man who saw the window shades of the house across the street from the dye works that blew up.

Mediaeval affairs with yule logs and wassail bowls and varlets and holly all over the lot . . . if every other test fails you can always spot them by the inevitable "Merrie Christmas."

Woodcuts of lobsided pine trees or cockeyed skyscrapers that look like a pile of cracker boxes. They are printed on what looks like kindergarten paper, and they have the grace to leave them blank so you can write what you please on them.

The Eddie Guest Card . . . the "from us to you, the whole year through," sort, with tasty decorations of us at our firesides out in Idleside, the suburb ideal for the man on a salary.

The moderne card, which is kinda stale now. Triangles and circles gone haywire on silver or red paper at twenty-five cents a throw. They always say "Joyeux Noel" because it sounds snootier.

The comic card, and bless its heart it hasn't changed since 1909, when Ma got one with a picture of a man holding a rigged fishing rod "I'm dropping you a line to wish you a merry Xmas" written under it.

The homemade card . . . after all it is the sentiment that counts, and we must have our individuality. Unquestionably this is the group that has the individuality.

I always get Christmas cards . . . I wonder why . . . whatinell have they got to do with Christmas?

—S—

Excerpt from a sociology text: "Marriage is a great and noble institution; no family should be without it."

—U. of Minn. Ski-u-mah.

—S—

Collitch Man: I'm here on probation.

Student: You're lucky, I have to pay my own way.

—U. of Pittsburgh Pitt Panther.

—S—

Bellboy: "Call for Mr. O'Brien. Call for Mr. O'Brien.

Jewish Gentleman: "Vait a minute, boy. Vat iss de initial, please?"

—The Lehigh Burr.

—S—

Rooster: "Why are you eating those tacks?"

Hen: "I'm going to lay a carpet."

—U. of Pittsburgh Pitt Panther.

R-K-O VIRGINIA

SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, DEC. 14, 15, 16

The "Big House" of Comedy—and a New "Cockeyed World"

"UP THE RIVER"

With the new sensational comedy team
SPENCER TRACY WARREN HAYEN
One of the best screen comedies of the year

WED., THURS., FRI., SAT., DEC. 17, 18, 19, 20

Mark Twain's Beloved Story of Childhood

"Tom Sawyer"

With Jackie Coogan, Junior Durkin, Mitzi Green
If you're 10 or 60, this immortal story will warm your heart!

R-K-O ORPHEUM

SATURDAY, SUNDAY, MONDAY, DEC. 13, 14, 15

Never such a love gamble before!

"The Lottery Bride"

reckless adventures—warring loves with
Jeanette MacDonald, Joe E. Brown, Zasu Pitts

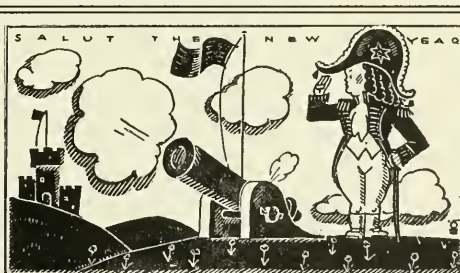
TUES., WED., THURS., FRI., DEC. 16, 17, 18, 19

Laughs and Thrills! Love and Chills!

WM. HAINES broadcasting from a life melodrama
that will stir you like static

"Remote Control"

BELA MORAN CHARLIE KING



Start the New Year Right

By Attending

J. C'S COFFEE HOUSE

Across From Prehn's-on-Oregon

at Least Once a Day



Sandwiches and Sundaes a Specialty

Special Busses Christmas Vacation

To

| | |
|-------------|------------|
| MOLINE | PITTSFIELD |
| ROCK ISLAND | MORRISON |
| DAVENPORT | STERLING |
| OTTAWA | LASALLE |
| STREATOR | PERU |
| JOLIET | MENDOTA |
| AURORA | OREGON |
| ELGIN | ROCKFORD |
| QUINCY | |

Leave Prehn's-on-Green

11:30 A. M. Saturday, December 20th

Return Monday A. M. January 5th



PARKHILLS TOURS INC.

Phone 4848 or make reservations

Prehn's-on-Green—1:00 to 5:30 P. M.

—S—

Would you care to dance, Miss Klaig? Craig? Oh. Isn't it hard meeting so many names at once, though? Are you a freshman? A junior! Well, I didn't think you were a freshman; to tell the truth you look like a senior but I didn't want to embarrass you in case you weren't. I remember once I got taken for a P. E. major and I was so mad!

May I cut in? You're Miss Geg, aren't you? Craig? Oh, yes, I got you mixed up with somebody else. I adore your fluffy little frock. What's your major? Physical Education? Well, I think that is just lovely and healthy—

May I cut in, Miss Crag? Are you related to the Mr. Crag that runs the hardware store on Telegraph? Oh, Craig! Now don't think I didn't remember you, dear, because I did. This Mr. Crag is sort of odd anyway but we buy all our wire from him. Are you just entering? A junior! Oh, sorry!

May I cut in? Oh, really must you go? Are you thrilled with starting college, Miss Egg?

—Stanford Chapparral.

—S—

She wrote all her confidential news in the postscript because she thought P. S. stood for past!

—Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.

Getting to Know the Girls

"Now," said the super-salesman, "this instrument turns green if the liquor is good—red if it is bad."

"Sorry, but I'm color-blind," apologized the prospect. "Got anything with a gong on it?"—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

—S—

Familiarity breeds contempt.

Familiarity breeds attempt.

Familiarity breeds content.

—*Sivasher.*

—S—

"He made that last hole under par."

"How do you know?"

"A little birdie told me." —*Stanford Chapparral.*

—S—

Aviatrix: "Kiss me and I'll jump."

Aviator: "All right 'chute." —*Penn State Froth.*

—S—

Little girl, in subway car: "Mama, why is that man over there getting up in such a hurry?"

Mother: "Why darling, he is a Harvard student, and he is offering his place to the old lady."

Little girl: "Mama, then why is he pulling that thumb-tack out of the seat of his pants?" —*Harvard Lampoon.*

—S—

So start your search right now, my dear,

And search till the atonement.

You'll find one thing most definite;

Indefinite postponement.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—S—

Drinkin' Song

Drink a mug to dear old State

I like this damned old place first rate

It saves me money on a date

Cause I don't need a new straight eight

And then the girls can't stay out late.

—*Penn. State Froth.*

—S—

Some claim that the shortest story in the world is "Adam had 'em." But an even shorter story is "Eve had 'it."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—S—

"What do you mean, that black eye is a birth mark?"

"Berth mark. Got in the wrong berth."

—*Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.*

—S—

Things could always be worse. Just think if Floyd Gibbons stuttered.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Heigh Ho—the Holly!

—and here's a cheerful thought—Cheney Cravats!—always a welcome gift because they're always in good taste. For all day-time and evening occasions.

Your favorite shops carry them.



CHENEY
CRAVATS

MADE OF CHENEY SILKS

BRING HER TO—

REFRESHING
DRINKSTHE **TAYERN**
' CHAMPAIGN, ILL. 'TOASTED
SANDWICHES

After the Show or After the Dance

East Green and South Neil Streets

I was in New York twenty-four hours and no one:

1. Stole my hat in a restaurant.
2. Tried to sell me:
 - a. The Brooklyn Bridge.
 - b. A gold brick.
 - c. Stolen furs.
 - d. A "genuwine" watch for a dime (and they even do that in Philadelphia.)

3. Exploded a gun in my car.
4. Sidled up to me with a furtive look in his eye.
5. Pointed out any drunken cops.

What kind of a city is that anyway?

—Penn. State Froth.

S

"What could be worse than a guy with fleas?"

"I know."

"What?"

"Supposin' they chirped!" —Washington U. Dirge.

S

I call my big moment, "Impromptu" because she makes up as she goes along. —Brown University Brown Jug.

He: "Has she a steady boy friend?"

She: "No, he pledged Delt yesterday."

—U. of Minn. Ski-u-mah.

S

Nip: How did Lindy know he was flying over Scotland?

Tuck: Because the screws began tightening up.

—Grinnell Maltcaser.

S

"Did you hear about Rockweller?"

"Yes they say the big drop rather broke him."

"Smashed flat."

"I thought he always played safe."

"Well, he got caught with Morgan on his hands. When the first drop came he couldn't let go and hung on until it was too late."

"I'd have thought Dillon would have been in a position to help him."

"No, he couldn't quite swing it."

"Too bad. Well, see you tonight."

"Yeh. And say, Pete, if you get there early tighten up the bolts on my trapeze, will you?"—Stanford Chapparral.

IN CHAMPAIGN-URBANA IT'S THE

MODEL
LAUNDRY CO.

FOR FINE LAUNDRY WORK

Bed Time Stories for
Football Men

One day little Audrey was walking down the street with her little brother and as they were strolling along she pointed across the way and said, "Look, little brother, there goes your Uncle Jim." And so little Brother started to run across the street to see Uncle Jim but a big motor car came along and ran over little Brother. And little Audrey laughed and laughed 'cause that wasn't Uncle Jim on the other side of the street after all.

And another time little Audrey's home burned down and she and her Daddy escaped but mother was caught up stairs. So little Audrey cried, "Go ahead and jump, Mamma, we'll catch you in the net. Mama jumped and little Audrey laughed and laughed 'cause she didn't have any net after all.

—Colgate Banter.

S

"Did that course in English help your boy-friend any?"

"Not a bit. He still ends every sentence with a proposition."

—Penn State Frater.

S

Frosh: Would you rather die with your shoes on or your shoes off?

Soph: I'd rather die with them on.

Frosh: Howcum?

Soph: So I won't stub me toe when I kick the bucket.

—Bucknell Belle Hap.

S

"Oh, Dr. Morgan," cooed the sweet young co-ed to our promising young psychiatrist, "I lost my Intelligence Test. Will I have to be examined all over again?"

"No," responded our good doctor gallantly, "only your mind."

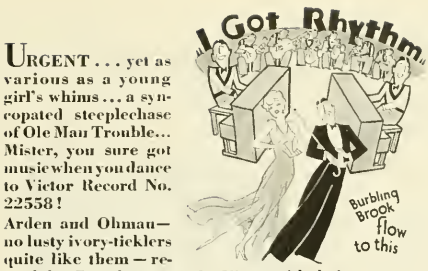
—Iowa State Green Gauder.

S

Visitor: "So you call your canary Joe. Does that stand for Joseph or Josephine?"

Child: "We don't know that's why we call it Joe."

—Iowa State Green Gauder.



URGENT... yet as various as a young girl's whims... a synopated steeplechase of Ole Man Trouble... Mister, you sure got music when you dance to Victor Record No. 22558!

Arden and Ohman—no lusty ivory-ticklers quite like them—record this Broadway wow for Victor with their own most understanding band.

Note list below. Each is a meaty wallop—matchless of its kind. Victor records what you want—first... and the greatest orchestras and artists, from jazz to symphony, record for Victor—exclusively!

Hear These!

Victor Records

- 22558—"I GOT RHYTHM"
"EMBRACEABLE YOU" Arden & Ohman Orch.
- 22512—"WILL YOU REMEMBER VIENNA"
"I BRING A LOVE SONG" Leo Reisman & Orch.
- 23010—"PENALTY OF LOVE"
"LOVIN' YOU THE WAY I DO" Rubber Riley & His Mileage Makers
- 23015—"MY MAN FROM CAROLINE"
"I LIKE A LITTLE GIRL LIKE THAT" Joe Venuti & His Orch.

The Music You Want
When You Want It... on



Victor Records



WAISTCOATS OF REAL QUALITY

BEFORE you buy a dress or dinner waistcoat, make it a point to look for the green label of Catoir Vesting on the strap. If it is not there, you may be certain that you are not getting the best in either fabric or workmanship.

CATOIR

PEG US PAT OFF

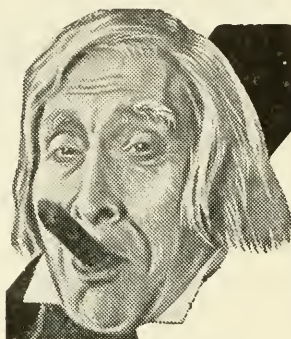
[Pronounced "KAT'WAH"]

VESTINGS · FACINGS · LININGS ·

Rialto Theatre

December 13-19

WHAT
A GRAND
OLD
SINNER
HE
WAS



GEORGE ARLISS
"Old English"

Hungry Eskimos eat candles
and blubber

Hungry students eat ice-
cream

Whose?

CHAMPAIGN
Ice Cream Co.

4175

4176

What Can You Telephone?

Hello, operator! Give me the police station, quick!

Police station—Captain O'Grady speaking.

Hello, Captain. There's been an awful murder and robbery and . . .

Name please?

Henry Smith. There's been an awful murder and robbery over here and . . .

Address?

26 Main street. There's been a robbery and murder and . . .

Nationality?

American. There's been a robbery and killing over . . .

Height and weight?

5 feet 10, 155 pounds. There's been a murder and . . .

Color of hair, complexion?

Light brown, fair. There's been a mur . . .

Married or single?

Single. There's been a . . .

Ever have mumps, scarlet fever?

No. I've been robbed, murdered . . .

Years of age?

Robbery, murder, murder, MURDER, MURDER!

All right—what's the trouble now?

(Weak voice at the other end)—Oh, everything's just fine captain. Just wanted to see how you're getting along. Give my love to the wife and kiddies, goodbye.

—Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.

—S—

We were walking through the park the other night. Just ahead of us was Andy. A bum stopped him. "Can't you help a poor fellow?" he said, "I only got a dime."

"Naw," said Andy, "but I'll match you for it."

—Sivasher.

—S—

Dormitory Dick says: "When I came here last fall I used to bathe every night to keep from getting the sheets dirty. Now I bathe every morning."—*M. I. T. Woo Doo.*

—S—

We saw our roommate's dream girl the other night. Yeh. And from now on, we're going to see to it that he doesn't eat anything heavy before he goes to sleep!

—Boston Beanpot.

—S—

Head Cook: Didn't I tell you to notice when the soup boiled over?

Assistant: I did. It was half past ten.—*Texas Ranger.*

—S—

Why are Scotchmen so close-mouthed?

Silence is golden.

—Arizona Kitty-Katt.

Prof. (during exam): Young man, what do you have to say about that writing on your cuff?

Young man: Isn't it terrible the way the laundry treats one's shirts?
—*Arizona Kitty Kat.*

—S—

DER TAG

"The time will come," thundered the lecturer on woman's rights, "when women will get men's wages!"

"Yes," said the meek little man in the rear seat. "Next Saturday night."
—*Alabama Rammer Jammer.*

—S—

"Waiter, bring me two eggs, friend on one side but not too hard, toast with plenty of butter, canteloupe not too ripe but ripe enough, and coffee with just a little cream."

"And how will you have your water?"

—*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*

—S—

Limerick

A man with a talkative wife
Eats his alphabet soup with a knife
He admits he'd as soon
Eat the soup with a spoon

But-this-way-he-can-get-a-few-words-in-edgewise.

End of Limerick

—*Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.*

—S—

Sigma Chi (supporting flag pole): I'll have you know-hic-hic-hic, that I'm part of the Standard Oil Company."

Tuscaloosa Cop: "And what part are you?"

Sig Chi: "Hic—one of the tanks."

—*Alabama Rammer Jammer.*

—S—

Famous Contributions to Mankind

China, hand laundrys.

Greece, cigars, cigarettes, and candy stores.

Italy, Sh! The revenue officers may hear.

Palestine, old clothes.

Brazil, aw nuts!

—*Cornell Widow.*

—S—

Jim: What's college bred, Dad?

Dad (whose son is at Drexel): They make college bred, my boy, from the flour of youth and the dough of old age.

—*Drexel Institute Drexerd.*

—S—

There has been a question that has been bothering us for a long time that we've been unable to solve so we are going to pass it on to you—If a man named coffee married a woman named pot would their children be perculators?

—*Iowa Frivol.*

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There are TOO MANY WOMEN

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A tea-brown giant in a brief gray suit, he followed the sun and the sun-burned swimmers North in summer and South in winter. His profile, like a head for a coin, belonged against a background of beach and beach umbrellas and bright silk beach pajamas—and women. Women's eyes were always on him, but his blue gaze was not to be held for long . . . And then he met Ruby in a hot little inland town where there was no sea, no sand, no nothing—just a girl with yellow hair and violet eyes. Just one girl, when there were a hundred million in the world.

A Complete Novelette by
**KATHARINE
BRUSH**

One of the grandest of a series of grand stories this writer has done for College Humor, in the next issue.

College Humor
MAGAZINE

We don't realize how lucky we are that booze doesn't govern the world. A corkscrew would make a mighty poor ruler.

—*Washington U. Dirge.*

—S—

Fogg: "What do you think of my argument before the lodge last night, Fogg?"

Fogg: "It was sound—very sound —(Fogg is delighted)—nothing but sound, in fact."—*The Lehigh Burr.*

—S—

On the stage it's personality.
On the Row it's purse-onality.

—*Alabama Rammer Jammer.*

—S—

The rumble seat isn't entirely modern after all. Recently a skeleton of a woman with her legs wrapped around her neck was discovered.

—*Kansas Sour Owl.*

—S—

Co-ed: Doctor, take a look at my knee.

Doc: Nothing apparently wrong.

Co-ed: Yeh, but ain't it a peach.
—*Iowa Frivol.*

—S—



JEANETTE

"Merrie Christmas and a Happy New Year."



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dangerous irritants
that cause
throat irritation
and coughing



“It’s toasted”

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against irritation — against cough.

J. 3

THE SIREN'S PHYSICAL CULTURE

FOR MIND AND BODY



How to Reform Your Form

by OSCAR PRATT, M. D.



A Good Neck for
Personality

by CARL TRILLIAMS



A New College Uprising

by CLAIRE GESSLER



Seducing the Public

by DR. PHIL ROX, R. S. V. P.



Telling Your Children
About Sex

by PROF. AL KWALE

and

BURNARD MACCADAM'S

stirring new

EDITORIAL



HAROLD D
BOWEN

NE... TWO... THREE... FOUR...

two-bits



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Fountain Lunches



ORCHESTRA
Every Sunday Afternoon

*Just remodeled and new dance
floor added*

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Champaign

Fifty-Fifty

Father: "My answer depends upon your financial position."

Suitor: "And my financial position depends on your answer."
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—————S—————

Junior: I feel like an old man.

Soph: How come?

Junior: I just heard a frosh telling about the things he used to do when he was a kid.—*U. of Texas Longhorn.*

—————S—————

Guest: I sure am thirsty.

Hostess: I'll get you some water.

Guest: I said thirsty, not dirty.

—*U. of Kansas Sour Owl.*

—————S—————

"I hear you shot your way out of jail?"

"Uh, huh; one shot of my liquor and every guard I came to passed out cold."
—*Pitt Panther.*

—————S—————

Tourist (looking at Venus de Milo): One thing those old Greeks had on us; when they talked disarmament, they disarmed.
—*Cornell Widow.*

—————S—————

Pete: What does Mr. Murphy do for a living?

Re-pete: Oh, he's a fine guy.

Pete: Whatcha mean "fine" guy?

Re-pete: A fellow who sits on the bench and hears the cases, you know, a judge.
—*Colgate Banter.*

—————S—————

Happy: I kissed that girl last night.

Hooligan: Did she like it?

Happy: Sure! She even told the dean about it.

—*Ohio Green Goat.*

—————S—————

"How's your sandwich?"

"Awful! This ham must have been cured by auto-suggestion."
—*Washington U. Dirge.*

—————S—————

The school girl who used to say, "Aw, come on and let me chew your gum until recess!" now says, "Say, boy friend, gimme a drag off that Camel before the damn bell rings!"
—*North Dakota Wet Hen.*

—————S—————

Sign in small town barber shop:

Whiskers pushed, pulled, driven, or cut. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed or whiskers refunded. —*Battalion.*

To the type of mind that exults in



“high adventure”



Storm warnings on the wing—a new use of the telephone

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example of this policy . . . Here is a nation-wide business that looks

eagerly for new fields and for the new and better way of serving

old ones. For men of pioneering bent, here is high adventure indeed!



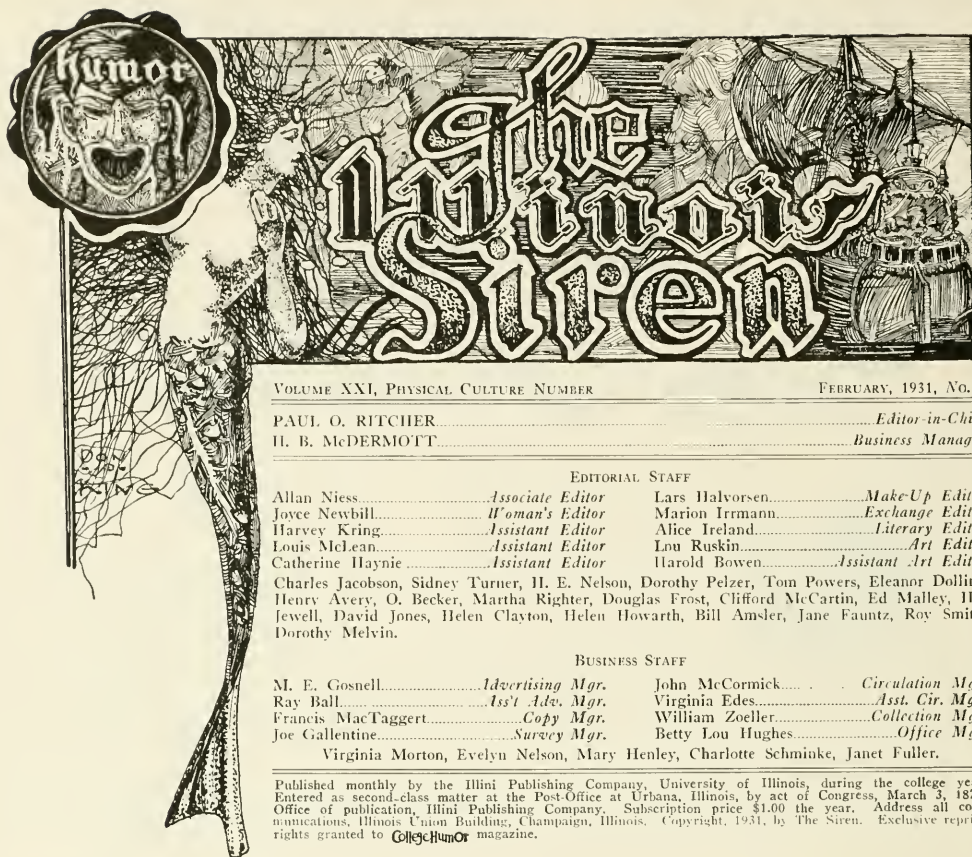
Bell boxes moulded of powdered phenol plastic—a new way of making an old product

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VOLUME XXI, PHYSICAL CULTURE NUMBER

FEBRUARY, 1931, No. 5

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The Physical Culture Number

In this issue the SIREN presents its own colossal takeoff on Physical Culture. We offer all manner of apologies to Mr. MacFadden and any others concerned. We hope that there will be no offense at any of our innocent attempts at humor.

It would not have been possible to put out such an issue without the help of a great number of people. Among those who are responsible for its success are Al Niess, Wayne Morgan, Catherine Haynie, Joyce Newbill, Lars Halvorsen, Henry Avery, Bill Ansler, Ted Griesenauer, Doug Frost, and David Jones. The fine cover is the work of Harold Bowen.



DON'T *be an* ASS!



No matter how hopeless your case may seem — send for free Voice Book. Don't bray like the Gentleman, above, don't squeal at your friends, don't croak when you attempt to speak, don't limit your voice to a few — increase your range — banish huskiness and hoarseness. Eliminate putting pebbles in your mouth like Demosthenes. Be a second Cicero, Burke, Pat Henry, or Wang.

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Location

Position

Lady? Gentleman?

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|-----|-----|------|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| ~ | ~ | ~ | ~ | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 |
| 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |

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Me...*

31 DAYS and I will develop your muscles or *bust!*

—Annette Fellerman

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And it's fun this new easy way. Just twenty hours a day and in thirty or forty years you can start in to sleep and eat regularly. I allow you plenty of indulgences, no diets, drugs or pills. Your husband or lover will be pleased and that in itself is incentive enough. Send coupon Now!



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Dear Annie: I want to lose or gain _____
pounds.
Name _____
Inclinations _____
Years in college _____

February Examitis

And Other Questions from Health Seekers

Conducted by Burnhard Macadam's

Little Pal

Question: Every time I sit down, I hear tummy rattling noises in my head. My toenails tingle and my nose itches, I have a coat on my tongue and my breath comes in short pants. Life has become unbearable. Neither my husband or I have any children. What shall I do?

Answer: I would suggest sitting up exercises fifteen minutes a day. A good exercise for developing the neck goes as follows: Sit on the back of a chair, resting the forehead on a radiator. If hot, open the window and call off your date for that night. Wrap feet thoroughly in warm flannels and wiggle toes from left to right. Throw right arm around left rung of chair, deep breathely and hold breath for thirty minutes. If eyes begin to pop out of head use Murine for the eyes. Without moving, call up the Lily Cafe. If the line is busy try Hoyt's Studio and ask to have a picture taken. If the answer is negative, think nothing of it. Go into a dark room and develop yourself. If you aren't dead by this time, your constitution doesn't need amending. If you are, don't bother to read this.

Question: I am suffering from fallen arches and am unable to attend bridge parties the way I usta. My legs wobble and shake the table so that my partners have to hang on for dear life. What shall I do?

MISS IMA SAPP.

Answer: My suggestion, Ima, would be to change from bridge parties to beach parties. Bridges are so shaky in these days of unsupport that they have become absolutely undependable and their arches are apt to fall any minute. As for your wobbly legs, they're beyond me. Ever since I referred to my girl's legs as Alpha Xi pins, I have been disillusioned. But I digress. Getting back to your legs, let me say that there is nothing like a good alcohol rub.

Question: It was while I was having the seven year itch for the sixth time that I fell in love with a radio announcer from Watkins Glen. Just last week I discovered that he is not only a bigamist but a professional sword swallower in his spare moments. What would you advise?

Answer: It is generally unsafe for a person with a floating kidney to take a bath in salt water. It is strongly recommended that you consult a quack at once. Try reading light fiction and eating several ripe bananas before retiring.

Question: My son, Theabald, has a tendency to overeat. Here at home I can regulate his diet, but next year he'll be leaving for college. What can I do about this?

Answer: Have him join a fraternity—any time after the first week.

Seducing the Public



The Kid was a gentleman of parts. He was the type that came C. O. D. knocked down and was a set up every other Saturday night at the B. O. & H. Athletic club. He looked like everything but a prize fighter which he sure wasn't, him always being on the receiving end of everything but the heavy side of the cash and the decision. Most brethren of the embattled profession would have had recourse to the bottle. Not the Kid. His was a case—and I solved it.

It was while I was easing the pains and pockets of ailing burghers out in New Rochelle with the Aztec System—now there was an athletic appliance that worked wonders. I even hooked the chief of police and two part time detectives before some one discovered that the system was only a device to make the doorbell and telephone ring just as the householder slipped into his bath. It was there I heard Illinois was the Sucker state so I crammed a few hoofenannies into a bag and beat it.

The Kid was my first customer. I had just finished hanging a faded and framed 1902 Utah fishing license when he and his manager came in. There was more difference between that fullhouse and measly duce than the unknissed Delta Zeta and any two Z. T. A's. The little guy, I see he's the Kid, slouches over and interrogates if I'm the doctor. Now I've been traveling this country for a long time and I got my education from a couple of Phi Mu's. This runt asks me if I'm the doctor. Me, who can convince anybody into a case of acute heart disease or indigestion almost as easy as keeping a certain sorority girl out after hours. And I can relieve them of it quicker than



DR. PHIL ROX, R. S. V. P.

hanging a frat pin at the Kappa Delt house. Only time I ever failed was with a T. P. A. who accused—well, she made it so hot for me I had to beat it and leave behind four second hand Deke pins—found in a pawn shop—hung on a Piety, a Kappa, a Chiomega, and one of Hanley's waitresses.

"Dr.," stutters the little sawed off and splintered two by four (the Kid had been a heavyweight before they battered him down and now he had to hire a heavy thumbed butcher as manager so he'd be able to weigh enough to enter the gnat weight division).

"Dr.," he sighs again, looking as mournful as a Delta Gamma dating a Sigfisis who don't feel the urge, "what's good for headache, spots before the eyes—"

"I know, I know," I interrupts solemnly. "It is indebitatus non as-

sumpsit, one of the more deadly forms of the fatal anecdote poisoning. You probably got it sucking cokes through a public straw. I almost got hooked that way once myself."

So I pulls out a handful of thermometers and sticks one under his tongue. I let it stay there for about a half hour in order to keep up the professional appearance. Besides, he'd be sure to get fidgety and run up the heat a degree.

"Um-er-ah," I declares after awhile, rubbing my jaw and looking at the 98.9 he'd run up and adding five on account of him probably having put a piece of ice in his mouth just to fool me.

"But-t-t-t, Dr.—" says he I dropped the finis part of an El Snipo into my pocket and got generally bothered before I saw he wasn't accusing me. "There ain't no butts, man," says I, "but you got here just in time for the secret treatment I've never known to work—fail to work, I mean."

I yells for the stenographer I'd hired for appearances (her appearances, I mean) and started dictating a lot of dangling participles which she loops onto a notebook in shorthand. Then I asks the Kid to undress, and noticing that him and the stenographer are getting embarrassed, I realized they weren't college students so took him into the operating room and gave him ether.

"Either you take my new, amazing body building course which can build up your Tri Delt resistance, give you biceps as big as your arm, and make you as tireless as a Dean's spy or you'll develop the last stages of acidosis, bow legs, falling hair, unemployment, and matrimony, not

(Continued on Page 31)

READ THIS
before consulting
YOUR FIZZICIAN

Telling *your* Children about Sex

by Prof. Al Kwale



The problem of telling your kids about sex has become a serious one. The poor mother is torn between two alternatives, that of coming right out with the truth about the stork, or beating around the bush and stalling them off for seven years. Either method is good. It's just sex of one or half a dozen of the other. How would you like to be a mother of thirteen children and have them sit at your feet with the query, "Mother, what about it? Let's have the dope." Put yourself in the mother's place with those expectant children waiting for an answer. What would you say?

This problem is as old as Solomon and even exists in the animal kingdom. What a dilemma the mother stork is thrown into when her offspring asks, "Mother, where did I come from?"—and you know very well that it must embarrass her to say, "Why, my child, the stork brought you." So for the good of future degenerates let us adopt a code of ethics that will leave no one in doubt as to your ideas.

When your child is two years old, pin a Delta Zeta pledge button on it (I say "it," because at this age the child is obviously unacquainted with sex). Then at 3 every morning shout "sex" at it. In this manner it will grow up and always associate Delta Zeta and sex. This is a start, though the child will still have vague ideas (especially about Delta Zetas).

When the brat is three, take it for a stroll in the garden. Show it two lilies, pull off all the petals and hand it a patter like this, "These, my child, represent the sexes, male sex (pointing to one), female sex (pointing to the other) and insects (flicking off a stray lady-bug). Permitting the use of a simile, we are lilies and you are a pansy." (At this moment pluck a pansy and exhibit). The pansy really has nothing to do with sex, as most pansies are sex less. However, a slug or two thrown in will help it remember.

As the child reaches the age of four, take it for a walk in the moonlight and let it look at the heavenly bodies. (Note: This is not a pun on the Pi Plus). Don't show it the Big Dipper as one woman did to her child. The little



Can this tender urchin face life?

brat squinted at the constellation and chirped, "The Big Dipper hell, that doesn't look like the guy that baptized me." In this way he was thrown off the subject of sex and in later years became a Sig Ep. As the child becomes accustomed to the forms of the stars, take it to Hollywood and sign it up for life. Then it won't need to know about sex.

Then give the kid a break, and don't mention sex until it comes to you with that puzzled look in its eyes and says, "Mother, where in hell——?" (Editor's note to the Typesetter: What's the idea of letting out the theme song in that last sentence? Now I have to do it all over again). "Mother, where in hell——?"

This marks the crisis, and the child must be told in just so many words. With pencil and paper in hand sit down and give them an example like this. "If a starving frog is sitting in the middle of a river with food on one bank and his wife on the other, where will he jump?" You take advantage of the child's knowledge of psychology and believe that he realizes that hunger is a stronger motive than sex. If the child answers in this wise, "He'll hop over to the old lady," your problem is complete and the child already knows enough. If it hesitates and says "to the food," then is the time to punish it for being greedy and thinking of nothing but food. However, if the child answers nothing at all, your problem is also over. The child will be a moron and nothing can stop it.

A new College Uprising

by Claire Gessler



The world is trembling under the sway of students. Whenever, you open a paper the headlines jump out towards you, shrieking that you men of institutions want what they want. In Brazil, Peru, Spain, Montenegro, and other World Romers the stu-



Little Elmer one-arming it to his eight o'clock.



"We have no objection to sleds for student driving so long as they carry U. of I. licenses and the drivers have been examined by the Health Service Station," said the Dean of Men when questioned yesterday.

dents take an active hand in correcting governments, kicking out defunct politicians and insisting on better beer.

We, the students of Illinois, are also following this modern trend. Too long have we suffered under the shackles of a tyrannical dean's office. Our individuality has been curbed and our beautiful illusion of college is busted. The ban on driving has irked us to the soul and caused us to dissipate in local confectionaries. This is now over — the inventive mind of that canny Siren Editor has given another birth. His idea of using sleds to and from classes is catching on head over heels. Just think of the thrill of pulling your best girl to class, and of scooting down our enormous hills. Accompanying photos show Elmer Blumenkamp and Sissy Stephens on the Broadwalk. Economic transportation is ours for the taking; in addition to all that our physiques and biceps will be marvelously developed. Who said the world was degenerating? Hell, it is improving.

How to *reform* your *form*

~[F o r M e n O n l y]~

(Editor's note: Dr. Pratt wrote, "There's Nothing Like Reducing to Take the Starch Out of a Girl." He is the man who puts a Ford on an 18-day diet and gets an Austin).

By Dr. Oscar Pratt, M. D.

Ever since a Dutchman by the name of Van Upenurp crossed a silk hat with a two-legged footstool and called it a Dachund, we've had streamlining and free toothpick advertising from the women. Our weight matters more than your health nowadays (just try sitting on your own lap once); which all goes to prove that quaint old adage, "You can't eat your cake and have 'IT' too."

Let me illustrate my reducing methods with a case from history (the last case that I bought is also history). Two weeks ago a very obese woman got caught in the swinging doors on her way into my office. With the aid of couple of fallen arches from the foothills and my nurse, who had gone to college and knew about swinging doors, I finally succeeded in convincing myself that something ought to be done about it.

Approaching the lady with great trepidation. I remarked hopefully, "Does something seem wrong?"

"Can't you see I'm stuck in the door, you silly old such and such," she returned, playing she was a bit put out. (I've been thrown out of some nice places myself, but I never felt put out like that).

For the next half hour I had my hands busy wrapping my ears around some very cutting remarks. Finally when I was so mad that I was just about to haul off and leave her alone,

Then, being a woman at heart, she immediately proceeded to faint and nearly died doing it. Needless to say, I pulled her through (later she told me that it took three doctors and a veterinary to pull her through last time she got stuck in a door).

But I must not forget my subject; the only reason for this naive little incident is to warn you against the swinging doors when you come to my office in the near future. Let's see, where was I; I had just succeeded in reviving Mrs. Pschaut (the dear lady's name). It appears that she had come to me as a final resort in her valiant battle against the unseen enemy, the curse that creeps on us in our sleep, Fat.

My Diagnosis was short and to the point. First, I asked her if she had used the telephone in the corner store lately. Upon her affirmation that she had done so the day before, I knew that I might yet effect a cure, for by scientific research I have found that if a person is too fat to enter a telephone booth, there's no use talking. I saw that I was confronted with a very accute case of blimpulosis. She complained of shooting pains, and she didn't have any room for the water when she took a bath. Dry cleaning had ruined her complexion to the extent that she had to have her face lifted every month; (each time the bill came 'it fell again).

All in all, the total aspect of the case was decidedly dubious to say the least; nevertheless I resolved to give my all in an attempt to get this poor woman out of the side show and into the big tent where the girls don't have to ride elephants.



Caught in the swinging doors.

somebody happened by in the hallway and a youngster's happy voice cried, "Oh Mama, look at the hippopotamus trying to get into old man Pratt's butcher shop."

Well, that was more than beef and bone can stand; with one mighty heave (passion not asthma), the old lady pulled half the building down.



Age-Old Relics Discovered

This astounding find of mid-ancient spiritualism was located in the central part of the wilds of south campus, by an infamous archeological expedition in the early part of 1931. The lads in the picnic were Gene Tonkoff, Dick Henderson, McFarland and Bernie Meretsky. The young giant posing so modestly beside the obelisk diety is none other than Chuck Frederick.



Juliet Connors practices for queen of the May Fete.



THE NEW JOURNALISM BUILDING

Built, with modifications, after the plans for the new Alpha Chi Omega House. This building is practical.

A good neck for Personality

By CARL TRILLIAMS

*A Daring Expose of the Problems
of the Modern Girl*



Dean Verria is a typical, virile American girl. A Siren photographer found her on the lookout for an errant co-ed in the Rock Gardens.

Mary had every thing doting parents could give her, including a husband and a sport roadster. But slowly we all saw that she was doomed to be one of those girls who, after their first burst of popularity is over, must resign themselves to the bores or stay at home.

Suddenly, to our surprise, she became the belle of every ball. The men literally were about her in swarms. The

other girls, although irked at the thought of having to admit their curiosity about her methods, were finally forced to ask about them.

"My dears," she said, "It was so simple. I was reading the Funny papers one night and I saw a picture of two giraffes, and it came to me just like that. I couldn't neck. The rest was easy. I found a copy of Mr. MacCadams' magazine in the library, and as if it were there just for me, was an article containing just what I wanted.

"I'll bet you all thought it was just like learning how to swim, didn't you, with someone just throwing you into the pond and you either coming up or staying down there. So did I. Once." She laughed.

"It isn't as easy as that, you have to get a little personality into the thing, and you can bet that if you already don't have a darn sight more of it than any of us have, you have to do a little experimental and research work.

"I just got down to business, and in less than a week I began to notice that I was getting results. I was no longer the last one to be asked to go out to the car for a cigarette, but the first. I felt that I had achieved something that first night when I heard Joe Smithers, whom no girl has ever landed yet, say, 'You would never know that Mary is the same girl.'

"How many of you can hang by your teeth from the window sill?" She pointed an accusing finger at them. "How many of you get enough roughage?—and that may be considered a pun if you think it is good enough.

"You've got to train, and train hard girls. Sweets are simply out, and black coffee in the morning is best—unless you substitute tomato juice. At least an hour every morning should be spent in concentration on holds; and remember in connection with this that there is nothing new under the sun. But get all the old ones down pat.

"I could look soulful before I was out of grade school, but I still have difficulty about judging at what part of the kiss one should shut her eyes. Know your man, and the rest is easy.

"I am sure that if you give a decent amount of time to the cause you will get satisfactory results for your effort. And by the way girls, the article I read is in the November issue of Mr. MacCadams' magazine."



Tim Swain after giving his last shirt for the Senior Presidency.



Here are three more little Kappa Delta orphans who have no home. They would appreciate a nice warm

kennel with fairly good food. For further particulars as to pedigree call the Kappa Delta annex.



An especially posed picture from ancient history. It is called the Pied Piper of Hamelin. The Pied Piper is to be seen to the extreme

right. The rats are lined up on the Broadwalk awaiting the starting signal for the trip to the Embarras River, south of Tolono.



Prof. Bailey explaining that an oyster is not always what its cracked up to be.

Burnhard MacCadams's PERSONAL COLUMN

Will the man who insists upon my returning his pin please come to see me at once? I am still at the annex, Freddie. Also I want to see Jimmy Fry next week at three o'clock. Address Kay Cox, Altatee house.

* * * *

If there is anyone interested in teaching people the correct (Emily Post) method of eating peas "por media de" a knife when attending fraternity banquets (things that never happen), see Arnie Reisner, Alfakiro.

* * * *

All women interested in offering cake and cookies and home-stolen sandwiches to men, kindly address Betty Setchell, Kappa house.

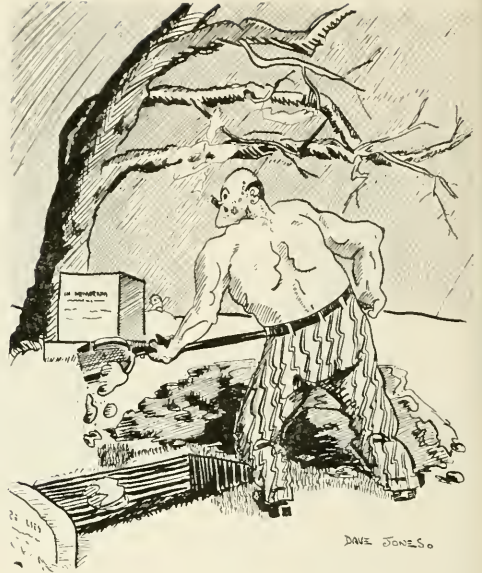
* * * *

Hear! Hear! For the good of mankind in general (or in private) I will demonstrate at any time you say the good work just exactly how to develop the bust. All ladies (cut that stuff) call Dick Horrall at the Sigmafisigma house.



Engineering Feats of the Future

The adjoining artists conception gives the latest idea of a new bridge crossing the bigger and better Boneyard (about 2020 A. D.) connecting Champaign and Urbana. Science tells us that this swirling torrent was once a dainty brook tinkling through the pastures of a country college. This is now all changed, the college was moved to Taylorville to make room for this marvelous creation of man. They say it was built to relieve the depression. It did. All the students quit school to work on it; a year after they were all married and happily engaged in raising kids to work on the bridge. Colleges went out of style and now we are a much healthier race.



Filling a man's place in the world.

S

The art of love! Magic sentence as it may seem, it is possible of attainment through my own instruction book which will be sent free of charge. No references needed. Call Lee Kruggel, Sigpi.

* * * *

How to make good in three parts during your stay at the University is the thing more young women of today need to battle the cruel world, because there are more ways than one to get the old "M-R-S" degree. For information call, Danny Sullivan at the Sigpi house.

* * * *

If anyone wants to know how to go right up and meet people without that inward feeling of, "Gee, am I doing right under the circumstances," just step to the phone and call Dotty O'Connor at the T. P. A. house. She'll tell you. (What?)

* * * *

Mr. Bill Kilbourn will please call 7-1086 and ask for me in regard to his Spanish assignments hereafter. Ethel Nelson, Z. T. A.

* * * *

Learn how to make a complete logical analysis of the critical status of your men in three simple lessons. Ask me; I know. Address Jean Morris at the Sigmakappa residence hall.

* * * *

P. E. majors, harken! If you want to become popular with the men in spite of the fact you are doomed in your

very exacting course of studies, simply arrange to meet me any time between the hours of when and how often. Mary Thoma, A. D. Pi.

* * * *

What could be more desirable than perfect physique of the upper lip? Ah, ha! No one has ever thought of that, have they? Well, just get in touch with me some of these days and I'll show you what a difference it makes in the end. Phil McDowell, at the Siggi house.

* * * *

How to develop the habit of keeping your well-groomed mustache out of the foam of the beer is something every Illini Indian wants to know. Well, call Butch Otis at the Alfasi house for more particulars.

* * * *

I will guarantee my lessons with a money-back surety! There's a proposition that none will fail to note. In case you do fail to notice this grand opportunity to learn, ohm-god, I forgot what! Well, let it go; I just want someone

(Continued on Page 16)

—S—



"Thanks to Prof. Stanford I have become a man, all because of strength I gained in P. E. 13."

How

to Become a Man

"For ten years I worked in an office. I was a weak, sickly, puny, chap, lacking even a veneer of muscle. I had possession of most of my vital organs but they were in bad shape. None of the girls had any respect for me.

"One day the janitor called my attention to your **COPPER-PLATED MUSCLE BUILDER.**"

Inside of Two Weeks

my chest was full of pure air—in fact I was bubbling over with vim and vitality. My shoulders became massive and square. My formerly lusterless eyes flashed with the wild craving for exercise of a regular he man. The girls who had formerly despised me, now chased me. In fact, I'm being hunted for bigamy.

This Is No Idle Tale

"Any man can do what I did with the aid of your **COPPER-PLATED MUSCLE BUILDER.**"

Signed,

JACK ADAMS,

Editor of the Weekly Illini.

For further particulars write to

MUSCLINI

Rome, Italy, Box 439



YOU MAY "get by" But

What Will Your Husband Think?

when he and your four children find you out?

DON'T—

you realize that 1000's of people are suffering from Bright's disease, diabetes, gout, rheumatism, nervous disorders, and anemia due to innocent but protracted mistakes?

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My book on SECRETS OF
PSYCHOLOGY is yours for a 2c stamp

SNIGLEWOTZ & CO.
CALCULUS, INDIANA, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 15)

to call me some time. Linda Fitzgerald at the Pifi house.

* * * * *

Jack Adams, you scrounge! You louse! You worse than low creature of human perplexities! I want you to know my last name is in no way connected with your great-uncle's sweetheart's father, the right and left magician THURSTON. (Signed) Fran, Alfafee.

* * * * *

Learn how to become a Cora Campus overnight. For full (OH-oh) particulars call Polly Bauer at the B. P. A. house.

* * * * *

I will challenge Joe Ferry today, tomorrow or any other time to a boxing match. Why? Simply because I took heed of a friend's tip about a month ago. I learned things I knew never existed in the boxing world, and now I am teaching them to the world absolutely free of charge because you ought to sing something simple. Bob Nelson, Phisignakappa. Call me any time. I'm never "out."

* * * * *

I want to know if there is a good, reliable pawnshop (outside of the Lambdakialfa house) in the Twin Cities. All information must be directed to me. Gladys Smetana, the Princess, Alfagam.

* * * * *

Learn the latest dance steps in my own private studio located on the second floor of what. I teach 'em and when I teach 'em, they stay taught! Call for references and see if I give 'em to you. Betty Walker, A. O. Pi boarding club.

* * * * *

There is really something new in this world and it is up to me to show mankind what it is. (No, Nora, it is not a boy.) I have worked so hard during the past four years here at this man's institution that I have become crestfallen and weary, and yet I have found something new. I think I am marvelous, and to show the world I mean it I want Margaret Hendry over there at the Pi Lambda Sigma house to call me up at once so that I may impart to her the joyous news of how to graduate by '39 (February, at that!) Call the Chi Phi house and just ask for Harry Wallace.

—S—

Down the lonely road one co-ed was walking, her shadow making weird figures on the path. Moonlight revealed an exalted expression on her lovely innocent face. She tripped—yes, tripped—along, sometimes stumbling, as though she were groping blindly onward to some hidden goal, aware of, and yet unresponsive to the gloom and loneliness of her surroundings. Where was she going. Why was she doing this? Why, stupid, she was only walking a mile for a Camel!

—Oklahoma Aggravator.



Shh!



Don't let this happen to You!

I was once an innocent farm girl. Now, I am the head of an institution.

My father gave me a Bible and a great deal of advice that day when I left the old homestead for the big city; but the advice was not of the right kind.

For a long time I was unable to secure steady employment. Finally, one day while sleeping in a police station, I found a copy of Physical Culture. THIS WAS THE TURNING POINT.

I answered an ad and inside of two days I was the head matron of the Kappa Alpha Theta Orphan asylum. I am now happily engaged in providing bigger and better orphans.

After a long and successful career in this field I have written a fearless unexpurgated account of my confinement.

Six volumes in a plain wrapper are yours for \$3.98.

Three volumes, rebounding rebound in red leather, and bound to please, \$6.48.

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THE RIVERSIDE PRESS,
Dept. 5721
Garden City, Kansas

Please send me a copy of your fearless expose of real sorority life, written after your own experiences.

I will pay the postman \$.....
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State



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collect it and send it with 6c postage to our Tolono factories. By return mail you will receive a new style, non-slip, anti-skid feather duster.



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Ashtabula, Arkansas

p. s. when worn out as a duster, it makes an excellent bird nest.



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You take a chance—
We take a chance—

and who the hell doesn't?
For further particulars

CALL

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Armory Avenue
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Classified Advertisements

(Also see page 28)

WANTED—A Young Energetic Man who wants Plenty of Dough. \$25 profit a day. No particulars required. All you must do is go around and sell all the farmers Beta Theta Pi pins. You will be amazed how many farmers really want Beta pins. Write to I. M. Crazy for your supply of free samples, 202 E. Daniel, Champaign, Illinois.

BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN—Found a chapter of Alpha Chi Rho. You will be the most seclusive man in town. Catalogue free as well as a set of highly polished new frat pins. Write Harry Chinn for the low down.

AGENTS—New Shirt Proposition. No Capital or experience needed. Call at the Theta house at mid-nite for your first shirt. The oftener you call, the better you will know the gals. Any of them will be glad to give you the shirts off their backs, after while. Samples free. I. Hadden, at the Theta house.

FREE BOOK—Sell Fire Insurance. Sigma Kappa's are ready customers. They are ready to have another fire. Now is the time to make big money. Write Wet Blanket Fire Insurance Co., care Prehn's, Champaign, Ill.

BE INDEPENDENT — Sell Foot Ease. Wonderful opportunities on Illini campus. Large undeveloped field. Men dating Chi Omega's will be ready customers to this new wonder that relieves burning and bruised feet and crushed toes. Ima Crock, 811 Float Street, Boneyard, Illinois.

ARE YOU MAKING PLENTY OF MONEY?—Now is your chance. Utilize this wonderful opportunity offered you. Save cigarette butts for Hanley's. Good pay. Work that is like fun. Get your friends to save them and your freshman to collect them from the streets. Fortune awaits you. See Bob Lester at Hanley's.



Three big politicians waiting for the polls to open.

A Slight Misunderstanding

You look rather broken up, what is wrong?"

"I wrote home for money for a new study lamp."

"Well, what of it?"

"They sent me a study lamp."

S

Butterscotch. . . . oleomargarine.

S

Mac West: "There's gold in them thar hells."

S

You just can't help seeing red every time you look at the average co-ed's lips.

S

And pretty soon now there will be a nice Christmas Savings club for the poor little girl to join who didn't make Kappa Kappa Pajama.

S

When a woman says no she means . . . perhaps . . . not just now . . . someday . . . maybe . . . wait a while . . . its a bother . . . possibly . . . eventually . . . NO.

S

"Now, son, is it clear why I punished you?"

"Yeah, 'cause you are a heavyweight and I am only a flyweight."

S

"Say Pop, what is this law of gravity?"

"Don't ask me, kid, there are too many fool laws to keep track of these days."

S

Ex Illini Law Stude: "I call upon heaven and earth to witness the innocence of the defendant!"

Judge (more than slightly deaf): "Eh, do you want to call these witnesses in?"

S

"This medicine is very bitter, so you should take some water afterwards to remove the taste."

"And what shall I take to remove the water taste?"

S

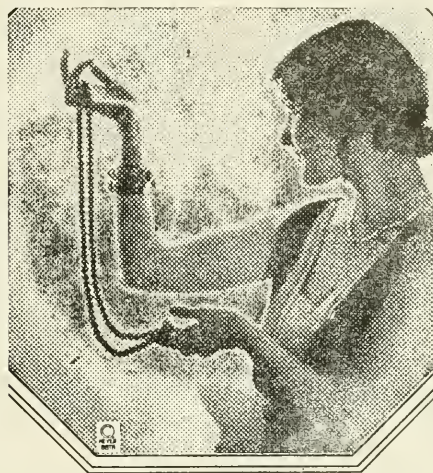
The whales can't smell, says a prominent naturalist. He has probably never been near a dead one.

S

"Darling, all my sorrows will I share with you—"

"But honey, I have no sorrows."

"I mean after we get married."



YOU too — can have pearls

Ever since reading "Popular Aviation" as a little child I have wanted a rope of real marble sized pearls such as all the society buds wear. At first I ran errands for the blacksmith and washed elephants at the circus, but after saving \$1.56 I spent it all on fly paper. It was very disheartening. Innumerable attempts followed with equally poor or worse results.

Then My Salvation Came!

While thumbing through a stack of "Prairie Farmer" in the attic, I became aware of the screaming need of a good reliable mange cure. After an intensive research I discovered a superb compound which also added inches. It sold like pancakes. Soon I was able to wear ten ropes of pearls.

Now I offer the same luxury to you! Distribute my compound in your neighborhood. For every case of cure you sell I will give you a four foot strand of magnificent rocks. Send in today for samples.

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But We Do Sell Some of the Smartest

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We Deliver

Evening Edition

Pi: "I call my girl newspaper."

Eyed: "How come?"

Pi: "She's such a bold-faced type!"

—Penn State Froth.

—S—

Red Agitator: Down with capitalism!

Joe College: And punctuation too!—Colgate Banter.

—S—

Dear Ed: Is it true that every kiss shortens life two minutes?

Ed: Yes it's true, and when should you have died?

—Colgate Banter.

—S—

Ali Baba: Open Ses'me.

Voice from within: Sez you!—Amherst Lord Jeff.

—S—

Then there was the absent minded sophomore who day dreamed he was an elephant and woke up to find himself throwing his trunk out the window. —Battalion.

—S—

"My heart goes out to thee," hummed the gambler, as he passed the Ace of Hearts under the table to his pal.

—Alabama Rammer Jammer.

Have You Heard This?

The small girl from the city was making her first visit to the country, and on her first night there she went to the barn to see the hired man milk the cows. She was much impressed, but said nothing. The next morning the hired man came running with the news that one of the cows had been stolen.

"Don't worry," piped up the kid, "they won't get far, because we drained her crank-case last night.

—Ohio Green Goat.

-----S-----

A glance in the Bible discloses that times haven't changed much. We complain about crowded houses at Homecoming, yet long, long ago it is noted that Abraham slept with his forefathers.—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

-----S-----

Co-ed: How long could I live without brains?
Prof.: Time will tell. —U. of Iowa Frivol.

-----S-----

The road to Hell may be crooked but it has some damn fine parking places. —Rensselaer Pup.

-----S-----

She: "You raised your hat to that girl who passed. You don't know her, do you?"

He: "No, but my brother does and this is his hat."
—Tennessee Mugwump.

-----S-----

"So your name is Tom Riley. Any relation to Jim Riley?"

"Very distantly; I was the first child and he was the eighteenth."
—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

-----S-----

Professor: What's a parasite?
Student: Me?
Professor: Yes, now name another.
—Cornell Widow.

-----S-----

Night!! Warm and calm, but dark and forbidding for it is past midnight—long past. The lights of a car flash in the distance and are gone. Again they are seen and they seem to be approaching. Now they are gone into the darkness; no, there they are again, swiftly drawing nearer and nearer. Suddenly the pitching of the light ceases—the car has stopped. The lights go off. The night again is calm and serene, but only for a moment. A shot!! The sound of running feet! The lights flash on and the car dashes madly back whence it came. Chicago!!!

—Rensselaer Pup.



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CHARLES FARREL

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JACK OAKIE

The rollicking racketeer of roars takes the world
for a joy ride! In

"The Gang Buster"

with

JEAN ARTHUR

WILLIAM BOYD

"Guess I'll hit the hay," said the farmer, as he slipped
off to the barn. —*U. of Texas Longhorn.*

S

"Do you use tooth paste?"

"What for, none of my teeth are loose."

—*Wesleyan Wasp.*

S

If you haven't enough money for a haircut, be non-
chalant; wear a "Vote Communist" button.

—*N. Y. University Medley.*

S

"What were your grades, Jack?"

"A, B, C, D, and F."

"A-ha! A Jack of all grades!"

—*Washington U. Dirge.*

S

Phi Tau Dave: Let's turn out the lights, Dearie, and
pretend that we're in heaven!

Alpha Gam Nancy: But, Honey, I'm no angel!

P. T. D.: I know; that's why I turned out the lights!

—*Ohio Green Goat.*

S

St. Peter: "And here is your golden harp."

Newly arrived American: "How much is the first pay-
ment?" —*Alabama Rammer Jammer.*

The first ambition college inspires in any freshman student is to jazz the Alma Mater hymn.

—*Oklahoma Aggievator.*

S

Professor: "What did Milton write?"

Frosh: "Milton wrote 'Paradise Lost,' then his wife died, so he wrote 'Paradise Regained.'" —*Russelaar Pup.*

S

"Do you drink?"

"Invitation or investigation?"

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

S

"They tell me there was a riot at the party last night. How come?"

"Oh, some Beta accidentally stepped under the mistletoe." —*Ohio Sun Dial.*

S

Things Every Debutante Should Know

That a civil engineer is not always as civil as his name implies.

That a mechanical engineer is sometimes too mechanical in his proceedings.

That an electrical engineer sometimes crosses circuits to the extent of blowing a fuse.

That a commercial engineer (if that name can be applied) is nothing but the old time traveling salesman remodeled.

But that the general scientist is a general utility man who will do anything he might be requested to do.

—*Georgia Yellow Jacket.*

S

Anybody: It says in the paper that a famous engineer died and bequeathed a dam to his son.

Anybody Else: It's good to know of somebody giving a dam after hearing of everybody who don't.

—*Cornell Widow.*

S

Why is a college student like a thermometer?

Because he's filled with alcohol and graduated with degrees.

—*U. of Texas Longhorn.*

S

Mrs. (speaking of mother who has come for that visit—She's here.

Mr. (thinking of the cow he just bought)—All right, put her in the barn and throw her some hay.—*Battalion.*

S

A student was recently confronted in a dark alley by a yeggman.

"Hand over your money, or I'll blow your brains out," snarled the stickup artist.

"Blow away," was the calm reply. "You can go to college without brains but you must have money."

—*U. of Texas Longhorn.*

S

In Sweden it's different . . . over there Necken is an old God instead of being just social obligation.

—*Wesleyan Wasp.*

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COMICS -
CUTES -
CUT OUTS -
RELATIVE -
FRIENDLY
and
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Greatest variety of clever designs

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and get that permanent wave. We can give you a soft natural looking wave that will last through the social season.



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Charming
Lady Is
Completely
Upset—

... because her big moment didn't take her to Bill's. Please, sir, prevent a repetition of this lady's embarrassment. Always take her to—

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BARBARA STANWYCK

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"The Doorway to Hell"

With
LEWIS AYRES

SOON

Winnie Lighter in "Sit Tight"
"The Royal Family of Broadway"
"The Blue Angel"
"Viennese Nights," "Fighting Caravans"

Revision of the Orthodox

As Listerine would have it:—

"*Until death do us part or that obnoxious odor of which our best friends will not advise us."

As Hubert Work would have it:—

"*Until death do us part or until you trump my ace."

As Henry Mencken would have it:—

"*Until death do us part or the novelty of the damn thing wears off."

As Miss Helen Kane's betrothed would have it:—

"*Until death do us part or your Poop-oop-a-doop."

—*Cornell Widow.*

—S—

"Mamma, Jimmy never will have any more fun in life."

"Now what makes you say that?"

"Aw, he got run over with a truck."—*Ohio Sun Dial.*

—S—

Way back in '14, Uric, the Red, looked out of the window, and decided that life was rotten. He went around the corner and got a shot of whisky and soda. Then he went home and cut his throat wide open with a razor. Red blood gushed from the wound. He died.

Yesterday, I looked out of the same window and saw the same sky that Uric did. I decided that life was rotten. I went around the corner and bought a coke. Then I went home and cut my throat wide open with a safety razor blade. Water gushed from the wound. I wrote home for some money.

—*Oklahoma Aggrievator.*

—S—

He: Dearest I love you and want you for my wife.

She: Goodness! What would she do with me?

—*Cornell Widow.*

—S—

What They Want

Rudy Valec—Fifty thousand more women to sigh over him.

Theodore Dreiser—Fifty thousand more women to cry over him.

Floyd Gibbons—Fifty thousand more words per minute.

Philadelphia Athletics—Fifty thousand more times to win it.

Notre Dame—Fifty thousand more miles to travel.

Edgar Wallace—Fifty thousand more plots to unravel.

Flo Zeigfeld—Fifty thousand more beauties to glorify.

S. S. Van Dine—Fifty thousand more readers to horrify.

Texas Guinan—Fifty thousand more out-of-town buyers.

Diogenes—ONE honest man in fifty thousand liars.

—*Ohio Sun Dial.*

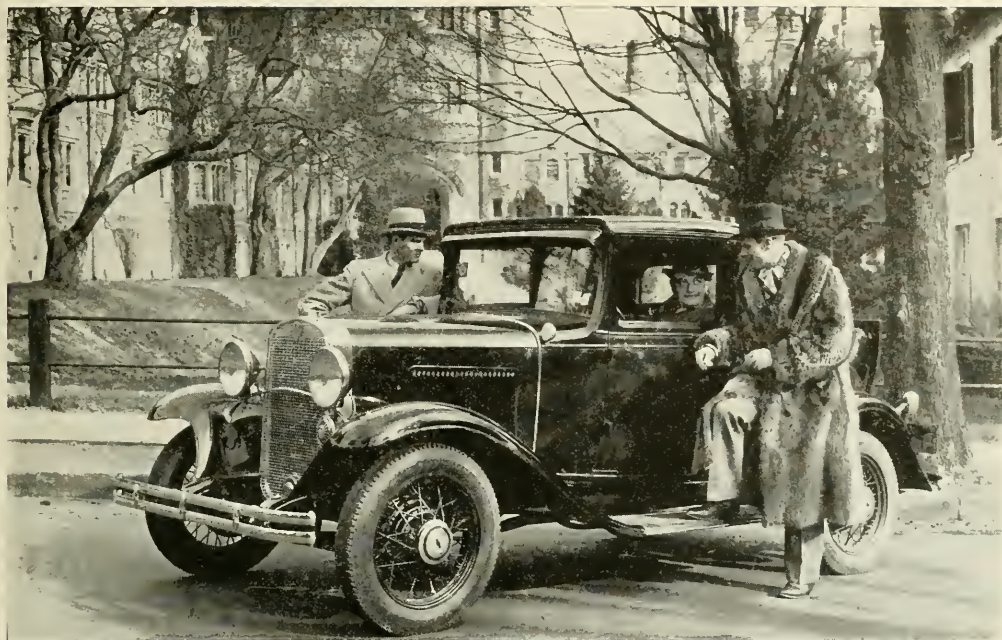
—S—

Fraternity house rules.

No liquor allowed in rooms.

Do not throw bottles out of windows.

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*



The new Chevrolet Sport Coupe photographed on the Princeton campus with Blair Hall in the background

Built to *modern* standards of appearance and performance



Here is the finest performing car that Chevrolet has ever built—quick on the trigger, loaded with speed and power, easy to handle, downright dependable and designed to cover more miles at less expense than any car you can buy! And it is as smart an inexpensive automobile as you have ever seen—long, low, racy lines; graceful body contours; and the very latest type of fittings and appointments. Furthermore, the new Chevrolet is a thoroughly *modern* automobile. It delivers the

smooth, swift performance of a big 50-horsepower six-cylinder motor. Its Fisher bodies have the smartness, style and comfort of fine, modern coachcraft. In no single feature that contributes to the satisfaction and pleasure of owning an automobile, is there any compromise with quality. A fast, smooth, fine-looking Six . . . up-to-the-minute in every way—as a *modern* car should be! You'll be doing yourself and your pocketbook a favor if you see and drive the new Chevrolet before you buy any low-priced automobile.

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*Bring them to us to have
them rebuilt*

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To Be Sure It's
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Our Two Minute Drama

Time—Any time you are ready.

Place—A spiritualist's office.

Characters—Spiritualist. Man (we hope so).

Curtain Rises

Man—"I want to see you about my brother."

Spiritualist—"Yes."

M—"He just died about eight hours ago and I want to know if he's on his way to heaven."

S—"I can let you know for \$20."

M—"O.K. Here's the twenty."

(She goes into a trance).

S—"Ah! I can see your brother traveling speedily along the road to heaven. He is only one hundred, . . . eighty, . . . seventy miles from heaven. \$20 more please."

M—"Well, here you are."

S—"Oh, he is only fifty, forty, thirty-five, twenty-five miles from heaven, yes only fifteen miles from heaven. Twenty dollars more please."

M—"Here, how far is he now?"

S—"Only ten miles, seven, four, two, a half, three hundred, one hundred fifty, Oh, only three feet away. Forty dollars more."

M—"How far did you say he was from heaven?"

S—"Only three feet!"

M—"Well if he can't jump three feet he can go plumb to hell!"

—*Rensselaer Pup.*

—S—

"Won't you give me one more chance?" pleaded the youth.

"No," she answered firmly. "It's no use. Every time you promise faithfully to do better, and every time you fail. It's your besetting sin. This is the end."

"But this time I will do better. I'll never fail you again."

"That's your same old story. No. Once and for all, I'll never go around with a fellow who gets so drunk that he can't carry me home."

—*Cornell Widow.*

—S—

A sharp pain in his abdominal regions was sufficient cause to send Pat to a doctor who promptly diagnosed the case as appendicitis. The word meant little to the good son of Erin, so the physician agreed to put the appendix on the window sill. The local organ-grinder's monkey was on the sill when Pat came out of the ether. Said he: "Stop grinning, me boy, your mother's a very sick man!"

—*Rensselaer Pup.*

—S—

Have you heard of the (shall we say wise) college student, who ordered fried rabbit for dinner and then told the waiter there was a hare in his gravy.

—*Oklahoma Aggrevator.*

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Season's Hits

Bootlegger's lament—"The Moon Is Low."

—*South Dakota Wet Hen.*

—S—

Tailor (to college Frosh buying a new suit): "And do you want the shoulders padded, sir?"

Frosh: "Naw! Pad the pants! That's where I need it most!"

—*Nevada Desert Wolf.*

—S—

The traditional Italian, Irishman, and Arabian were playing at poker. The son of Erin held three queens; the son of Italy held three kings; and the son of Moses held three aces. After several rounds of heavy betting the play came to a showdown.

"And what have you got?" asked the Irishman turning to the Italian. When the latter displayed three kings, Pat floored him with a chair and turned to the Eskimo and said, "what have YOU got?"

The tailor looked at the bleeding form on the floor, he looked at his own hand, and he said in a woe-begone voice, "oy, soch a haddache."

—*Wesleyan Wasp.*

—S—

She was the kind of woman who could be relied upon to say the wrong thing wherever she was. At a recent dinner she turned to her neighbor and said, "Doctor can you tell me who that terrible looking man is over there?"

"I can," replied the medical man. "That's my brother."

There was an awkward pause while the woman racked her brain for something to say. The Doctor was enjoying her discomfiture. "Oh I beg your pardon," she stammered, blushing. "How silly of me not to have seen the resemblance."

—*Lehigh Burr.*

—S—

He: "How come you always carry that satchel with you?"

Ha: "I'm in the secret service now. I'm a bootlegger!"

—*Penn. State Froth.*

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Not the Cough in the Car Load

It ain't the cough that'll carry you off—it's the coffin they carry you off in.

—*Washington University Dirge.*

—S—

Teacher: "Johnny, use the word 'Soviet' in a sentence."

Johnny: "Father didn't come home on time, so ve et without him."

—*N. Y. University Medley.*

Worl: "I was married on Christmas day!"

Tworl: "Oh, Yule tied, eh?"

—*Ohio Sun Dial.*

—S—

The sad case of the parting of a pair of socks. One incurred the disfavor of the other by adopting a "Holier than thou attitude."

—*Cornell Widow.*

Error

I thought that you were like a tree—
So tall and strong—to helter me;
But now I know you're like a tree—
So wooden!

—*Washington Columns.*

—S—

"Want a drink?"

"No, thanks. I just paid two dollars for my dinner."

—*Ohio Green Goat.*

—S—

Alex (over phone): And please mail my ring back to me."

Alice: "You'd better come and get it; glass breaks so easily in the mail!"

—*Tennessee Mumwump.*

—S—

Many of our young engineers are spending a lot of time tinkering with the Misses in their motors.

—*Rensselaer Pup.*

—S—

The French Negro national anthem: "Marseillaise in de col' col' ground." —*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

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(continued from Page 7)

to mention general devilitation and susceptibility to pyrorhea, Theta's, athlete's foot, and Rudy Vallee."

I slipped him a couple of boxes of pills. Take two after every meal, I told him. Don't eat any meat or vegetables and stay away from fruits. Do all the exercises in Emily Post's "Advanced Exercises for A. T. O's and Other Advice to Young Husbands," particularly the one on tempores and mores.

After telling him he should have an operation done immediately, I informed him that otherwise there was nothing serious enough to keep him from his regular work. Well sir, that snail and the big boob went out of the door in a daze. As I said, there ain't nothing a doctor can't do and I'm one of the masterminds of my profession.

Why I've transformed women with truck chasses and dirty necks into bodies by Fisher. The bodies by Fisher were most always hearses, but then the principal is the same. Results, that's me.

As I was saying, after some days had passed, I was sitting with my feet on the desk dictating to my steno and speculating on some new problems of anatomy (it has always been my favorite subject) when in come the shrimp. He looks too spirited so I parts my hair and gets other-wise ready to leave suddenly.

"Boy," say the Kid and his man ager in one breath—maybe it was two but I was holding mine and couldn't tell exactly,—"that treatment of yours is a wow."

"Wow," thinks I, wondering which ear would be best to land on. You see customers don't generally come back.

"Did you take it all and stick to directions?" I queries.

"Who, me?" says the Kid. "Naw, I gave it to the guy I was going to fight and he fainted when I made my first pass."

Upon which I grins broadly and finishes dictating my acceptance of a job at the University Health Service station.



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"Hush, Junior, the Sandman's coming."
"Why, mother, I thought you had reformed."
—Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.

S

You Big Bully, You!

And so, on this fine spring day, the horny cow, sometimes called a bull, wandered down the road in quest of his fayre lady. Spring was in his step, and in his blood lurked the desire for a meadow lark.

He stopped abruptly as he saw the object of his gamboling in a nearby meadow. He jumped the fence, and sidled up to the calf, for so it turned out to be. But since our hero's motto was "Get 'em young," he was determined to cow this fayre creature by his line of bull.

"Ah ha!" he started walking towards the calf, "How about a little smacker for a starter, my divine one?"

"Aw, youse stop," said her mother's child, quite awed by the dastard. "My lips are fer anudder."

—Reserve Red Cat.

S

If you had dated a co-ed you thought was real sweet

As I did

And she got rid of the family real early

As I did

And you started to talk about the weather

As I did

And she seemed hard of hearing and kept getting closer

As I did

But you thought there was plenty of air in the room

As I did

But she started to act like she was half suffocated

As I did

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

That's what I did!

—Boston Bean Pot.

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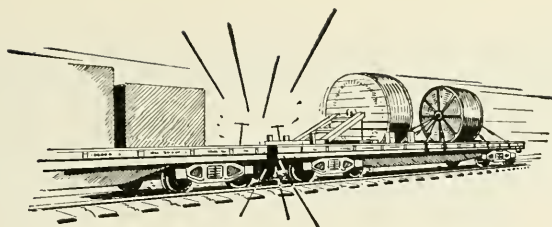
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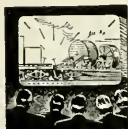
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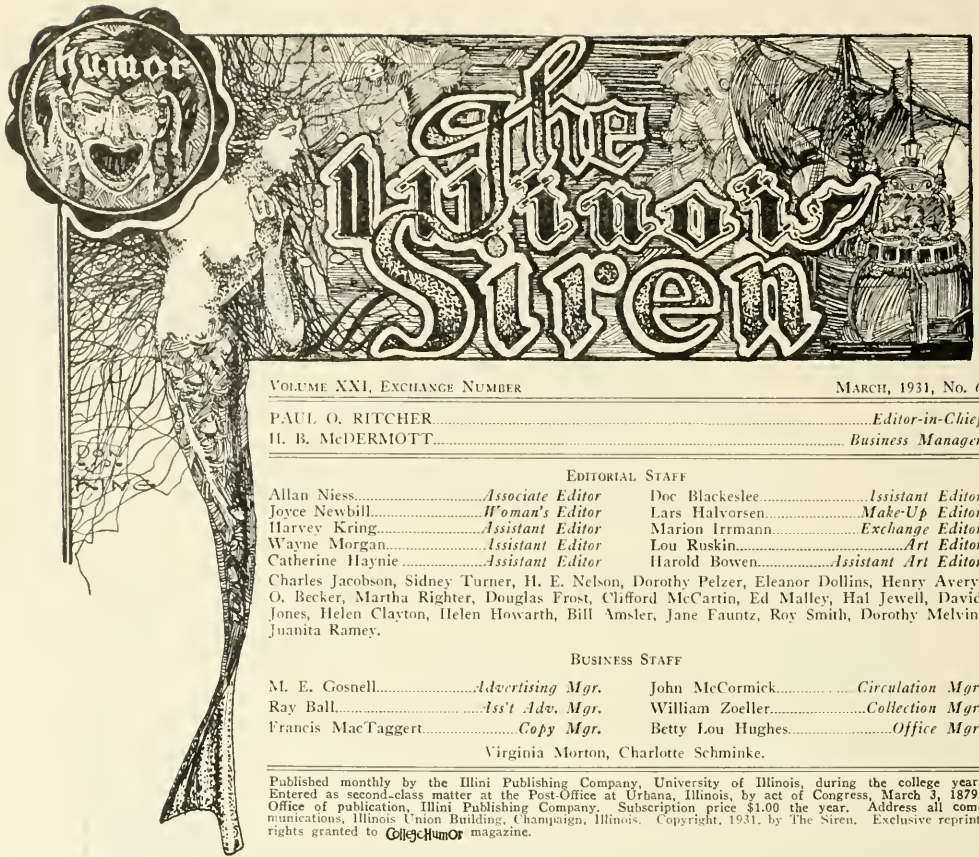
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Humor

The Siren

VOLUME XXI, EXCHANGE NUMBER MARCH, 1931, No. 6

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GIRLS! NOTICE!

Exactly one month, more or less, from this month there will appear a Girl's Number of the Siren. And because in the spring thoughts turn lightly to things of love, all the sirens on the campus are urged to write down their emotions, lines, experiences, and whatnot in shorthand and bring them down to the Siren. And, girls, after securing a particularly good article, item, or joke for the Girl's Number of the Siren please write it out in longhand. There are two systems of shorthand in use and members of the Siren staff know only the third. The fellows, not knowing a great deal about girls, cannot be expected to do more than their best—but it will be welcome. The Girl number will portray the campus ladies at their best—or worst. Girls, it all depends on you and your contribs. Parley-vous? Contrib box in Siren office and next to Scout box in Uni Hall.

EDITORIAL

The days of the Floyd Gibbonses and the Walter Winchells are at hand, Heaven help us, and like the little child that led the wild beasts across the Red Sea (that's wrong, but I never got farther than Genesis page twelve) we are being led in literary circles, at least circles. Like good old Wally Winchell, we have pecked through the keyholes and hid under beds of other college comics, metaphorically speaking of course. And after gleaning the choicest bits (here we diverge from Walter) of art and humor from our fellow wits, are taking this opportunity, before someone knocks, to shout it to the world like Gibbons over W. G. N., perhaps a bit subdued but reverberating just the same.

The world seems to be full of pseudo-critics who, in the nationalistic spirit of the French Revolution, attempt to suppress a free flow of garblings and nonsensical gibber that keep the tendons of our laughing muscles limber. It is to this type of individual that this exchange number is dedicated. For those poor souls into whose lives a laugh has never oozed, those pitiful creatures who are want to dub any enterprise other than their own as "farce or fruitless," we offer up a prayer; and a drink (for ourselves).

For those gay youngsters of all ages who splash in our pool of humor and satire with us, and enjoy the water, whether it be a bit too hot or a bit too salty, we offer up another prayer. And if you are any sort of worshipper at the shrine of horse sense you'll see that our first prayer will never reach Heaven, not by a Hell of a sight!

Let the Siren be a Pied Piper and lead you in a roving over our fair land to see the milk and honey that flows over the mountains in other schools. If you see a joke that to you seems as old as the Egyptians, remember dear reader that even we humans are prone to dig up old mummies just to see what they look like in new surroundings. If you see a new joke, laugh, and laugh like Hell. An "A" was never given to him who failed to laugh at a professor's joke, so learn now the value of response.

* * * * *

Scientific Treatise on Women

Note: Humor without sex appeal, Scotchman, travelling salesmen, absent-minded professors, or puns would be like a travelling salesman without a night's lodging. A thorough delving into all of these would be interesting, but as your time is limited, we have chosen the subjects about which the least is known so as to further your attempt at a liberal education. The Purple Parrot is responsible for this valuable treatise. Start here.

As a whole, women are divided into two parts, hot and cold, like the faucets on a bathtub.

It is our opinion that the cold women should be subdivided into intelligent and unintelligent. It is in reference to these non-productive women that a by-gone bard sang: "As I gaze over the unexpansive wastes, a feeling of deep sorrow inundates me in rolling swells."

We now attack the women who are productive of many possibilities: the receptive type. These we split into two, willing and unwilling. Upon the unwilling women we frown in displeasure on account of their niggardliness and lack of feeling, and, sighing over their waste, dismiss them—reluctantly.

The willing women next engage our feelings. Once the women are both warm and willing, it becomes a matter of splitting hairs to subdivide them. But that we shall do. We split, therefore, warm, willing women into beautiful and non-beautiful. By beauty we do not mean well-created or retouched features, necessarily, but rather "sex appeal," which is beauty in the sensual rather than the aesthetic sense. Instead of well-created features we prefer well-created legs encased in full-fashioned hose.

But we digress. Our thoughts, in the words of the preacher, lay on higher and better things.

The beautiful women are now divided again into intelligent and unintelligent. This is mere quibbling because the wiser the woman, the less intelligent she seems. However, it is our personal desires that make us lay down this classification. This, then, is our ultimate objective.

Left now with the warm, willing, beautiful, and intelligent woman, there we stay.

FABLE

"My dear," said the professor with a nervous little laugh, "I've forgotten something."

His wife looked up from across the breakfast table. "Really, H. H. (I guess he was only an instructor, at that). What was it?"

He leaned over and tweaked her nose. "Rascal," he said, "but seriously, you really must help me. I've a feeling it was important and if I don't find it stories will go around again about my absent-mindedness, you know."

"Brush your teeth?"

"Yes."

"Have you still your cold manner and aloofness that keeps your students from completely understanding you?"

"Certainly."

"And your mania for research which dulls your personality and power to inspire their intellects?"

"Of course."

"What about your 'bookishness,' your inability to grasp the practical problems of life?"

"Safe and sound."

"What about—"

The ritualistic questioning continued for hours without success. The



"Say, from here on I'm going to drive!"

—Harvard Lampoon.



Dearie, Dearie me, Bertie, I am afraid I didn't save any room for this.
—Pittsburgh Pitt Panther.

furrow was still in the professorial brow at dinner. Dessert came and his fog-bound mind groped yet hopelessly.

"Eat your fruit, H. H., it's good for your digestion."

"Digestion—digestion!,"—and the austere old fellow screamed with glee. He rolled on the floor and laughed and laughed, and laughed.

"Lizabeth!" he shrieked. "Lizabeth, listen: I gave these cascara pills to the dear boys, and took their exams myself," and weakly he held his sides.

—Purple Parrot.

—S—

Artist's model: "And I says to my husband, 'Ten dollars! Do you want me to go around NAKED?'"

—Michigan Gargoyle.

An Old Wrinkle

By Charlotte Brown

Although a sophomore in college, I am a gentleman by nature. But even the slimmest segment of mangled manhood would have done what I did last New Year's Eve.

Somehow I had become separated from my party. I remember a blare of horns—a storm of confetti—a rush of human bodies—the sensation of being plucked from the earth and thrown upward and outward—and resting at last under a lamp post in an area of sidewalk spiked with broken glass.

The region in which I was so painfully situated must have been a quiet business section of the city, for although

no mob of merrymakers swirled through the street, there were rows of half-lighted stores and office buildings on all sides of me.

I felt warped and woozy, also injured, due to maintaining a sitting posture so long on the broken glass. As I creakily pulled myself up from the sidewalk by means of the lamp post, I saw—

A girl in the gutter! Fuming with fury at the fiends in fleshy form who would allow their holiday hilarity to overcome them to the extent of casting harmless women and sophomores into gutters and on sidewalks, I pulled the girl out of the street. She was quite gorgeous, but wore no sorority pin or purse, so I didn't know who or what she was. I couldn't think of a suitable place to deposit her without ruining her reputation (being a gentleman, I assumed that it was a good one), so I decided to take her with me back to the frat house.

Bravely bearing the helpless woman in my arms, I staggeringly stalked a taxi. Next morning we reached the house. No one was in except the grind-pledge and the house mother, who was tactfully asleep. Nobly refraining from even stealing a kiss from the girl's most delectable lips, I carried her into the room of the house mother, carefully laid her down by the prostrate bulk of that estimable lady, and tenderly covered her up with one of my own blankets.

I was disappointed the next morning when my girl did not appear at breakfast with the house mother. Of course she'd want to know what had happened to her, and who had saved her, where he was, and how could she ever thank him?

"Fun is fun," our house mother was saying. Ah, now she was going to mention the girl; all such communications to us she prefaced in such a manner. "But whoever brought the shop window dummy into my room last night will have to take it back to its owner tomorrow."—S. C. Wampus.

—S—

And as the fighters danced around the ring, we knew that a new tango would soon take the world by storm.

—Penn. "Punch Bowl."



"Just after the bottle, Mother."

—Penn. State Froth.



"My Gawd, fellers! It's all a mistake! We've dug up an old Fraternity brother."

—Pittsburgh Pitt Panther.

HELL!

She lay there before me, young, virginal, inviting. Her beautiful body was revealed to my eager eyes in all its undefiled purity, quivering and tender, supple and yielding. My repressions of the last few days of expectancy surged up and overpowered me—I could resist her charms no longer. Frenziedly I grasped her, unresisting my advances, and pressed my hungry lips against her soft, white flesh. Delirium, madness of ecstasy, obliion. . . .

An hour later, exhausted and satiated, I gazed feebly on the bare skeleton in front of me. God, that was a fine roast chicken!

—Amherst Lord Jeff.

—S—

Autobiography of an old maid: "I never played indoor sports."

—Penn. Bunch Bowl.

REMINISCENCES

Many years after graduating from his alma mater a professor managed to obtain a faculty position there. Both as a new member of the faculty and as an alumnus he visited his old room in the fraternity house.

"Same old double-decker," he muttered, "same old bathroom, same old pictures, same old carpets."

Then he opened the door of another room and found there a young student and a beautiful co-ed.

"Er—meet my sister, professor," said the student.

"Same old lies," muttered the professor again, backing out of the room.

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

—S—

He (phoning): Do you have a date tonight, Grace?

She (a bit frigidly): Yes, I have.

He: Oh! Congratulations!

—Black and Blue Jay.

—S—

Professor (looking at his watch): As we have a few minutes, I should like to have someone ask a question that is bothering him.

Stude: What time is it, please?

—Carnegie Puppet.

First engineer: What's a tail-spin?

Second engineer: It's the last word in aviation. —Kansas Sour Owl.



Texas Pete's Last Stand.

—Yale Record.

She: "Some day I'm going to speak my mind and then when I do—"

He (disgustedly): "Yeah, and when you do, I'll sure be enjoying the great silence!"

—Ohio State Sun Dial.

—S—

Then there was the Scotchman who wrote "Just a Little Closer, Dear," and dedicated it to his wife.

—Cornell Widow.

George: "Yes, sir if I ever get married it will be strictly a companionate marriage."

Mary: "What! No kidding?"

—Washington Column.

—S—

"I want to trade this roadster for a coupe."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing, only I quit chewing tobacco."

—Wabash Caveman.

First Castaway: "I wonder what day of the week this is?"

Second: "It must be Thursday; here comes that pest selling Saturday Evening Posts again."

—Amherst—Lord Jeff.

—S—

A professor with a bald pate and a profuse mustache illustrates our definition of misdirected energy.

—Kansas Sour Owl.



"—but I thought you were a hunting and fishing enthusiast?"

—Ohio State Sun Dial.

Father: "Lucille, this disappoints me dreadfully, seeing you smoke. You're no daughter of mine."

Lucille: "Cheer up, dad—I won't tell a soul."

—Wet Hen.

—S—

Prof: Surely you didn't come right out and tell him you loved him.

Daughter: No, Dad, he squeezed it out of me.

"Right now," confessed the flapper gazing into the eyes of her escort across the table, "I'm sitting on the ragged edge of despair."

"My goodness gracious," gasped her startled companion, "I didn't even know you tore 'em. I'll buy you another pair."

—Bison.

He: "Why wait till we get home to tell me whether you'll marry me or not?"

She: "I'm scared; this is the very spot where my father proposed to mother."

He: "What about it?"

She: "Well, on the way home, the horse ran away and father was killed."

—Wabash Caveman.



Is there a DOCTOR in the audience?
—Carnegie Tech. Puppet.

FROM ENGLISH SOURCES

The great strike of 1927 brought all the railroads throughout England to a standstill. In desperation there was a call for volunteers which was answered by many of the young sports and aristocrats of the nation. One young Oxford blood in particular who was blessed with enthusiasm and cursed with ignorance boldly mounted the Flying Scot, England's and the world's fastest train, running between Edinburgh and London. The passengers in all confidence boarded, and the train pulled out of Edinburgh.

Some time later the Flying Scot ground to a screaming stop in the London terminal, four hours and twenty minutes ahead of time. The passengers, station officials, and dignitaries rushed along the platform to offer their congratulations to an engineer who had performed so remarkable a task. They were met by a weird spectacle. A young man, haggard of look, covered with grease and sweat, eyes sunk, the picture of total exhaustion climbed, rather fell, down the steps of the cab.

"Don't thank me," he gasped, "Thank God I just found out how to stop this damned thing."

—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.

DEAR SON:

I just read in the paper that students who don't smoke make much higher grades than those who do. This is something for you to think about.

FATHER.

DEAR FATHER:

I have thought about it. But truthfully I would rather make a B and have the enjoyment of smoking; in fact, I would rather smoke and drink and make a C. Furthermore, I would rather smoke and drink and neck and make a D.

SON.

DEAR SON:

"I'll break your neck if you flunk in anything.

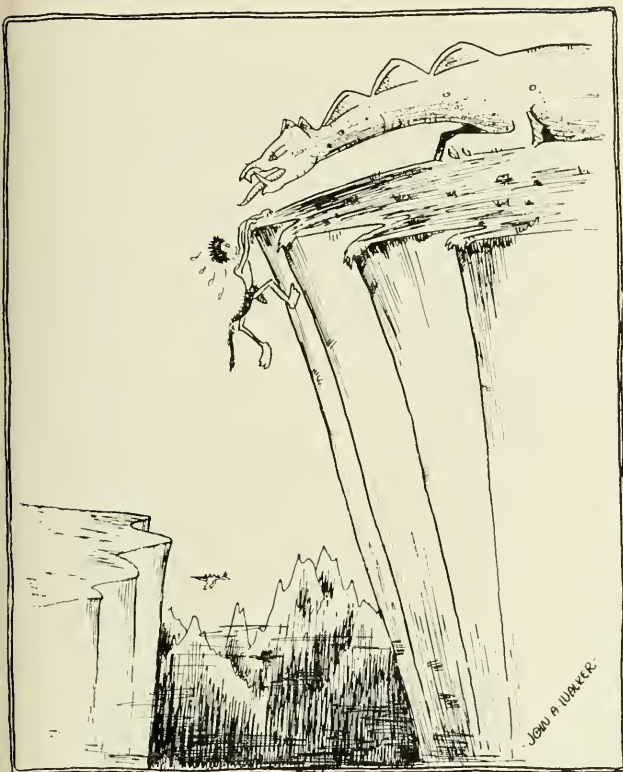
FATHER.

—Kansas Sour Owl.



See, Archie; that's what comes from biting your fingernails.

—Iowa Green Gander.



THE ORIGINAL HANGOVER.

—Texas Longhorn.

Bouncer (to couple): Hey you, you can't dance that way here!

Boy: Why not? This is merely interpretative dancing.

Bouncer: Then I'm interpreting it the wrong way. Out you go.

—Wisconsin Octopus.

—S—

First debater: Now that General Grant is dead, we must think of him in the past tense.

Second debater: Granted!

—Cornell Widow.

—S—

Father (reading stories to five year old son)—and then out of the woods came a fairy prince, and who do you suppose it was?

Son: Rudy Vallee.

—Penn. Punch Bowl.

HORSEY

A story is told of a young man who went walking in the country. He suddenly came upon a nice horse grazing in the field. He was perhaps the prettiest horse he had laid his eyes on. He walked up to the farmer near-by and said:

"Do you want to sell that horse?"

"Sure, I want to sell the horse," the farmer replied.

"Can he run?"

"Can he run? Look," thereupon slapping the part of the horse sometimes used for that purpose, and off trotted the horse full speed, running just as prettily as could be.

The young man thought he had never seen a prettier horse. Suddenly the horse ran full speed into a tree.

"Is he blind?" the young fellow hurriedly blurted.

The farmer thought even quicker.

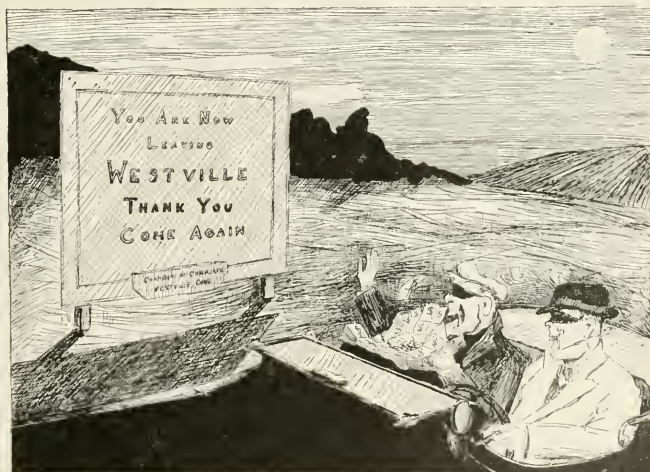
"Hell no," he drawled. "He just doesn't give a damn."

—Michigan Gargoyle.

—S—

Does anybody remember when "neck" was a noun?

—Penn. State Froth.



"Don't mention it."

—Yale Record.



"But, Oscar, THAT isn't poetry!"

—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.

SCOTCHA AGAIN

A Scotchman was returning home late one night when he was accosted by a couple of gangsters who demanded his money. Instead of complying, Sandy struck out wildly and there then ensued a terrific battle. The Scot was overwhelmed, however, by superior weight and numbers, but not before he had left his mark on his assailants. Panting, they sat down beside him and rested. Then they proceeded to search the recumbent form. After an exhaustive search one unearthed a nickel. "Migawed, we're lucky," he breathed. "Lucky! Wot da yuh mean?" hissed the other. The first one glared at him, "Cripes, you're lucky you are alive. Suppose he'd had a dime!"

—Ohio State Sun Dial.

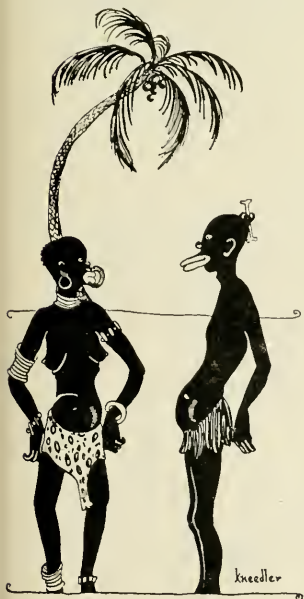
—S—

"My name's Wallet."

"What's in a name?"

—Penn. Punch Bowl.

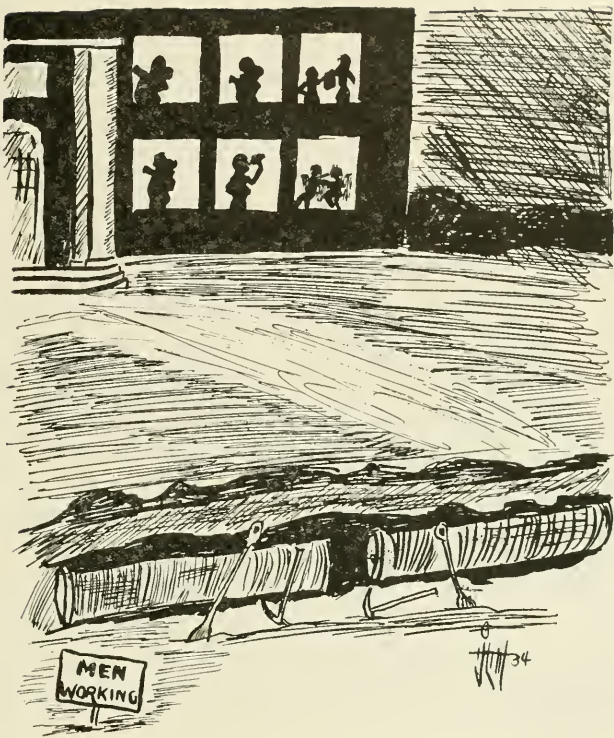
—S—



"You're too damn close mouthed."

"Oh, none of your lip."

—Cornell W'logaz.



—Purple Cow.

The heavy sugar daddy and a new chorus girl were enjoying a little dinner in a private room at a road-house.

As the meal neared its finish he cleared his throat and said: "Eer, er, how about a little demitasse now, dear?"

"I knew it! I knew it!" exploded the girl. "I knew you weren't treating me this nice for nothing."

—Washington U. Dirge.

—S—

First she's in your thoughts a lot.

She has many charms;

Soon she's in your motor car;

Then she's in your arms.

Then she's in your family:

Oh, a lackaday!

Then, of course, for evermore

She is in your way.—Punch Bowl.

First Indoor Sport: Do youse tink cigar smokin' is hard on the eyes?

Second Bum: Damn right! I was nearly blind before I found one worth pickin' up this morning.

—Penn. Punch Bowl.

—S—

Jewish: "What time does the train go to Cleveland?"

Agent: "Six forty-nine."

Jewish again: "Make it six-thirty and I'll take it."

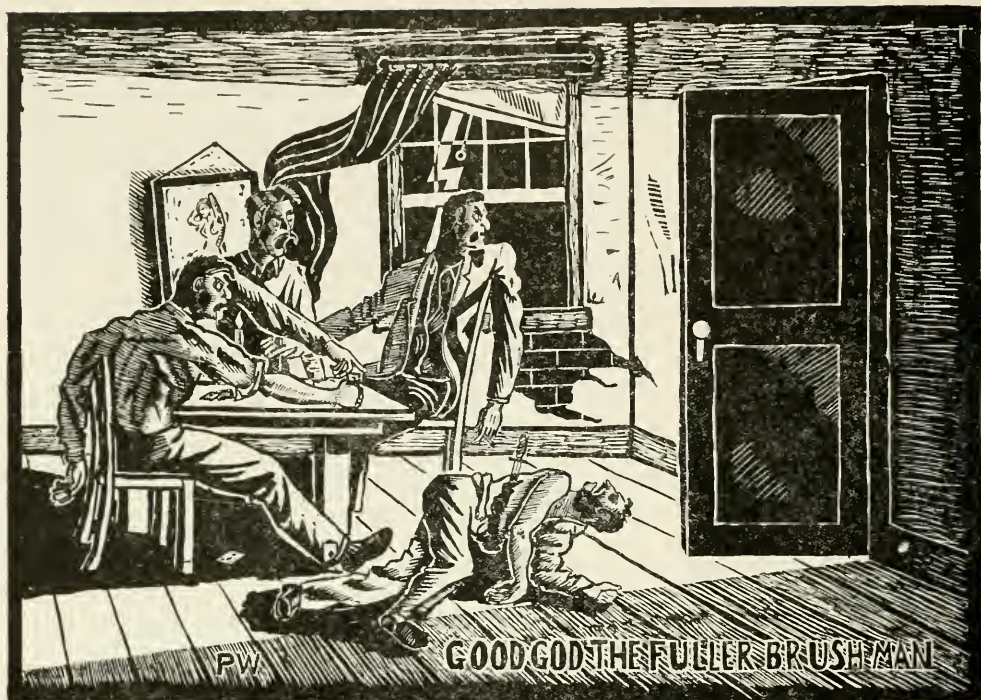
—Ohio State Sun Dial.

—S—

Doctor: "Say aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah."

Galli Curci: "Oh, please, doctor, let's not talk shop."

—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.



"Dammit, the dummy's down," drooled Driscoll. "Lead out your trump, Gabriel, this looks like a dirty knight's work. It was a good blow, but I just what was coming. Hail, Mary, snow use any longer, it's lightning already." "Do you use Ferry Soap," quavered Buxtelude. "No, flit, My God, I'm finessed."

—Harvard Lampoon.

I had just been pledged. Joy reigned in my soul as I went to bed that night in the Sigma Nu house for the first time.

The next morning I awoke—supremely happy. And appropriately enough it was a glorious day. There were long grasses swaying in the breeze. Gentle trees curved gracefully upwards and beamed to me below. Pretty flowers dotted the surroundings here and there. A riot of striking colors greeted my joyous eye. Above me were pairs of love birds fluttering about their quaint nests. A glorious paradise!

"Wonderful," thought I as I lay contentedly in my bed, "never have I seen such wonderful wall-paper."

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.



"No! Collins does not live here, I tell you! This is the pool room."

(Voice over phone): "I repeat, does Collins live there?"

—Ohio State Sun Dial.

"I'm afraid my husband hasn't much sales resistance."

"What's he done now?"

"In the first place he let a man sell him a lot two feet under water, and when I insisted on him getting his money back, the same man sold him a gasoline launch and a copy of 'Gold Days in Venice.'"

—Drexel Drexerd.

—S—

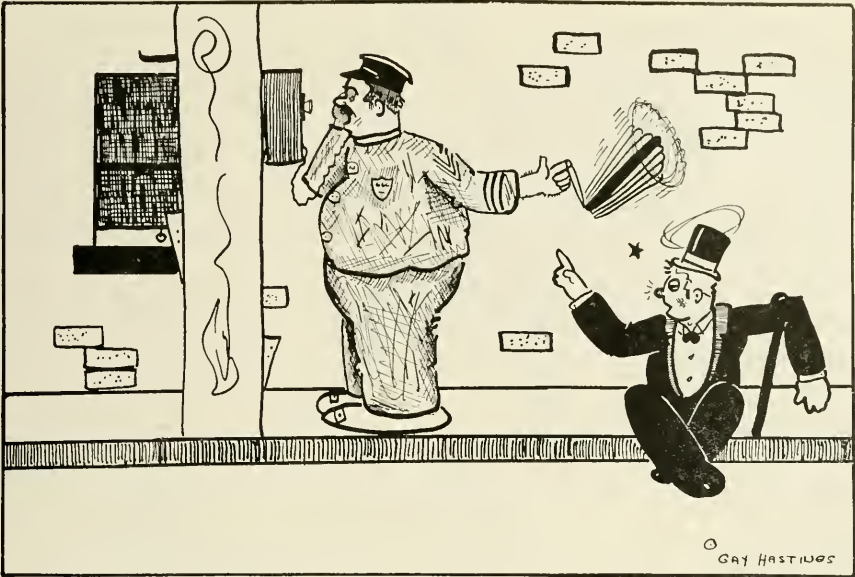
Cannibal: That last girl we cooked was too hot to eat.

Cann. Chief: Another one of those damn co-eds.

—The Pitt Panther.

—S—

"Can you beat that," cried the archaeologist as he gazed at the big dinosaur egg. —Cornell Widow.



Drunk: Hic - make it for two!—*Wesleyan Wasp.*

Soph: What's your name, Plebe?
Frosh: Quizt Jones, sir.
Soph: Where'd you get that name Quizt?
Frosh: When I was born my father came in and saw me. He said to mother, "Mary, let's call it Quizt!"
—*Carnegie Tech. Puppet.*

S



What time is it, dear?
"Pull—ovah time."
—*Carnegie Tech. Puppet.*



"Who'll take 'the life of Amos and Andy' for one dollar?"
—*Boston Beanpot.*



Haven't seen you since the Wall street clean-up.

—William Purple Cove.

ANALOGY

Englishman draws forth a sovereign and announces:

"Behold the face of the king that made my grandfather a lord."

American draws forth a nickel and says: "Pipe the mug of the redskin that made my grandfather an angel."

—N. U. Purple Parrot.

—S—

A fond mother, whose daughter had not come home at the usual time, grew worried at her absence, so she telegraphed five of her daughter's best friends, asking where Mary was. Shortly after her daughter's return, the answers to her telegrams arrived. Each one read, "Don't worry, Mary is staying with me tonight."

—Harvard Lampoon.

—S—

The haughty senior girl sniffed disdainfully as the tiny freshman cut in. "And just why did you have to cut in when I was dancing?" she inquired nastily.

The freshman hung his head with shame. "I'm sorry, ma'am," he said, "but I'm working my way through college and your partner was waving a five dollar bill at me."

—Purple Parrot.

"Oh, yes, the girls up at the Alpha Xi Delta house are very religious. Every time I walk through the door I hear them murmur, 'Ah, men.'"

—Ohio State Sun Dial.



"I don't like him—he's so damned loud!"

—California Pelican.

VILLAIN

Meet Joe the Tattoo Man—he has designs on every co-ed around here.

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

—S—

She: "You say they arrested that dancer for no reason at all?"

He: "No, for no gauze at all."

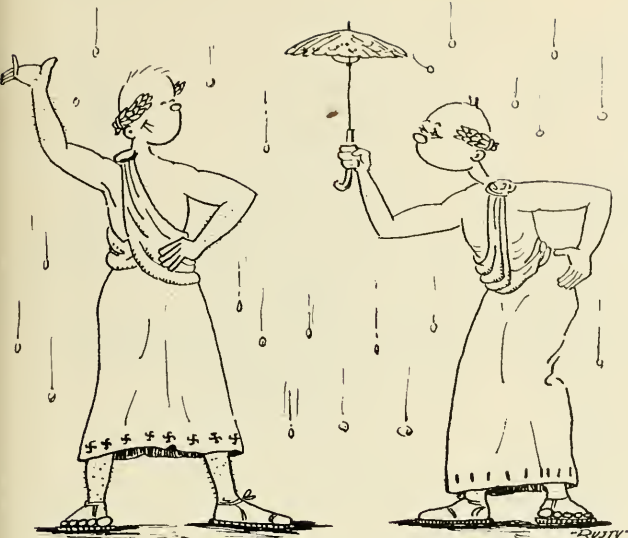
—M. I. T. Too Doo.

—S—

"I've got a yen for you."

"How much is that in American money?"

—Ohio Sun Dial.



Hail, Petronius!
Hail, hell, them's ashes from Vesuvius!
—I. and M. College Battalion.

Flo: "Aren't you going to wear this corsage Ralph sent you?"

Clo: "I'm going to wear nothing else but."

Flo: "Good Heavens! What'll you pin it to?"

—Tennessee Mugwump.
—S—

My friend had returned suddenly from a stay in the country. I asked him why he had returned so unexpectedly. He said that it was the food that finally made him leave.

"The farmer with whom I was staying had an old pig, which he had for many years. One day the old pig died, and as a result we ate pork for days. He also owned an old cow which he had for an equally long time. The cow died, so we had beef for weeks. Then one day his grandmother died. So I left."

—Penn. Punch Bowl.
—S—

He: Something seems to be wrong with this engine it—

She: Don't be foolish; wait till we get off the main road.

—Iowa State Green Gander.

TEE TIME

In Washington they tell the story of a golfing clergyman who had been badly beaten on the links by a parishioner thirty years his senior and had returned to the club-house rather disgruntled.

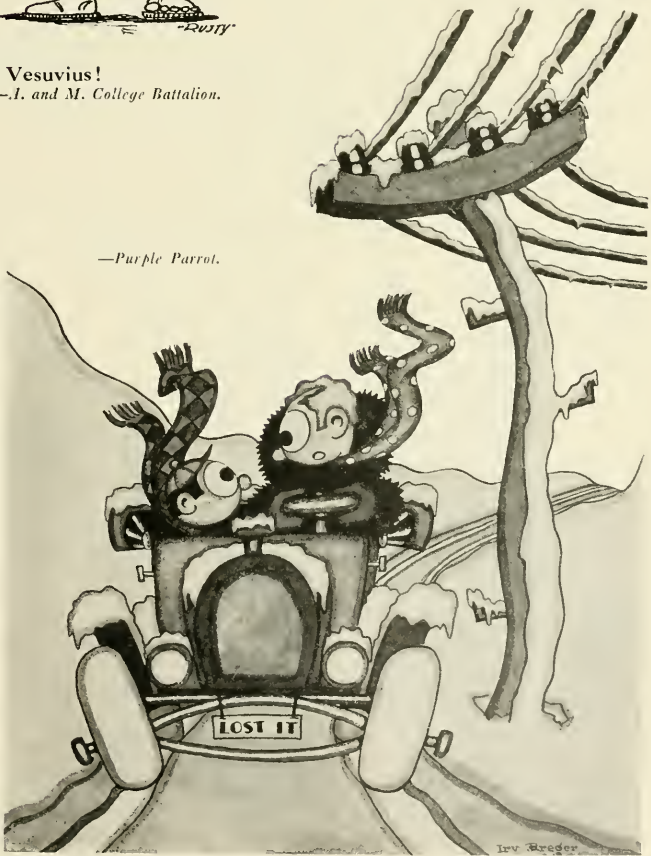
"Cheer up," his opponent said. "Remember, you win at the finish. You'll probably be burying me some day."

"Even then," said the preacher, "it will be your hole."

—Drexel Drexler.
—S—

First chorus girl: "How do you feel, dearie?"

Second bloke: "Oh, I can't kick."
—California Wampus.



—Purple Parrot.

"Do you drink?"—"Investigation or invitation?"

—Boston Beanpot.



If you fellows don't mind I'm going to pick this bone right up in my hands.

—Bucknell Belle Hop.



"I think this is going to be a beautiful friendship."

—Stanford Chaparral.



Fodder: "Political science, my son, are those things that say 'Vote for Al Smith.'"

—Washington U. Dirge



"Here you are, my good man."

—Cornell Widow.

It was in the subway during the rush hour. The little man suddenly thought of pickpockets. Thrusting hand into his pocket he found another hand there ahead of him.

"Get out, you thief."

"Get out yourself," said the other.

"Say," interrupted a third. "If you two guys will get your hands out of my pocket I'll get off here."

—Buffalo Bison.

S

He (modestly): "Am I good? Why, I'm All-American."

She: "Ooo, I simply adore Indians."

—Juggler.

S

"Love fifteen."

"Love thirty."

"Love forty."

Traveler: "Ah, a tennis game I presume?"

Servant: "No. It's not a tennis game, and you better get the hell away from this Harem."

—Bucknell Belle Hop.

S

"Curse it! Curse it!" hissed the villain, snatching at the girl's waist.

"No, it ain't either," she retorted.

"It's a girdle." —Boston Beanpot.

S

"How fast will your car go?"

"Ninety, if it's so inclined."

—The Harvard Lampoon.

DEAR SON:

Marriage is a wonderful institution if you find the right mate. The best advice I can give you is to compare your girl to your mother, with whom I have been so ideally happy for the past 30 years. If she can even approximate your dear mother's homemaking, housekeeping, and always even temper, you are a lucky young man, and I give you my blessing and advise you to grab her at once.

Your loving Father.

P. S. Your mother just left the room. Don't be a damn fool. Stay single. —Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.



"You really must see my Aunt's collection of statues of virgins and other curiosities."

—Williams Purple Cow.

The Missing Ruby

Mrs. Cecil Van Rosenburg clutched at her throat. It was gone. Not her throat but the ruby. The famous Rajah's Ruby. She let out a scream and fell on her left side in a swoon, making it a left feint.

Mr. Van Rosenburg called the police up. He called them down when they reported three hours later. A clean cut young man stepped up and took charge of the situation. "Fitz is my name," he said, "Philo Fitz, just an amateur. I understand there is something wrong."

"Well," said Van Rosenburg, with a cold glint in his voice, as he picked his Elk tooth, "yes."

"Well," answered Fitz tersely, as he fondly fondled his fair fiance's photograph, "well."

With the agility of a rhinoceros, he whirled, again and again.

Van Rosenburg got peeved. "What in the whirled are you doing?" he asked, with a tremor in his eye.

Fitz turned upon him. He sniffed. "I begin to smell a rat," he said tersely.

Van Rosenburg blanched. "I bathed this morning," he said with an effort at sophistication.

Three years later, Fitz was in Africa disguised as a journalism student. He was near the village of Oskiwowow. Suddenly he was hit by a spear. Naturally, he wanted to know what the spearmint. He found himself in the clutches of the savages.

King Bobo sat on his throne watching an exotic routine called the Blaque Button. His trusty aide entered and said, "I have Fitz."

"Well," answered the King, "Don't have one in here."
—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*

"I guess that's cutting a swell figure," said the chorus girl as she fell on a broken bottle.

—*Georgia Yellow Jacket.*

A professor of mathematics wrote this notice on the board of his class room: "Prof. A will meet his classes at 2 p. m." A student erased the C and the notice read: "Prof. A. will meet his lasses at 2 p. m." When the professor came he noted the changed sentence, took his eraser and rubbed out the letter L.

—*Southern California Wampus.*

TOWN CRIER'S NIGHTMARE!!

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Town Crier's Nightmare is just around the corner. Remember Eddy Kawal and Horse May in their nightgowns and baby caps, and Phil Kammann in a characteristic role advertising grape-nuts? Russel Montford Horner and Jane Landee knocked 'em over in Dutch. Chi Omega's pride and joy, Cot Weinberg, turned Hawaiian and gave the Puritans a new outlook on life. All in all the dance was a yowling success. Even our old pal "B" Stephens stepped out in costume for once in her life and the proletarian element gave vent to new emotions.

Costumes, scintillating melodies, slick floor, slick dates, dim lanterns, the odor of Listerine (somebody always advertises Halitosis) and there you have it—Town Crier's!

And in the same breath let us mention Fine Arts Ball—the gaudy, he-costumed, motley crew of merry-makers (not a pun). Save your shekels for both affairs and remember—costumes or no gettee in as the Chinese are prone to say it. The boy in pedestrian clothes who stands still at the door attempting to imitate a bell boy going up and down in an elevator does not enter; he shall not pass! So beware—a ticket and a costume are your only prerequisites. Get in your rentals early, it's an old Spanish Costume!

Reserve Your Costume Early For

TOWN CRIER'S NIGHTMARE

FINE ARTS BALL

March 27th

39 Main

JOHNSTON'S
SPORT SHOP
SEELY JOHNSTON '24

Phone 5358



E. R. H. '29

—Royal Gaboon.

Boy: "I have had a very trying week-end."
 Girl: "Yeah? How many times did you try?"

—Carnegie Tech. Puppet.

"I don't mind washing the dishes for you," wailed the henpecked husband. "I don't object to sweeping, dusting, or mopping the floors, but I ain't gonna run no ribbons through my nightgowns just to fool the baby."
 —H'irtwind.

—S—

"Why does the Statue of Liberty have such small lights on it?"

"Ah dunno, unless it's de less light de more liberty."
 —Drexel Drexerd.

Judge: "What are your grounds for divorce?"

Bride: "He snores."

Judge: "How long have you been married?"

Bride: "Two weeks."

Judge: "Granted; he shouldn't snore."
 —New York Medley.

—S—

"Baby, you're all there."

"Well, you ought to know."

—Iowa Green Gander.

She: "Are you a socialist?"

He: "No, I hardly go anywhere."

—Penn. State Froth.

—S—

"When I don't want a young man's attentions and he asks me where I live, I tell him that I'm just visiting here."

"Ha ha! Excellent; but where do you really live?"

"I'm just visiting here."

—Harvard Lampoon.

Tennis and Golf Goods

Here you will find a wide variety of
fine tennis and golf goods

Golf sets complete—4 clubs and bag \$7.50 up—single clubs \$1.50
to \$5.00—balls 3 for \$1.00

Tennis rackets \$3.00 to \$15.00
Frames (unstrung) \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.50
Restrung to your order \$2.50 to \$9.00

We do the restringing for the Varsity Team, why not for you?

THE CO-OP

On the Square

On the Square

It Slays to Advertise

"Ah, Mr. Fishback, I believe?" you say brightly.

"Yeh, what can I do for you, young man?"

"Why, I'm looking for something in a one-button suit, and I thought maybe you would be starving to sell it to me."

"Certainly, certainly," and his manner brightens. "We have just the thing you're looking for. Now this model here is even later—it has no buttons at all."

It is always best to buy the first suit he shows you, as this will help put him in a good humor. After buying an overcoat and a pair of shoes, you add, as if by afterthought:

"By the way, Mr. Fishback, we have you down for a half-page ad in our college paper. Now all you have to do is sign right here on the dotted line or, if you prefer, we can let you have it in the undotted. Of course, the dotted line is the latest thing this fall, but many of our customers are still using the undotted, and we want you to be satisfied. What, me high-pressure you? Why, Mr. Fishback!"

—*I'anderbilt Masquerador.*

S

Farmer: "Be this the Woman's Exchange?"

Woman: "Yes."

Farmer: "Be ye the Woman?"

Woman: "Yes."

Farmer: "Well, then, I think I'll keep Maggie."

—*Alabama Rammer-Jammer.*



"You blubbering idiot!"

—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.*

S

Collegian: What's wrong with these eggs?

Waitress: Don't ask me, I only laid the table.

—*Carnegie Tech. Puppet.*

S

He (disgustedly): I think I've got a flat tire!

She: Oh! gimme a chance, we're not a block from home yet.

—*I'. M. I. Sniper.*



Fer Gozzake, Profeshnals.

—M. I. T. Foo Doo.

—S—

Jesse Block offers the one about the Jewish doctor who was born in Scotland. He joined a country club and on the first day he was told that if he had his name inked on the golf ball it would be returned if lost and found.

"So ull right," he said, "put down on mine ball Ginzburg, plizz."

The man in the golf supply shop wrote his name on it. "Hmmm," he hmmm'd, "dot's dendy, would you also plizz put don M. D. efter mine name? I'm a ductor!"

"Be glad to," said the fellow as he added M. D. to Mr. G.'s tag.

As Mr. Ginzburg inspected the finished product, he cooed: "Would you mind dooing me one murr favor, plizz?"

"Of course," said the man, "now what?"

"Put don hours 10 to 3." —Boulevardier.

—S—

Teacher: "Who is your favorite author?"

Stude: "My Dad."

Teacher: "What did he write?"

Stude: "Checks."

—Grinnel Maltcaser.

ILLINOIS



What! You've never indulged your Epicurean tastes in fragrant smoke wreaths of rum-flavored tobacco? Then scamper out to any of the stores below for a Rumidor*. Whether you select the College Bowl model in orange and blue or the Varsity model in orange and blue with an Illinois Illini on the cover—you're in for a new-found smoking pleasure. Rumidors sell from \$1 to \$150.

*Rumidor is a scientific, patented container for cigarettes, tobacco and cigars, using 12-year-old Medford rum for a preservative. The rum keeps the tobacco moist and mellow and imparts a delightful aroma. Poor tobaccos taste good. Good tobaccos taste better. Beware of imitations. Look for name on cover.



Varsity Model complete with rum refill and divider \$3 and \$5



College Bowl rum refill included \$15

RUMIDOR

CAN BE BOUGHT AT THE FOLLOWING STORES:

Spalding's Drug Store, United Cigar Store, Illini Drug Co., Kamerer Bros., Keusink Drugs

R-K-O VIRGINIA

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, March 22, 23, 24

"MILLIE

See this soul stirring portrayal of loose footed beauty—and know what Millie knows with the glamorous

HELEN TWELVETREES
ROBT AMES LILYAN TASHMAN

R-K-O ORPHEUM

Starting Saturday, March 21

THE KING OF COMEDY

in the supreme laugh sensation of the century

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

in

"CITY LIGHTS"

A Comedy Romance in Pantomime!



Spring Suits

Expertly Tailored
to Fit

The Student

The Latest Spring Colors and
Patterns Are In

\$25.00—Made to Order—\$25.00



MUELLER'S

617 South Wright Street, Champaign



THAT'S NEWS

TERBACCR HABIT

We dropped in on the general store over in Pompanoosic t'other day to bum a match so's to light our roomy's last Murad. Successful, we paused for a second to look around the store before leaving and happened to see and overhear a couple of the old natives sitting in the corner by the cracker barrel philosophizing.

"Naw, yer never could get me to smoke one a them gol durned cigaretties, Si.", drawled one of them, biting off a mammoth chaw of red mule plug and grinding it between his yellow teeth with evident satisfaction.

His old crony turned, skillfully conducted the remnants of fully half a package of honest scrap through his front teeth to the cuspidor fully ten feet away (via the air route), pulled out his red bandana, wiped off his mouth, and replied, "Ner me nether, Hi. It's a nasty habit!"

—Cornell W'idow.

—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.



Guest: "Fancy seeing you here!"

—Penn. State Froth.

Did you hear that they arrested Rudy Vallee the other day for trying to get in the men's room?

—Hamilton U. Royal Gaboon.

S

Stude: What are your terms for students?

Landlady: Scalavags, deadbeats, bums.

—Kansas Sour Owl.

S

Fond mother (to her crying offspring): Well, does my little sugar plum want a drink?

1930 baby: Don't mind if I do. What have you got?

—Penn. Punch Bowl.

S



Johnny-On-The-Spot.

—Wisconsin Octopus.

Sandy MacTaverish, in one of his weak moments, consented to a vacation for himself and wife at a popular seashore resort. The most economical sport at that particular beach was swimming in the sea, and Sandy and the Mrs. took advantage of this sport and swam everyday. On the last day of their vacation Mrs. MacTaverish was carried away by the surf and drowned. Efforts to recover the body proved fruitless and Sandy returned home after leaving instructions with the authorities to notify him when the body was found. Several days later he received a telegram to the effect that the body of his wife had been found in shallow water with a strange serpent entwined about it, for which the local museum was offering \$500 cash and would he please arrange for the disposal of the body.

Sandy replied: "Send cash and reset bait."

—Texas Battalion.

S

Most professors seem to forget that, although they may cover the ground, so does mud!

—M. I. T. Foo Doo.

Abie, Abie, moof away from de cash register. I know you wouldn't take nuddings, but I haven't time to watch you.

—Battalion.

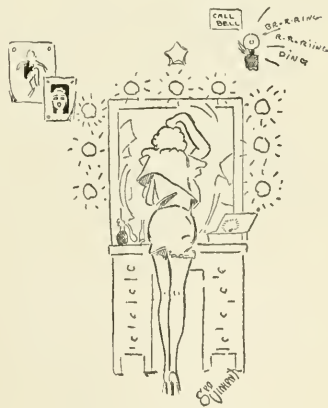
S

"I just can't adjust my curriculum!"

"Oh, that's all right, it doesn't show!"

—Foo Doo.

S



Short Change Racket.

—Ohio State Sun Dial.

Classics a la Mode

"It's a real musical education to have a radio in the home," said Mrs. Frisbie. "Even little Lucy, who is only three years old, recognizes most of the classics as soon as she hears them. Come here, Lucy darling, and name a few numbers for mother."

Obliging little Lucy abandoned her building blocks and crossed the room to the piano, where she stood alert for the test.

Mrs. Frisbie played a few bars of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song."

"Pepsogrun Tooth Paste—it's on Everybody's Tongue," announced Lucy promptly.

"Correct," said Mrs. Frisbie. "Now darling, see if you recognize this one?" She ran over the opening strains of Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony."

"Barnstorm's Linoleum," responded Lucy without batting an eye. "Put it under foot—it will cut down the overhead."

Mrs. Frisbie nodded proudly to their visitor and launched into Wagner's "Lohengrin."

Little Lucy puckered her fair brow and hesitated a moment, but soon she had it. "Harlow's Ham—It's Toasted—and How!" she proclaimed triumphantly.

"That was a hard one," explained Mrs. Frisbie. "Harlow's just started broadcasting last week and we haven't had much of a chance to get familiar with their signature." She turned to her daughter. "Here's an easy one, darling," she promised, starting to play Balfe's "Then You'll Remember Me."

"Wiesenheimer's Clothes for Men—You'll Have a Fit!" Lucy interrupted after a few short bars.

"You see, she really is familiar with all the better music," concluded Mrs. Frisbie. "Radio is a wonderful teacher. I often tell Mr. Frisbie that the old composers little know the debt they owe to the sponsors of radio programs for popularizing their music. —*Boston Bean Pot.*"

NICE KITTY!

*'Twas the morning after the night before;
The cat came home at the hour of four;
The innocent look in her eyes had went,
But in its place was a look of content.*

—*Tennessee Mugwumps*



"How come you always smoke quarter cigars?"

"Somebody else always smokes the other three-quarters!"

—*Lehigh Burr.*

—S—

It seems that there was an Irishman—oh, yes, there was, good people. He was about to die and he sent for three friends to ask them to put \$5 each in his coffin for certain favors in purgatory. At the grave each advanced and deposited \$5 in the coffin—the Irishman, the Englishman, and the Scot. The Irishman put in a \$5 gold piece; the Englishman put in five silver dollars. "What did you put in," they asked the Scot. "Hoot, mon," he said, (yes, he did!) "I just put in my check for \$15 and took the change!"

—*Tennessee Mugwump.*

—S—

Local lady suing for divorce tells court her husband spanked her, pulled her ears and hair, slammed the door on her arm, and locked her in the closet. She says she doesn't know why he did these things.

We do.

He was mad at her.

—*Drexel Drexler.*

—S—

"Missed again," said the farmer as his shotgun exploded at the retreating figure. "Oh, well, I won't be bothered any more. She was my last daughter."

—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*

The government official of the country district who had charge of the census which deals with farm products, had instructed the old farmer to collect his stock of every description and have them branded.

"I s'pose that's all right," sighed the farmer dolefully, "but, honest, mister, I believe I'm going to have a terrible time with them bees."

—*Carnegie Tech. Puppet.*



The Chevrolet Sport Coupe photographed on the Notre Dame Campus with Sacred Heart Church in the background

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RUTH CHATTERTON

in

"Unfaithful"

With Paul Lukas

MOTHER BOOZE

*Ten little pledges, drinking too much wine,
One did a fade-out:
Then there were nine.
Nine little pledges, met a girl named Kate,
One pledge necked her:
Then there were eight.
Eight little pledges who would never go to heaven:
One started mixing 'em:
Then there were seven.
Seven little pledges, the girl of one said "nix,"
He didn't believe her:
Then there were six.
Six little pledges, more dead than alive,
One went to sleep, and:
Then there were five.
Five little pledges—I took a drink again
Looked a little closer,—
And darned if there weren't ten!*

—Cornell Widow.

S

Billy Prepschool: "That girl going there is reared well."

Freddie Freshman: "She don't look so bad from the front, either."

—Tennessee Mugwump.

S

Jones: *Have you seen the mounted police in Chicago?*

Brown: *Ye Gods, are the gangsters stuffing them after they shoot them?*

—Lehigh Burr.

S

He was always sleeping in class. There he sat, in the front row, with his eyes closed and his mouth open, from one end of the hour to the other. At last the professor could stand it no longer. One day, when the discussion had been particularly intricate, he stopped in the middle of his lecture and said:

"Gentlemen, we have been working on the hardest problems in this course and there sits the man who needs it most, asleep!"

The student gently opened one eye and whispered so that all might hear, "I wish to God I were."

—Harvard Lampoon.

S

Prof.: Write a short theme containing some reference to the Deity, the nobility, and to modesty.

Frosh: "My God," said the Countess, "take your hand off my knee."

—Kansas Sour Owl.

S

Little Willie: Mom, you said the baby had your eyes and daddy's nose, didn't you?

Mom: Yes, darling.

Willie: Well, you'd better keep yer eye on 'im. He's got grandpop's teeth now.

—Carnegie Tech. Puppet.



"Charmed, I'm sure."

—Iowa Frivol.

—S—

HOD WORK FOR MIKE

Hello, hello, all you little boys and girls out there. Tonight, Uncle Bill is going to tell you an ancient Norwegian folk tale.

Well, little boys and girls: It seems that once upon a time, there was a traveling salesman. Well, one time, he was stopping at a farm house. The farmer had a beautiful, golden-haired, blue-eyed, innocent daughter. That night the daughter went out walking in the apple-orchard with the salesman. There she saw a nice rosy-red apple up on the top of a tree, and said, "OO—you great big strong man-nums, will oo get little me that apple?"

"Sure kid," said the salesman. He shinnied up for the apple, but on his way down he tore his pants. Well, the farmer's daughter saw it, and she said, "Oo—you tore your pantsies; I'm so sorry."

So the salesman went up to her room, and then she sewed his pants up. Well, when it was done, he didn't as much as thank her, and she asked sweetly, "What do you say?" The salesman came back snappily, "I hope I can do the same for you some day."

Now, kiddies we will leave fairyland and come back to earth. Be sure to drink milk and tune in on this station tomorrow at this time.

—Exchange.

EVEN HIS OLD MAN
WOULDN'T TELL HIM!

B-B B-B B-B

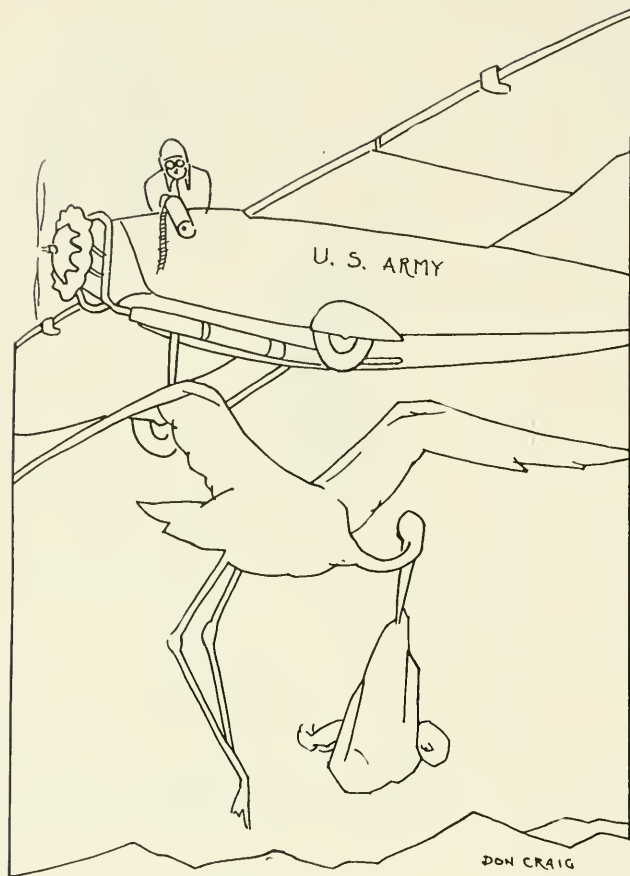
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YOUR BREATH AWAY"

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Spring Formals



Army Heir Service.

DON CRAIG

—Iowa Frivol.

She: "Aren't the stars beautiful tonight?"

He: "I'm in no position to say."

—Kansas Sour Owl.

S

Salesman: Is your husband at home, lady.

Housewife: No, he is not.

Salesman: Would you care to look at some underwear?

—Michigan Gargoyle.

S

"Where are you going with all those apples?"

"Up to call on the doctor's wife."

—Harvard Lampoon.

S

He put his arm around her waist
And on her lips he placed one kiss,
Then groaned, "It's many a drink
I've had,

But never from a mug like this."

—Kansas Sour Owl.

S

Annette: "Are you going to pose for artists again?"

Yvette: "No, I'm in no shape for that just yet."

—Penn State Froth.

S

Are you insinuating?

No, that's the people next door;
we have our garbage hauled away.

—Washington U. Dirge.

S

Frosh: "I can't see what keeps these women from freezing."

Soph: "You aren't supposed to, blockhead." —Kansas Sour Owl.

White Line

★ LAUNDRY ★

PHONE 4206

Joining a fraternity is like playing strip-poker, only in poker you get your clothes back.

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

—S—

"You are the first girl I ever kissed, dearest," said Jim College, as he shifted gears with his foot.

—Pitt Panther.

—S—

"Vere is mine glasses, Rachel?"

"On der nose, Papa."

"Don't be so indefinite."

—Stanford Chaparral.

—S—

She: "Have you a surprise for me?"

He: "No, I'm just scratching my back."

—Arizona Kitty Kat.

—S—

She (fishing for compliments): What do you like?

He: You for one thing.

She: So that's the kind of a fellow you are.

—Bison.

—S—

"How come that poor settler shot himself?"

"Some foxy Indian got hold of his gun and reversed the charges."

—Pitt Panther.

—S—

Little Willie, rough as hell,

Threw his sister down the well.

"Gee, it's hard to raise a daughter,"

Said his mother, drawing water.

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

—S—

As Father Neptune said to the young man who leaned over the ship's rail, "That'll be enough out of you, young man."

—N. Y. U. Medley.

—S—

Senior: "Pardon me, this must be the wrong berth."

Hunter Co-ed: "How you boys do jump at conclusions."

—New York Medley.

—S—

First Herring: Why don't you take better care of your brother?

Second Herring: Why should I? Am I my brother's kipper?

—Penn. Punch Bowl.



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College Humor's ALL- AMERICANS

Basketball AND Hockey IN THE MAY ISSUE

College Humor was the first publication to attempt a selection of honor teams in inter-collegiate basketball and hockey. And today College Humor's selections of All-American stars in these two sports are recognized as official and authentic.

No other national magazine has undertaken to scrutinize the hundreds of college quintets in search of the five or ten most accomplished and consistently brilliant performers . . . or has endeavored a study of the different hockey conferences.

The counsel of college coaches the country over has been employed by Les Gage, Sports Editor, to assure an impartial and complete treatment of the subject. The May issue of College Humor, on sale the first of April, will announce the All-American cage team and hockey sextet for 1931 in conjunction with two comprehensive stories by Les Gage.



College Humor
M A G A Z I N E

Can You?

You can't pick a lock with a pickle,
You can't cure the sick with a sickle,
Pluck figs with a figment.
Drive pigs with a pigment.
Nor make your watch tick with a tickler.
You can't slacken your gait with a gaiter,
You can't get a crate from a crater,
Catch moles with a molar,
Bake rolls with a roller,
But you can get a wait from a waiter.

—Carnegie Tech. Puppet.

S

Frantic student: Migod! A doctor, quick! My appendix just broke!

Medical department clerk (coolly): Have you an appointment?
—Stanford Chaparral.

S

OVERNIGHT BAG

And there is the young lady who was invited to go to "Grand Hotel." She met her boy friend at the appointed hour with her over-night suitcase.
—Yale Record.

S

A book of verses underneath a bough.

A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou . . .

And we'll be in the hoose-gow

Soon enow.

—Grinnell Malteaser.

S

Son: "Dad, what is 'tact'?"

Dad: "Tact, my boy, is the art of convincing a man he is a liar without actually telling him so."

—M. I. T. Foo Doo.

S

Of course you have heard the discarded bathing suit song, "Jantzen With Tears in My Sides."

—Ohio State Sun Dial.

S



—Royal Gaboon.

THAT'S ALL



Run your heart out? Not much!

No longer is early chapel exclusively for track men. No wasting time with old-fashioned socks—you're in these Holeproof Autogarts in a second, and what's more, they're up to stay. They'll wash, too—and come back as snug-fitting as they went to the laundry. The Autogart feature will outwear the sock, and that's saying a lot because the sock's a Holeproof. And what is more, you get the smart new Holeproof designs, too!

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*Just pull 'em up
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55¢ and \$1⁰⁰

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Sunshine *mellows* Heat Purifies

LUCKIES are always
kind to your throat

The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine, and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows—that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE—the finest cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—THEN—"IT'S TOASTED." Everyone knows that heat purifies and so "TOASTING"—that extra, secret process—removes harmful irritants that cause throat irritation and coughing.

"It's toasted"

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SIREN



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FAMOUS LAST WORDS!

"Kiss me, honey."

"We're not going to make this turn."

"Pardon me lady, but haven't I met you some place?"

"I had this gin tested myself."

"Let's mix these."

"Any gas in the tank?"

"Bottoms up!"

"Oh, so you're the ice-man!" —*Wesleyan Wasp*.

—S—

"A hell of a landing you made."

"I made?—I thought you were flying the lousy crate!"

—*M. I. T. Foo Doo*.

—S—

Father: I don't see how you fellows keep up drinking the way you do.

Son: I'll tell you, Dad, it's a darn sight easier to keep it up than to keep it down.

—*Cornell Ollapod*.

—S—

Kappa: What's the matter, don't you love me any more?

Phi Gam: Sure I do, I'm only resting.

—*Kansas Sour Owl*.

—S—

Phi Psi: I didn't sleep a wink last nite.

Bro: Why not?

Phi Psi: The shade was up.

Bro.: Well, why didn't you pull it down?

Phi Psi: I couldn't reach to the Theta house.

—*Kansas Sour Owl*.

—S—

"I see where they are conducting blindfold breakfast-food tests now."

"Oh, grueling contests, eh." —*Notre Dame Juggler*.

—S—

"Just think, children," said the missionary, "in Africa there are six million square miles where little boys and girls have no Sunday school. Now, what should we all strive to save our money for?"

"To go to Africa!" cried a chorus of cheery voices.

—*Texas Longhorn*.

—S—

Just what is love?—probably a phonograph record.

—*Juggler*.

—S—

Prof. (after lengthy lecture): "Now, is there anything anyone would like to ask?"

Voice from rear row: "What time is it?"

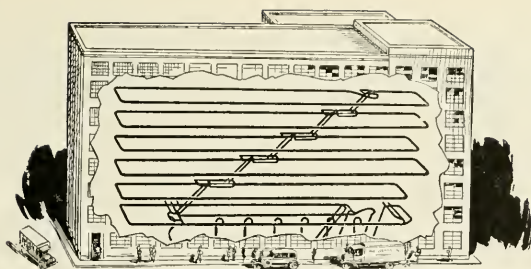
—*Texas Longhorn*.

—S—

Mrs. Brown: "Our little Herby is at the top of his class this week. His father is going to take him to the zoo."

Mrs. Jones: "Really? We're sending Willie to college."

—*Texas Longhorn*.



Sometimes the cart *should be put* before the horse



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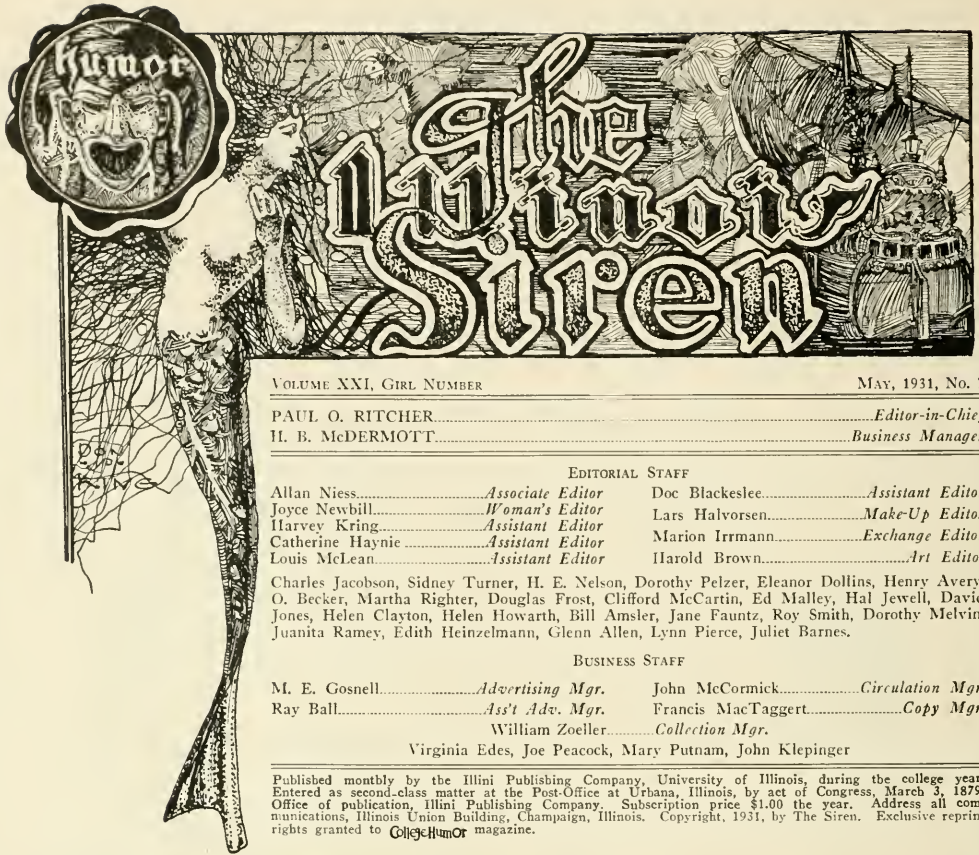
*Speed needed!
The emergency
is met by the
new warehouse*

Western Electric

Manufacturers... Purchasers... Distributors

SINCE 1882 FOR THE BELL SYSTEM





VOLUME XXI, GIRL NUMBER MAY, 1931, No. 7

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Contents

| | |
|-------------------------------|---------------|
| COVER..... | Jane Fauntz |
| Culled from Our Fan Mail..... | 5 |
| Woman Hunt, by a Co-ed..... | 8 |
| Campus Notables..... | 9 |
| Coming Distractions..... | 18 |
| Humor..... | Most Anywhere |

Culled from our fan mail

DEAR SIREN:

I have just heard that the forthcoming number of *The Siren* is to be called a "Girl Number." What, again? If so, kindly tell me, I beseech you, what have been the last six, the last dozen, yes, the last thirty-six issues of this publication? I must concede that there is something commendable in this frank avowal of your true colors, belated and long since superfluous as it may be, yet I already shudder with anticipation as I mentally envisage our next Siren, with its gaudy cover somewhat resembling a Camel, a Milky Way, a Fisher Body, or a Jantzen Swim Suit advertisement, and its contents nauseatingly dedicated to the same old balderdash, and the same old stereotyped ultra-modern Co-ed, with her same old daring comebacks.

Merciful Lord, spare us from this soon. I am generally known as a professional pessimist, but this time I think my drooping spirits are justified; and as an irresponsible and desultory contributor to your reeking columns of the past, I feel somewhat at ease in craving your indulgence while I wearily attempt to make my complaints against your inanities articulate.

I should like to protest vigorously, before it is too late, concerning the injudicious policy of our Siren, by all odds the best humor publication on the campus, excluding, of course, the regular columns of our cousin, *The Daily Illini*. We are at an impasse. We must choose between two irreconcilables. Either the Siren must devote itself to the worthy and arduous pursuits of pure wit and brilliant humor, or it must haul down its flag marked "Humorous" and follow a procedure which both candidly and completely follows a course marked only by that adulterated dribble of pseudo-humor and naughty indelicacies which properly caters to the

feminine funny palate. Genuine humor and woman are antipodes. Why is it that all the truly remarkable satirists and humorists from the time of Juvenal to Benchley, today, are men? There are no female Voltaires. Swift and Mark Twain never wore dresses. What is effeminate about Will Rogers? The fact is that true humor may often encompass woman as its object, but woman never comprehends true humor unless it has become stale and enervating, when, admittedly, it has lost two of the most characteristic elements of itself, freshness and vigor. Humor easily understands woman, but woman rarely understands it in turn, except in the most incipient stages and in the more salaciously superficial ways. The risqué joke which commands some degree of cultivation and the employment of finely balanced nuances and which, if not overworked, has a fairly high place in real humor, is above the meager appreciation of woman, because humorless woman must enjoy her dirty stories in the more obvious, vulgar furnishings.

A humor magazine, then, which is really such, can never be expected to appeal to women. The Siren must either be a genuine humorous publication, or it must be a gently innocuous stimulant for the boudior. What, Mr. Editor, will you designate for the future destination of *The Siren*? Have you the manhood and honesty to stalk genuine humor unswervingly? Will you dare continue flaunting our jaded sense of humor with the old familiar cartoons and heavy, witless repartee, centered about unabashed and forward co-eds as a theme? In your mind, is the only thing humorous about women their helpless predisposition to regard all acceptable males (of God's creatures, the most pitiable) proprietarily, as their fit game to be lured on by coarse blandishments and their in-

famous "it" appeal? Has it never occurred to you that the Co-ed, for all her brazenness, her silly tabus, and her paradoxical susceptibility to romance and the high chair may be funny and quite laughable at times, but that she is not humorous, any more than is a spavined horse, or a spy from the Dean's office? Do such considerations never compel you to massage your bewildered pate with your finger nails?

But enough of these charges for the time being. I have irrefutable and certain proof from my own experience that my conclusions are correct. Not long ago I took a Theta into the White House for a little refreshment after a three o'clock class we share together. While we were waiting for the onions to be sliced on the hamburgers, I tried to be gallantly entertaining. In my best concealed frivolous style I began.

"Why," I asked politely, although my mischievous eyes twinkled contagiously, "is a Siberian Kangaroo like a Theta with athlete's foot?"

"Why is a Siberian Kangaroo like a Theta with athlete's foot?" my fair companion repeated in vaudeville fashion.

"Exactly," said I, and repeated "Why is a Siberian Kangaroo like a Theta with athlete's foot?"

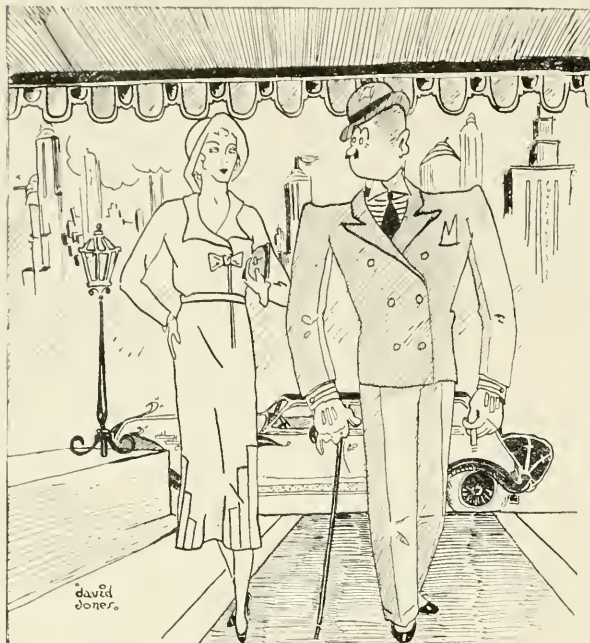
"Why is a . . . etc., murmured my friend, grabbing for her third hamburger, while she pondered deeply. And finally, after several moments of wild guessing, she surrendered. "I'll bite."

"Well," said I slyly, "I reckon neither one of them has ever slept in Newman Hall."

What was the reward for my subtle humor? Hearty, open laughter? Appreciative glances? No. A mere puzzled titter, empty and unconvincing.

"Silly," she said, "there's nothing to that story. Of course kangaroos

(Continued on Page 22)



Betty Co-ed: Let me mother you.
Carl Campus: O. K. baby and I'll paw you.

There's One in Every House

The girl who—
—thinks Rudy Vallee is just darling!
—calls home long distance every night.
—is majoring in P. E.
—always dates.
—never dates.
—is engaged to a fellow back home.
—gets her laundry case back with food in it.
—gets her laundry case back with laundry in it.

—S—

Prof.: "Why was Bismarck noted for his 'blood and iron' policy?"

Alpha Phi: "He probably didn't have a safety razor."

PECCARIES

The travelling salesman had made himself at home at the old farm house. One day the farmer asked him for a smoke and he replied, "You'll find my Picayunes in on the table."

The farmer squinted his eyes, spat over the garden fence, and growled, "I don't mind yere stayin' here fer weeks, and I don't mind yere makin' love to my datter, but I'll be gol dinged if yere kin keep yere hawgs on my good table."

—S—

And then there's the camel who walked a mile to an oasis for a date.

—S—

"Where's Grace's visitor?"

"He's out in the kitchen with Grace putting icing on a cake."

"Aha, an iceman."

GIRLS MEN DATE

In the interests of science I felt it my duty to learn all I could about the kind of girls men date, and for my information I went to Reggie Roxhunter, who was known far and wide for his dating proclivities. Proud was the girl whom Reggie dated, and I felt that I could learn something valuable to all womanhood if I could prevail upon the great Reggie to tell me, in his own simple unaffected manner, just what it was men sought in a girl.

"Reggie," I said, "Just what kind of girls do men date?" I scorned beating around the bush, and as Reggie did also—never having gained anything from a bush anyhow—he spoke these words of wisdom.

"Men date girls who are tall, and also girls who are short. Men date girls who are fat, and also girls who are thin. Men date girls who are beautiful, and also girls who are not. Men date girls who are clever, and also girls who are dumb. Men date girls who do, and also girls who don't. All, in all, men date girls." With an airy wave of his Murad Reggie has gone in a cloud of smoke, and I was left alone to ponder on the unquestionable truth of what he had just told me. Truly Reggie Foxhunter knew women—would that we all did.

—S—

"That's another big graft," said Herbert Hoover as the tree surgeon repaired the tree.

—S—

Frosh writing a history exam, "Queen Elizabeth was the virgin queen of England. As a queen she was a great success."

—S—

Theta: Some of our pledges this semester aren't making good.

Kappa: We have some depression pledges, too.

—S—

W. C. T. U.: "But the Chionegas aren't vulgar."

Y. M. C. A.: "Hell no, they've got it down to an art."

Ex-Boy Friend

Anyway I'm better off with her off my mind I wasn't getting much done I always hanging around there and she didn't want me anyway I'm not so hard up I guess there are plenty of pebbles left on the beach yet let her go out with that guy if she wants to he isn't so hot and just wait till she finds out that I've left her flat I wonder if she had a good time she's just like them all, anything to get out and have a date no discrimination or anything I'm done with her and there's no fooling. She must think she's the only girl in the world well I guess the fish left in the pond are just as big as the ones that have been caught even if she doesn't know it her trying to make a fool out of me anyway I'm a lot better off not having her to worry about all of the time I'll bet she felt tough when I didn't call like I always did I'll bet that made her think I wonder if she stayed home I'll bet she's sorry as hell I wonder what she's doing what she can see in that guy is what is beyond me I'm glad I'm all through with that mess no more women me she usta like me though and it would make me look like a heck of a sport if I left her flat like this like I was sore or something when all that is the matter is that I have a few brains and won't stand for all of her messing around when she'd supposed to be going with me I'm better off anyway without her walking all over me I'm not any woman's slave she thinks that she can get away with anything well I'll show her a thing or two I'll fix her clock I'm through and I'm glad of it if she wants to be seen with people like that its her lookout I've got other irons in the fire and anyway I'm better off without her around all of the time now maybe I can get some work done what does she see in that guy I wonder. . .

S

Complete Characterization: He's the kind of a guy who likes Amos 'n Andy.

—Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern.

INNOVATION

He was another blind date—and that was nothing new to her. He had a car, which you will admit is something out of the ordinary. And then, too, he was both handsome and intelligent, which was an entirely new experience to her.

He did not ask what course she was taking at college.

He did not raise his eyebrows and say with innuendo: "So you're THE Sally Brown I've heard so much about."

He did not ask her age.

He did not tell her the latest gossip about her sorority sisters.

He had no complimentary ticket to a dance.

He did not dance the "Illini hop"—but took smooth, gliding steps instead.

He insisted that she consume quantities of food.

He did not insist that she stay out "after hours."

He did not neck on the sorority porch.

He was from ANOTHER school!



"Just like the one I got at Woolworth's for Sadie's birthday."

Woman Hunt

by a Co-ed

Did you ever happen to hear the one about the dilly co-ed who wanted a man bad enough to try a desperate sort of strategy to get him? It makes me howl just to think about it! Well, the story of the big hoax goes something like this:

One Friday night out at the main library, a good-looking pledge—a Psi U. pledge (take back the part about being good-looking) felt a tremendous thump on the back of his head, and a huge wad of paper fell on his notebook-crackshot! On turning around, nobody was to be seen—the mischievous hurler of the missile had vanished!

Being of a curious nature (he had only been pledged a few days, you see) he opened the packet with interest. Contained within was a mysterious message—one which fairly made him quiver with excitement. It read:

"Go to the broadwalk entrance of Lincoln Hall, enter, walk over the middle of the tablet, and up the right hand flight of stairs. On the third step from the top, you will find a message."

There was no signature, but on careful examination, the youth discovered something faintly resembling the letter "H" in one corner.

"Lucky am I!" thought the pledge to himself, "For here indeed is something worth finding." So following instructions carefully, he found everything as described. At the aforementioned spot, there was another note. This one was written in rhyme, which only served to make the mystery more impenetrable.

"To the graveyard next to you,
And of the tombstones row on row,
Find the tallest one in view;
And there will be a note for you!"

H.

The letter "H" was written quite legibly this time. Whoever "H" was, she certainly was having a good time making him chase all over the many square miles of University grounds.

Determined to see the whole thing through, the pledge set off for the graveyard. Since it was pitch black and he had only his cigarette lighter with him, you'll believe me when I tell you he had a pretty tough time of it finding the tallest tombstone. Doubtless he never would have come across it unless he had chanced to hear voices in the distance, and was surprised to see that others than himself were interested in the graves. A fellow and a girl, both of his acquaintance, incidentally, were arguing heatedly about something; but they sure shut up quick when he stopped just four yards away, and triumphantly bore off the letter with instructions within.

The note proved to be a disappointment due to its brevity and no new disclosures. It suggested:

"Try the Goodwin street bridge of the Boneyard." "H."

By this time, our hero's tongue was literally hanging out and his eyes dilating about from the severe ordeal; but at last he arrived on the banks of that famous peaceful river.

Just as he thought! There was another of the hateful notes—so this wasn't the end yet!

"If you would know who I may be,

Very, very soon you'll see;
Go to the top of Uni hall—
One place more, and that is all!"

"H."

Feverishly, the pledge tore up the five flights of darkened stairs, bumping wildly into things, and almost losing his balance and precipitating himself headlong over the railing several times. He found the message all but chewed in shreds by rats,

which were all over the place. A pleased grin spread over his face as he whisked out his lighter to read it. At last he had it—the address!

"You will find me at 608 South Matthews street. Just ask for Henrietta."

Triumphant, though his shoulders were drooping from sheer exhaustion, the youth staggered toward the given address. "Henrietta! What an odd name for a co-ed!" he no doubt was thinking to himself. When he got there, he walked past the place four times to make sure he had the right address. No! This was certainly number 608, all right. Still, it stood to reason, there must be something wrong, because Bethany Circle was at 608!

Convinced that something was amiss, nevertheless our hero rang the bell. It was promptly answered by a very buxom girl who started at him in amazement as if he were a freak. "Is Henrietta here?" he asked with some embarrassment, having difficulty pronouncing the name.

"Henrietta!" gasped the girl. "Surely you don't mean Henrietta!" The young man nodded his head confidently, "Oh, yes I do."

"Good Gawd!" shrieked the girl, attracting the attention of all the dateless sisters. She waved her arms frantically in mid-air, powerless to speak. At last she seemed to snap out of it enough to point a finger his direction and accuse, "He wants Henrietta!"

All of them looked at him, frozen with horror. Nobody moved.

"Surely you must be mistaken!" suggested one of the Bethany girls.

"Nope—I want Henrietta!" said the youth with determination, referring again to the paper. "Y'see, I have a date with her," he explained.

(Continued on Page 20)

Campus Notables



Edna Kline

Hoyt



Bernice Stephens

Hoyt



Juliet Connors

Stone



Margaret Crocker

Stone



Stella McLeish

Hoyt



T. P. A. (At the races): "Why do you always bet on your 'Wooden horse' to come in last?"

Beta: "Because that's just a hobby of mine."

Suspense

He felt strangely alone in the long cool halls of the hospital. White clothed nurses glided by him seemingly unaware of his presence and his mental strain. He walked with a hurried stride up and down the corridor. A friendly nurse approached and smiled.

"The doctor says it will take just a little longer and that you are not to worry."

How callous this was, no consolation whatever. Why there far in the recesses of the building was something that would shape the rest of his life! He paced the hall again, growing more and more restless.

Suddenly a door opened and the doctor came and stretched out his hand: "Congratulation, my boy, everything is successful. You have passed the medical exam and you may now continue your registration."

Art

The art museum was being repaired as Mrs. Goldihocks browsed among the exhibits. Step ladders and scaffolding bothered her not one whit. To say that she was awed and enthralled would be putting it mildly.

"You know, Mrs. Sparetherod," said she in low tones, "I just adore shades and shadows. Take that one on the north wall for instance; a gradual fusion of black into grey, with dashes of white and pearl intermingled on a background of clay. It is superb, modernistic, and only a master could wield a brush to produce such results. Its sombreness and yet freedom from monotony is impressive to even the bourgeoisie."

Suddenly from out of the corridor came a shout. "Hey Bill, finish washing that north wall. Visitors will be coming in and it looks like hell."

Chief of the Racketeers

by one of the victims

A careful consideration of the racketeering problem includes not only Al Capone and Will Rogers, but those shining examples of Mendel's law and descendants of that most famous of propagationers, Eve. In a word, Women.

Vanity Fair has its Literary Racketeers, College Humor its Campus Rackets, Judge a racket in itself, so why not unearth and tear wide the inner workings of the most famous or infamous of racketeers? Ever since the day that a rib was stolen from Adam to make a woman, man has been the source and store-house of materials for furthering the successful existence of woman. Not that a word should be said against women, for what would Chesterfields and Camels do without women? Can you imagine a Man as the criterion of Individuality or Good Taste? Can a Man keep dainty hands with Lux soap and does not the old fashioned washing machine become a drudge and a bug-bear to Woman? Of course there can be a Philco radio in every home, like a baby, but secretly we carry the knowledge that the babe will some day be a woman. Even Whitman's Samplers has adopted a woman to put Samplers on everyone's lips.

But where does the racketeering come in? The answer is, in every loophole or pants pocket possible. What husband has spent every night of his life in sound sleep with peaceful dreams, knowing that his beautiful wife has never ransacked his trouser pockets for money? What man has ever taken a woman to dinner with the assurance that she will choose with her left hand what his right can afford? The laugh is on the Man, and even that is at his expense. Woman carries no guns, her weapons are subtle and make no noise. There is no smoke, but the effect is more devastating than war, floods, and famine combined. A swish of satin, a breath of perfume, a lovely smile and—"two seats down front,

(Continued on Page 19)

Directory

Kappa Alpha Theta—Just a bunch of the girls with a lot of tastes in common. The Theta front porch is really something pretty swell.

Chi Omega—Very strong in the South, and a more than indispensable part of a song that says something about there not being any Chi Omegas in Siam. It is whispered about that the showers in this mansion are rather antique.

Kappa Kappa Gamma—The goils that first thought of wearing these here now Madame Chairman glasses.

Delta Gamma—Where Ruth Ashmore lives.

Pi Beta Phi—The house with the Queen Anne front and the Mary Ann back. Official song—"I did it cried the sparrer, I did it with my little bow and arrer."

Tri-Delt—So nice and handy, and right on the bus line too.

Zeta Tau Alpha—The house that makes the place remember all about some widow shades that they didn't possess in the days before they moved out to their country residence and no longer needed any.

Sigma Kappa—One more fire and they'll have enough for a new house.

Delta Zeta—The origin of the rumor about the unknissed Delta Zeta is buried in the past. A lot of people



"What made him think we're in love?"

would like to know if there was any truth in it.

Alpha Phi—Once we heard a Chi Bete say that maybe the Phi Deltas weren't the only house that had crockery in their back yard.

Alpha Xi—Rhymes well with Alpha Phi. They say that the girls put on an elegant house dance when they go to that much trouble.

Gamma Phi Beta—We always did think those nasty cracks about the Gamma Phi hotel were made by people who were just a little jealous.

Alpha Delta Pi—Tradition has it that there is always at least one A. D. Pi senior and that they either have a slightly deaf house mother or a well oiled cellar window.

Phi Omega Pi—In the vulgate, the Pop house.

Theta Upsilon—Out of the high rent district—bus service every fifteen minutes.

Alpha Gamma Delta—The house with the stair railing that has often caused a suppressed desire to slide and slide.

Alpha Omicron Pi—The A. O. Pi's have a water hazard right in their front hall.

Alpha Chi Omega—"When this house is done it'll be the tallest one yet."

Beta Phi Alpha—Perfect ladies, every one of them. (tsk!)

First crossword fan: "What's a shorter word than purgatory and has an "E?"

Second lunatic: "Hell. Yes."

—S—

Visitor to guide in newspaper plant: "What is that horrible stench?"

Guide: "Oh that's just the daily deadline."

—S—

Missionary to Tennessee mountaineer: "Can you read?"

Backwoodsman: "Nope, but I can whip the man that can."

—S—

The deadline on the Woman's staff of the Daily Illini is about even with their ears. (Amen.)

—S—

One: "What's the cause of all that racket?"

Two: "The fencing champion was just bitten by a mosquito."

—S—

Here's what's left of Dr. Zero, Math professor from Trinity; He didn't hear the whistle blow— He now approaches infinity.



That reminds me, I have a date with Mary Lou tonight



"Just like these women—always falling for a uniform."

—Notre Dame Juggler.

BE BASHFUL!

I'm only a pledge who's very shy;
Yet the actives rave.
I wonder why?
"Strip poker's very bad," they say.
I like to play it, anyway.
The boys all do, so why can't I
As long as I appear quite shy?
Cokes are flat; I go for gin,
And alcohol, which they call "sin."
At girls who cuss, they rudely stare;
But what the hell,
Do you think I care?
Girls who pet, it's claimed,
Are—(scum!)
How well we know they have more
fun!
Staying out late is
"Naughty girls' game";
I always do it just the same!
For what's the use of coming to col-
lege
Of annexing a lot of knowledge?
Unless you use in a bashful way,
All you learn from day to day?

Editor dating feminine assistant:
"Do you like exchange work?"

Feminine assistant: "Oh yes, sir.
But do you think it quite dark
enough?"

—S—

Lawyer: "Your Honor, I ask you
to be lenient with this woman
charged with stealing jewelry. She
stole because of her environment in
college."

Judge (before pronouncing sen-
tence on feminine offender): "Why
are you writing?"

Femoff: "Oh sir, I got the habit
of taking lecture notes in college."

Judge: "What sorority did you be-
long to?"

Foff: "Pify."

Judge: "Three years for perjury.
Pifys don't take notes."

—S—

This magazine is devoted to humor,
why not reserve a page for campus
politics?

Youth

Youth in all its bloom stood on
the sorority porch. There was sad-
ness in the boy's eyes. His com-
panion, contrary to all expectations
of a blind date, was cheerful, good
looking, amiable, supple, and sober.
The boy solemnly stood clinking two
nickels in his pocket. Evidently he
was a pessimist, for as he spoke, the
fire of Dante, Voltaire, and Chic
Sale smouldered on his lips.

"Life is dull," he said, "Packards,
women, education, shows, what is
there new? I've been every place
and done everything. I was happy
and now I am sad. I have tasted
life's bitterest dregs, yes, the bitterest
of dregs."

And then, gentle reader, came the
answer, true to life, easy flowing, co-
edical.

"Why don't you try syphoning
your wine before you drink it?"

—S—

First: "I heard you hired another
stenographer. What does she do?"

Second: "I don't know yet, I
stayed home last night with the
wife."

—S—

Spring Flirtation

Pretty girl—
Spring day—
Promenade—
My way—
Drop hanky—
On street—
Pick up—
We meet—
Tip hat—
Slowly walk—
To her flat—
Nice talk—
Chummy seat—
Big clinch—
Good time—
Sure cinch—
What's that—
Door bell—
HER HUSBAND—!
OH HELL—!

I Must Be Misunderstood

I know, my poor misunderstood people—because I'm one myself! Women don't understand me. Babs is my best friend. One night she came over to my apartment to see me, and found her husband making violent love to me. And she got positively furious and accused me of alienating his affections. How inappropriate. Could I be rude and not listen to what her brute-husband had to say when he was my guest? And especially if he had muscles like steel?

Men don't understand me either! Jo thinks I love him deeply just because I told him I did. And when I just went away for the week-end with this silly Eddie person who's disgustingly rich, he thought we ought to call the engagement off. Isn't that ridiculous—after I went to all the trouble of wearing his heavy old three-carat diamond. Men are so ungrateful. Just have some stupid little infatuation, and they fly off on a tangent.

My maid doesn't understand me. She left in a huff this A. M. when she found one of the chappies from the party last night was under her bed. And I know it would have been



"Of course I slapped him. How was I to know what Platonic meant?"

quite all right if he hadn't talked in his sleep. Della has been suffering from insomnia lately, and is very easily irritated by sounds in the night.

My dog doesn't understand me! I bought him a lovely T-bone steak—the kind you pay \$.85 for, grilled specially for him, and he just sits and snarls at it. I know, he's turned misanthropist, the booby—just because somebody upset a cocktail shaker on him the other night. So he's refusing to eat so that he'll grow thin and scrawny and won't win any more blue ribbons for me, the old meanie!

My parents don't understand me! They refused to acknowledge me from the day I graduated from college. "You can't live like a savage and then return to civilization!" quoth they sagely. "What civilization?" replied I smartly, and only get disowned for the pains of thinking up a nifty come-back.

My college education did do one thing for me, though. It got me a keen job modeling clothes. If it hadn't been for that stupid blind date my freshman year, I never

would have met Petey. Petey used to send me American beauties until he flunked out of school.

When I was about to graduate, I had Petey down for Senior ball, and it was orchids and a job with his dad's firm from then on. His dad thinks I'm much too innocent and naive for Petey, so he takes me out instead now. When Petey raises a fuss, his dad says he must do without his allowance if he cares to be seen in public with me—so Petey's father takes me to the loveliest shows and things.

In fact, there's only one type of person who understands me—and I wish they didn't! They're my creditors, the fools. They never get the least bit irritated when I tell them they must wait awhile for their money. They think I'm the "Poor little Girl about to receive Vast Endowment from Old Wealthy Man who's Kicking Off"—but if they knew I didn't have a cent, and was just trying to get enough pseudo-sophistication together to write a story—oh I bet they wouldn't lose any time trying to misunderstand me!



This doesn't seem to pan out right



Keeping his wits about him

How to Be Charming Under Difficulties

Over and over again we have heard charm called an elusive thing. All of us strive for it constantly, with one degree of success or another. Yet surely it is not difficult to be your own lovely self, exuding charm from every pore when the sun is shining, the birds warbling, and little flowers blooming merrily. No, indeed—the real test of true charm comes in those moments of agonizing embarrassment which beset all of us at some time or another. Some people brazen out their problems in an ungenteel way; other timid souls endite an epistle to Dorothy Dix or Doris Blake (and usually get the answer “use your own judgment”) but those who are truly sincere will surely be able to find adequate solutions to each and every little perplexity in this novel and entertaining column of advice.

Today's mail bag held a host of interesting letters, most of which I shall answer by return mail, but for the benefit of that great group of people who, although they themselves have not written as yet, still want to know the correct thing to do, I shall reprint some of the more pertinent

questions, together with answers which should do much to solve any question regarding charm.

Dear Aunt Bella: I was so embarrassed the other evening, and I wonder if you could help me? I am forty years old and have been engaged to a very nice boy for about ten years. The other evening he asked me if he could call me by my first name. What should I have done?

ANXIOUS.

Dear Anxious: I realize that this is a delicate question, and I like your attitude. I do not believe in allowing men liberties, but as you have known this boy for some time, I think the charming thing for you to do would be to ask him to see your parents and get their permission. If they do not object, I am quite sure it would be a kindness on your part to allow him this privilege, but do not let him over do it.

AUNT BELLA.

Dear Aunt Bella: I need your advice and do hope you can help me. The other evening at a dinner party my escort picked up a piece of lettuce and rubbed it in his hair. What should I have done? BLUE EYES.

Dear Blue Eyes: If I had been

you, in order to put him at his ease and show him that you understood his temperament, I would have handed him the salad dressing and laughingly told him to go right ahead with his vegetable imitations.

AUNT BELLA.

Dear Aunt Bella: I accidentally shot and killed my mother-in-law the other day. What should I do?

PUZZLED.

Dear Puzzled: Apply to the Carnegie Foundation for the medal which you amply deserve.

AUNT BELLA.

“When did you get all the dimples?”

“During these times of depressions.”

“Did you ever take fencing?”

“Yeah, once, on Halloween night.”

She was a member of Torch but she wasn't hot enough to smoke.

Father: “A night watchman, my son, is the result of Platonic love,”



Father: “Do you know my boy, Will?”

Co-ed: “Oh, so you know about it, too?”

Sistern

If you can blow smoke rings when
all about you,
The hot air boys are blowing up a
gale;

If you can hold your likker though
they mix it,

With everything bootleggers have for
sale;

If you can listen to a naughty
story,

With a dumbness which denies
you've understood—

If you can do these things with
smoothness, darling,

Then, sister, I'll admit that you are
good.

If you can neck with fair amount of
finish,

And seem withal a novice at the
art—

If you can play and keep from ever
paying,

And yet appear to take the generous
part;

If you can cope with cats and seem
not catty

Get the low-down on all and yet not
tell—

If you can do these little things I've
mentioned,

Then, sister, I'll admit you're doing
well.

—S—

Student: "Why was King Alfonso
exiled to England?"

Prof.: "The people didn't like
him, because he had too much Haps-
burg and Bourbon in him."

Stude: "Then he deserved it, the
old drunkard!"

—S—

"Oh dear, oh dear," wailed the
young mother. "I had a contract for
a new house and the baby swallowed
it."

"Too bad," sympathized a visitor.
"Was it binding?"

"I don't know, but I suppose it is
now."

Editor: "Did you write all of
those jokes?"

Inferplex: "Yeh, it only takes a
little reflection."

Editor: "Self-reflection, eh?"

—S—

Woman, Couching Terms Unc-
toully: "What makes you so dirty-
minded?"

Youth Making Caustic Answer:
"My childhood sweetheart pledged
Chionega."

—S—

It was a terrible storm and Eve
straggled in wet to the skin. Throw-
ing a soddy maple leaf mantle from
her shoulders she said, "Adam, I'll
have to be re-leaved."

Even though we don't have cars
the number of girls that walk home
is amazing.

—S—

Famous She's

. . . boygan

. . . p's that pass in the night

. . . devils

Tito . . . pa

Because . . . 's nobody's sweetheart
now.

Baa, Baa, Black . . . ep

Three . . . ts in the wind.

—S—

Mary had a little lamp;
A good one we won't doubt,
For every time that company came,
The little lamp went out.



Woman: "My ideal man must be calm, stoical, precise, and pri-
marily a man of actions, not bothered by trivial emotions."

Dub: "You don't want a man, you want a robot."

Meditations

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air
Quick as a flash t'is gone:
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs.
Oh hell, alas, alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what you've
got;
Thus through life we are cursed.

Nobody to dance with but beginners,
Everything moves that goes;
Nothing but good ol' "Foot Ease,"
Can ever relieve my toes.

—S—

Why should men take advanced
swimming courses when beautiful
co-eds can make "fish" out of any of
them.

—S—

Then there was the Delta Zeta
that never heard the one about the
traveling salesman—



"With a permanent like her's you'd be irresistible too."

THEY LAUGHED WHEN I SAT DOWN

—but as the last strains died away, they burst into applause. My fingers flew lightly over the keys as I went into the "Paddling Song" from the Tales of Hoffman. My audience was held snow bound. Ha ha—and they thought they would get a laugh out of me but now the questions came thick and thin—"Where did you ever learn to play so beautifully?" "Who is your instructor?" I merely smiled and shooed them back in their corners. "Listen," says I, "and I'll tell you the story. It was back in the early nighties before drug stores sold sandwiches and when the Chicago Tribute was still a leaflet. I always had a hankering to play the piano, but as pianos were still unheard of, I had to be content with my Jew's harp. However as the years rolled by, the hankering increased, but I had it removed by an operation. There came a day when my grandmother bought me a beautifully engraved piano bench and a Steinway. My happiness was complete, so I put on boxing gloves and stepped up to the piano. But there, dear friends, I met with disappointment — bitter disappointment — I couldn't play a note! Day after day I walked back and forth in front of the keyboard, wearing the rug to a frazzle. At last I grew courageous, reached fourth and punched a key. Ah, friends, I'll never forget how that one note inspired me and how my aged grandmother shouted from the cyclone cellar, "That's a hell of a note!" I socked her in the basement with a No. G string, and bought a Physical Culture magazine. After paging through the pages I chanced on the U. S. School of Music advertisement. With shaking hands I clipped the coupon and within three days I had mastered Chopin, Beethoven, and Bach."

—S—

After taking only five lessons I astounded them all by swearing fluently at the waiter in French.

HORSEY

The other night I was awakened by a heavy thud to find my roommate sleepily picking himself up from the floor beside his bed.

"What happened?" I asked grouchyly.

"Just had a nightmare," was his sheepish reply, "and she threw me."

But I got even with him for shaking me out of a perfectly delightful dream. He started to crawl into his bunk the next night and was deeply troubled by the presence of a copious supply of bran flakes therein. Dimly suspecting dirty work he turned to me.

"You got anything to do with putting this bran in my bed?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Don't be silly," was my sarcastic answer as I sat up. "It's only for your own good. Beings you're such a poor horseman, I thought that bran might appease your nightmare's appetite so she would treat you more gently." And with that I snorted contemptuously a couple of times, lay down, and went to sleep.

Roomie had his revenge.

Next morning I awoke with a sensation of being choked, and with a heavy weight across my middle. I was firmly gagged, with a regulation cavalry saddle across my midriff and cinched under the bed, and my hands strapped together.

Roomie sat across from me on his bunk, watching my antics with a malignant gleam in his eyes. Finally he got up, sauntered toward me, and suddenly hoisted himself into the saddle he had copped from the R. O. T. C., me protesting dumbly all the while to the ignominious treatment.

"Listen, you ass," he began scathingly, "if it wasn't for your confounded braying I wouldn't have those nightmares. And since I can't gag you to keep you from snoring every night, I'm going to get some practice riding. Just to stabilize things I got you bound up plenty tight.

He needn't have made that last crack as I had already found that



RETIRING?

out. Anyway a wild glint came into his eye and he started jumping up and down in the saddle, accompanied by lusty wheezes from me every time he came down, and began flaying my legs unmercifully with a belt.

Poor roomie! In the first place he should have known better for we had roomed together three years now and he knew how I got when I was mad. He might as well have started hammering on a case of high explosives as fool with me. But he had lost all reason and was whopping it up right royally. And that's where he made his second mistake.

The only experience he ever had riding was on a hobby horse as a four-year-old with his mammy there to hold him. Even then in a lax moment he had toppled to the floor on his head, which was probably the

cause of his present, at times, demented actions. Anyway he got too reckless for a novice like himself.

In the third place he was in the infantry and had the usual foot soldier's lack of information about all things equestrian. Consequently he had tied the saddle girth in a bow knot instead of cinching it properly. It was no wonder that it soon worked loose under the severe pommelling, and that combined with a particularly nasty heave of mine and his precarious balance sent him piling to the floor.

By the time I had unloosed myself roomie was regaining consciousness. "What happened?" he asked dazedly.

"Nothing much," I replied unsympathetically. "You tried to make an ass out of a nightmare and she threw you."

Coming Distractions

This page has changed hands more times this year than a lap-dog with fleas, but if you will bear with me a little while, we will see if we can give you a few pointers on the best shows that will appear at our theatres until our next issue. Due to lack of space we can't tell you about all the talkies which will be featured, or all about most of the coming attractions; but for your convenience we will try to give you an idea of some of the best ones in our opinion.

RIALTO—If you are interested in names, these following titles may be of some interest to you: "Finn and Hattie" — "Mother's Cry" — "Little Caesar" — "The Millionaire" — and "Hot Heiress."

Our selection which consists of two shows per theatre, takes "Little Caesar," featuring Edward G. Robinson, Doug. Fairbanks Jr., and Glenda Farrell as one of the two best to be shown at the Rialto during this period. The story of this picture has been syndicated in eighty-two newspapers, and is a gang story with some real revelations of the underworld, and for once gives an actual picture of the gangster without any sob stuff added to make you think that all gangsters are noble, fine, etc., etc., as most of us have usually seen him portrayed. The picture is tense and full of action, and the rise of Little Caesar from a small-time crook to an underworld chief won't cause you any disappointment as far as excitement is concerned. The cast is made up of ten good actors, including Edward G. Robinson, the former Broadway and Theatre Guild actor, and in addition to those first mentioned, Ralph Ince, and Wm. Collier Jr.

"Mother's Cry" will be shown when your mother is here. You ought to take her to it, as it por-

trays a mother and her two sons (one good, and one bad) and is **LIFE** without being super-sentimental.

This picture I do not need to say anything about. It is good, the acting is as near perfect as we ever get a chance to see. The name of it is "The Millionaire." The principal actor is George Arliss. If you miss this picture you will be one of the few to miss it. If times weren't as bad as they are, we would predict an extended engagement for this picture, but we know that after its run from May 17 to May 20, that another picture is billed, and it will move on to some other town. By the way, Mrs. Arliss also plays in this picture.



R. K. O. VIRGINIA—Here we have "Born to Love" with Constance Bennett — "Iron Man" featuring Lew Ayers — Norma Shearer in "Strangers May Kiss" — El Brendel in "Mr. Lemon of Orange" and "Skippy."

Personally, we are going to see "Strangers May Kiss," Norma Shearer taking the lead. We always were strangers to Norma, even though we would like to know her familiarly. We understand, however that Robert Montgomery does most of the kissing. (**AND HE GETS PAID FOR IT!**)

The story goes like this—Lisbeth, a modern young woman, finds that she can't kiss and ride away. She falls in love with a rover gentleman, Neil Hamilton, and raises consider-

able "whoopie" when he gives her the run-around. She is then taken back by that nice man Robert Montgomery. The world rover comes back however feeling very chastened. Whom will she finally give the right to kiss her? Well the title says, "Strangers May Kiss," and being a "stranger" we are going to see how we come in sometime between the tenth and twelfth of May.

"Mr. Lemon of Orange" featuring El Brendel and Fifi D'Orsay promises to be a hilarious comedy full of lots of original gags. El Brendel will be remembered as the "gentleman brought back to life" in "Just Imagine." In this picture he is given one of the best parts he has ever had the opportunity to play, and with Fifi D'Orsay (Whom we will wager, most all of you will want to see a lot more of) it will be an impossibility not to derive some real enjoyment while viewing this show from somewhere in the R. K. O. Virginia.

R. K. O. ORPHEUM—"Kiki" with the best known moving picture actress ever developed in this country, Mary Pickford, brings back a story you probably all remember. Few actresses have ever enjoyed the following which is so loyal to her. If we thought that it would be necessary to encourage you to attend "Kiki" we would fill the rest of this page with past achievements of Mary Pickford; however, we won't say anything more, but will SEE you at the R. K. O. Orpheum when "Kiki" is playing.

If you have a desire to see a "gold-digger" dug, you will be interested in knowing that "3 Girls Lost" provides just that situation. Loretta Young and John Wayne play the leads, assisted by Lew Cody, Joyce Compton, and Joan Marsh. (Quite a cast! Eh, what?) The plot con-

(Continued on Page 24)

ODE TO SPRING

Ladies and Gentlemen: It is indeed a solemn occasion that I clear my voice with Listerine thereby regaining all my friends and displacing myself as a wallflower. Speaking of wallflowers reminds me of a poem I once knew as I was strolling down Wright street with my hat on my arm and a Theta in my hand. She sez to me in her sweet musical bass voice: "By Gawd it looks like rain." So I took the dog by the collar and fed him some of that rot-gut I had just bought at Hanley's and he very gratefully thanked me by taking me by the neck and marching Tommy Arkle up to me. Now the funny part of it is that Eddie Barker wasn't in that day, so we took our car and drove over to the Commerce building for a "coke." When we got there the Law building was bare so we couldn't get the poor bloke a coke. So we got a few free samples of water from the Boneyard and washed our neck and ears with a couple of sour notes from Bill Donahue's band. Then we decided to go home so we got on an I. C. special that happened to pass by and drove the team back to Prehn's. Boy, down there we had a swell time. There was the rottenest grub a guy could eat and wonderful music was being played in Danville. I forgot but I think the orchestra was Bill Arnold and his mouth organ. That guy certainly plays awful, the tune went something like this—tra-la-de-boom-tra-la—kinda pretty too. Just then a cyclone hit the street car and blew us clear over the Kappa house. It knocked me out and when I woke up I thought I was in heaven cuz there was the worst bunch of crocks around me. I found out later they were Sigma Kappas and the West Residence Hall had been trying to pledge them. Say, there's an institution for you. Have you ever seen so many workouts in one place as there is in that Pi Phi house. All in all though I know one darn nice girl there at the Delta Gamma joint—yessum she's so nice I think she must

be a house mother or an instructor. Which leads right up to my main issue.

—S—

Racketeers

(Continued from Page 10)

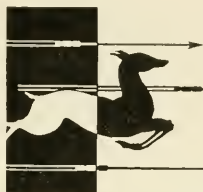
please." A frown more powerful than Gibraltar, a stamp of a foot more crushing than an avalanche and—"Change that Ford order to a Packard." A tear drop that is more ominous than cyclone clouds, a sigh that rivals Jupiter's bolts of thunder in effect and—"Tickets for a Mediterranean cruise for two, please."

Woman, that chief of racketeers, has been at work quietly, carefully, and thoroughly down through the

ages. There is no law, legal or natural, to stop her. Barriers built up by muscle and brain are toppled over by her whims. Cities rise and fall at her commands. But still not satisfied with these powers, she has preyed still further into the secrets of her business. The man who says "Will you marry me, dear?" is not the pursuer, he is the victim of an age-old profession, he is being *racketeered*.

Every racketeering business that has sprung up eventually meets defeat and is torn down by rebellious dissenters. But, Woman, the chief racketeer, runs her course forever, which leads to the belief that we must like it, *WE DO!*





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Woman Hunt

(Continued from Page 8)

"But I tell you she hasn't been here since day before yesterday!"

"But she told me to meet her here!" complained the pledge. "I want Henrietta! Where have you hidden her?" he accused with sudden suspicion, loathe to see a fruitless outcome to all his efforts.

"You've seen her then to talk with her?" queried another of the sisters.

"No!" he confessed, "But she wrote me a note—in fact, she wrote me several!" he added meaningly.

"Do you mind?" asked this same girl, reaching for the paper in his hand. "I just happened to think of something." She scanned the note a moment before commenting on what she saw disclosed. "Just as I suspected!" she said slowly and significantly.

"I'm awfully sorry," she explained,

looking at the young chap pityingly. "But I'm afraid you don't understand the situation at all! We broke her pledge the other day because, well frankly, she just didn't measure up with our high standards at all! And reports have it that she's gone completely off her nut from the shock!"

Strange transformations were taking place on the face of the pledge. Bewilderment, pain, sorrow, and the desire to laugh and cry were all registered at the same time.

"But if we'd known all along she'd take it that hard, of course, we'd never have broken——"

The fellow heard no more, for he had fallen senseless at their feet.

* * *

At the inquest two days later, the brothers of Psi Upsilon—contrary to all expectations—exhibited an appalling lack of sympathy and under-

standing for the departed.

"It served him right!" argued one of the more virtuous of their number. "There he was—tooting all over town after this femme—when he should've been raising the house average!"

It, however, was the consensus of masculine opinion that "Any poor fool who would have anything to do with a University woman, in the first place, didn't deserve to come to a more honorable finish. Why what were Danville, Decatur, Monticello, and other towns for—if not to give some relief from these same co-eds!"

—S—

*There was a young lady named Fall,
Who went to a fancy dress ball;*

*Though scantily dressed
She outshone the rest*

*For she literally outstripped them all.
—Royal Gabboon.*

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He: I see your sex has surrendered at last.

She: Where'd you hear that?

He: Just saw a sign, "Ladies Ready to Wear Clothes."

—*Cornell Widow.*

—S—

She never said "No" . . . yet she has "Athlete's Foot."

—*Lehigh Burr.*

—S—

Kappa Sig: Who is the lucky man?

Sig Ep: Her father!

—*Bored W'alk.*

—S—

First Chi O: I wonder what made the tower of Pisa lean.

Second Chi O: I wish I knew, darling, I'd take some myself.

—*Green Gander.*

—S—

Teacher: In the sentence, "I saw the girl climb the fence," how many "T's" would you use?

S. A. E.: Both of 'em teacher.

—*Green Gander.*

—S—

Knock at the door.

"Who's there?"

"It is I, His Majesty Herman Fernando Erich Victor Emmanuel Karl Franz Herbert von Shutzen-dum."

"Oh, come in, Terry, dear."

—*Sun Dial.*

—S—

Did you take part in this fight or were you just a witness?

Man with black-eye: I was only an eye witness.

—*Sun Dial.*

—S—

"Who was that woman I heard in your room last night?"

"That was no woman. That was my radio."

"Well, tell your radio not to trample her lipstick into the rug."

—*John Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.*

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Culled From Our Fan Mail

(Continued from Page 5)

wouldn't be allowed in such a place."

One day about a year ago I was arguing with a famous surgeon, a friend of mine, about the question of co-ed's sense of humor. We made plans to find out something definite. I hid behind some bushes out on Lincoln avenue one night and ambushed an average co-ed as she walked by. Suddenly confronting her, I quieted her with reassuring words. Telling her I was going to buy her a double orange-coke, I enticed her into a nearby confectionery where I doped her with ether and smuggled her out in a large banana crate. My friend waited in a high-powered car, and we dumped Miss Average Co-ed into the tonneau and sped to his operating room. Here my eminent surgeon friend utilized a multitude of sensitive and delicate instruments, far beyond my poor technical knowledge to explain. At length, after painstaking care, he located her sense of humor in the right foot, just above the ankle. Then what a pothor! Every step anaesthetically perfect, the surgeon deftly delved in with pliers and tongs and extracted from about an inch beneath the surfaces a dirty looking little object about the size of a bloated pea, covered with mould, and heavy as quick silver. His face beamed with joy of scientific accom-

plishment as he handed this odd curiosity to me.

"There it is," he nodded, "just about as I surmised all along."

"Do tell," I ejaculated, somewhat awe-struck, "but why is it so dirty?"

"It's their nature to be that," my friend answered wisely, chuckling a little.

We put the average co-ed's sense of humor in near beer to preserve it, if possible, while the surgeon skillfully, for appearance's sake, inserted a petrified grape fruit seed into the place recently occupied by the sense of humor. With a combination of caution and rare luck we were able to restore the average co-ed without anyone being the wiser as to what had been done. Her sense of humor surprisingly dissolved in short order in the near beer, or I'd have scientific proof of the experiment now. This is about all, except that a sequel, I can say that the acts of Miss Average Co-ed subsequent to this secret operation, like her words which followed, never gave anyone cause to suspect that she had been separated from her sense of humor.

I believe that these dissertations, anecdotal in form, but none the less authoritative, must suffice for my present purpose. The all important thing is to realize the utter asininity and absurd futility of dedicating

numbers of what purports to be a humorous magazine to Co-eds. This "Girl Number" business must cease, both in cover and contents, or I must lament the extinction of The Siren as a humorous magazine. This maretricious debasing of the soul of humor by association with the cloying feminine must stop instantly, or, never anon shall I favor you with another courageously outspoken letter of suggestion and mild criticism. Desist, Sir, from your egregious misconceptions, I warn you, or I must sever all connections with your puny, emasculated journal.

Most sincerely yours,

H. E. N.

P. S. I dare you to print this, you traducer of pure humor, you traitor editor! It hasn't enough girl in it, I guess, to satisfy your corrupt notions of humor. You vile wretch. You skirt hound!!

H. E. N.

—S—

Leek: Is my face clean enough to eat with?

Dans: Yes, but you had better use your hands.

—S—

At last we've found the most unhappy man in the world, a sea-sick traveler with lockjaw.

—Black and Blue Jay.

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DOWNTOWN

CHAMPAIGN

NOT A WHALE OF A DIFFERENCE

This is Graham McNamee, folks, speaking from the Hotcha Cafe, Hollywood, California. The decorations here are gorgeous . . . and I think the orchestra is just about to start another number. Hold on! There's something going on 'way over there. It looks like a fight! Three pretty girls are out there scuffling around. They're movie stars! Let's see, it's Constance Bennett, Mary Brian, and Mariene Dietrich. . . . No, that's Maureen O'Sullivan. . . . Boy! What a battle! Maureen's pulling Mary's . . . I mean Marlene's hair out by the roots, and they're all scratching each other something fierce. Can you hear those screams, folks? Sure is some battle! Wait a minute. A cop is breaking it up. Yep, it's all over. (Who was that scrapping out there, Fred?) Folks, that was Buddy Rogers, Charles Farrell, and Robert Montgomery who just put on that little show out there. Good night.

—Stanford Chaparral.

S

APRIL FOOL

Swede: "Aye vant a marriage liscence. My name is Swanson und my girl's name is Swanson.

License Clerk: "Relations?"

Swede: "Oh sir, aye couldn't tell you dat."

—Lehigh Burr.

S

Father (going over son's expense account): What is this thirty dollars for?

Son: Oh, that's for a couple of tennis rackets I bought.

Father: H'm, in my day we called them bats.

—Punch Bowl.

S

Betty: Oh, how do they ever get all the dirt off those football uniforms?

Co-ed: Why my dear, there is the scrub team over on that bench.

—Wesleyan Wasp.

S

Salesman: We have some new-type shirts here—with-out buttons.

Senior: My God, new?? I've been wearing that kind for four years now!

—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

S

"Shall I take you to the zoo?"

"No, if they want me they'll come after me."

—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

S

"You should have seen Blanche run the half mile last night."

"What did she run it in?"

"I don't know what you call the—things."

—Lehigh Burr.

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Steel shafted clubs \$3.00 to \$5.50

Golf balls—35c to 75c each

THE CO-OP

On the Square

On the Square

(Continued from Page 18)

cerns three country girls who meet on the way to the big city, and the resulting muddle that occurs when the "3 Girls Lost" fall in love with various young men, among them one gangster. The picture proves to be pleasant entertainment, mighty good for an evening when you wish to rid yourself of the "blues." The action takes place in Chicago, so some of you will be able to feel right at home in the R. K. O. Orpheum while seeing "3 Girls Lost."

PARK—Eddie Cantor and Eleanor Hunt are coming in "Whoopie" during the fourteenth and fifteenth of May at the Park. Some of you may have seen this picture, but if you haven't you know as well as we do, that you'll do your best to see it. There is not a dead moment in any picture in which Eddie Cantor is featured, so why say more?

"Just Imagine" (one of the most unusual pictures ever produced portraying life some few years in ad-

vance) is also scheduled. Previously it came during exams, but if you didn't enjoy it then you will now have that opportunity. (And at regular Park prices.)

PRINCESS—You will find it worth an extra trip to downtown Urbana to see Charlie Chaplin in "City Lights" on the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth of May.

No picture in years has caused as much favorable comment in both this country and England as has this picture. Almost every English publication has gone "City Lights." Needless to say, we need and appreciated more work of this truly fine comedian in this country. No actor has ever been able to copy Chaplin technique, so for a second taste of this picture of real humor we'll see you at the Princess. Even if the prices are low, we have a sneaking notion that we'll stay for two shows.

Now, don't you agree with me that the month of May is going to bring a mighty fine collection of pictures to the Campus?

*The snow was falling thick and fast;
'Twas night and bitter cold.
The wind did blow in fearful blast,
And howled with vengeance bold.*

*My nose was froze as were my toes.
A plight most cruelly sad;
And yet was added to my woes
The worst I've ever had.*

*A voice rang out from yonder gate
In tones of gladsome cheer;
And certainly these words of Fate
Were meant for me to hear:*

*"O Stranger poor, do come within
And have a drink or two:
A shot of scotch, or glass of gin
To warm thy soul and you."*

*Ah, woe is me, and grief's my lot
That Fortune should me shun;
Those words—alas—I heard them
not,
I had my ear-muffs on.*

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

OMA' KATCHIM

The Party Girl, the Brazen Hussy,
The Collegian says "She is the stuff,"
She smokes your fags, drinks up your poison,
Stays with the party, tame and rough.
Gather the rosebuds while ye may,
Worry not ye lads of pain and sorrow,
In sooth the flapper of today
Will be the chaperone of tomorrow.
Rise high ye goblets full to the brimming,
Skool to the pals who by thee stood,
Who drank thy grog and stole thy wenches,
So raise thee hell, while the raising's good.

—Cornell Ollapod.

S
SUCCESS

"Well, of all the dumb fools! What's the idea of leaving a can of condensed milk for the cat?"
"Sallright, I left a can opener too."
"O, well, why didn't you say so?"

S
They were thrown out of the square dance because they were a couple of rounders. —Juggler.

S
They were amused when she got up to sing, but when she sat down on the piano—they knew it was Helen Morgan. —Juggler.

S
THE FUTILITY OF IT ALL

If you ever go to Hades and happen to see a wildly shrieking apparently innocent and pure young damsel roasting on the coals, don't bother asking the head stoker, the fellow with the beautiful horns, what in hell she's done, for she didn't do anything in hell—she's only the chairman of the Blind Date Committe for a Sorority formal.

—Boston Beanpot.

S
"Girls have the right to dress as they please,"
A maid announced with vigor,
"But some of them lack the nerve," I said,
"And some of them lack the figure."
—Boston Beanpot.

S
PROPER SPIRIT

"Wake up, there's a fire in the quadrangle."
"Men's or women's?"
"Men's."

"Aw, let the damn thing burn."
—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

R-K-O
VIRGINIA

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—in—

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BILL BOYD

—in—

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"The Subway Express"

with

JACK HOLT

DEAN OF MEN

Dear Sir:

I write this in accordance with your ruling that every motorist in a fatal accident must report to you; that I am innocent is obvious. I was driving home with three friends from a party as nearly dry as a party ever is nowadays, when I noticed that the road was shifting; first I would see one side and then the other. My companions, who were singing "Sweet Adeline," did not notice this until a tree took off both mudguards and the running board on the left hand side, when they both wanted to drive, but as they appeared to have three sheets in the wind, I would not let them. Then one of the damn fools let loose some snakes, and some rats, that began to climb up my legs, and just then a tree took off the other mudguard. Then I saw this other car; he was shifting back and forth as if he was drunk. I started to get off the road, but found I was already off, and down a four-foot ditch, besides; in trying to get back on the road I found that that other fellow and I were in the same spot at the same time, with the result that I soon found myself sitting in the road, holding a headlight; I was not drunk, as the officer said, but merely so affected by the accident that I could not talk coherently. Convinced that I leave this case in capable hands, I sign off.

As ever,

—Harvard Lompoon.



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Bits from the pen of Harold Buckles:

AT COLLEGE

I thought I knew women.
I forgot to go to class.
My checks were always short.
I thought I could write.
I was going to have lots of money
I despised proud parents.

AFTER COLLEGE

And now I'm married.
I forgot the groceries.
They still are.
I wish I could.
I have lots of bills.
You should see my baby.

—*Colorado Dodo.*

—S—

Wealthy banker: Why do you love me? For what I did; for what I'm doing, or for what I will do?

Gold digger: For what you will.

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

—S—

Orator—the fellow who will lay down your life for his country.

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

—S—

Eloquent Senator: My life is a tale of hard work and gradual uplifting.

Voice from the Crowd: How many times can ya chin yerself now?

—*Penn. Bunch Bowl.*

—S—

Jones is the most brutally frank business man in town."

"How so?"

"When he remits in payment he writes: You have already found the enclosed check."

—*Carnegie Tech. Puppet.*

—S—

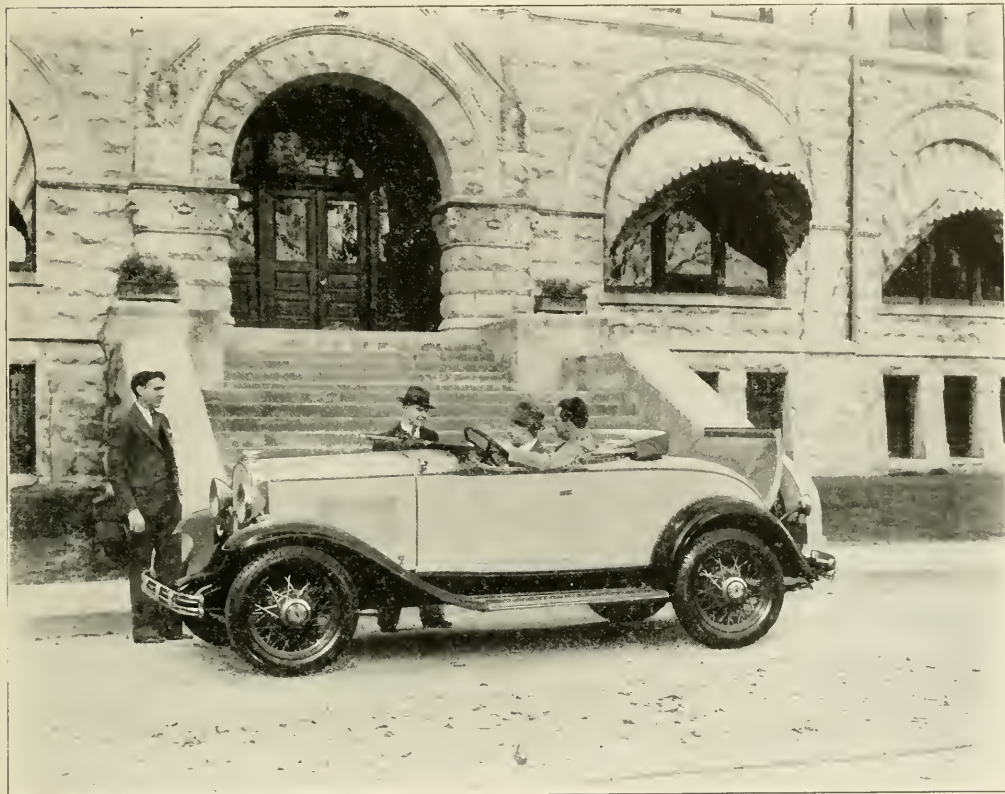
Cheerleader: "What's the matter with Wrong?"

Crowd: "He's all right."

Cheerleader: "Who's all right?"

Crowd: "Wrong!"

—*Tennessee Mugwump.*



The new Chevrolet Sport Roadster photographed on the Tulane Campus with Gibson Hall in the background

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"My grandfather was an adventurer. He was a gold-digger in Alaska."

"So was my grandmother."

—*John Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.*

—S—

31: "I thought you had a good job down in Georgia?"

30: "I did, but I passed a prison gang on the road and got lonesome for Vassar."

—*M. I. T. I'oo Doo.*

—S—

She: "But, dear, can't we live on love?"

He: "Sure, your father loves you, doesn't he?"

—*I'anderbilt Masquerader.*

—S—

"Whatchagotna package?"

"Sabook."

"Wassanaimuvitt?"

"Sadickshunery, fullinains. Wife's gonna gettaplecedog and gottagettanaimferim."

—*Texas Battalion.*

—S—

Soph: "Come on, take a bath and get cleaned up. I'll get you a date."

Frosh (cautiously): "Yeh, and suppose you don't get the date?"

—*Penn. Punch Bowl.*

—S—

I still don't believe the story about the absent minded professor who hung up his socks and then discovered that he had forgotten to take them off.

—*Brown Jug.*

—S—

Simple: Could you pass the bread?

Simpleton: I guess. I moved pianos last year.

—*Carnegie Tech. Puppet.*

—S—

"Pardon me, sir," said the absenti-minder professor looking in the mirror, "But haven't I seen you some place before?"

—*Dartmouth Jack-o'Lantern.*

OPPORTUNITY

Two bandits boarded a train and announced: "This is a hold-up—don't be alarmed—we won't hurt anyone. We're just going to rob the men and kiss the women."

One old gentleman gallantly opposed them: "You curs—rob us, but if you touch a woman here I shall raise an alarm even if it cost me my life."

The firm voice of an old maiden lady immediately burst out: "Say, mister, you shut up and mind your own business. These two gentlemen here are robbing this train!"

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

—S—

Goodnight, baby, if you talk in your sleep, don't mention my name.

—*Texas Battalion.*

—S—

Then there is the girl who was so dumb she thought she was supposed to dance with her feet.

—*Kansas Sour Owl.*

—S—

Dr. Dunaway, able historian, has a keen sense of humor and often cracks a wise one just to see if anyone is listening. Usually someone is, as was proved the other day when the Dr. left himself wide open for a snappy comeback as he was telling about the bloodthirsty red skins.

"What would you do," he thundered, "if you came in from the fields and found your wife and seventeen children dead on the cabin floor?"

"Bury them," came one of those voices from way back.

—*Penn. State Froth.*

—S—

Then there was the New York Scotchman who hired Floyd Gibbons to talk over the long distance phone to his girl in San Francisco.

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*



WAISTCOATS OF REAL QUALITY

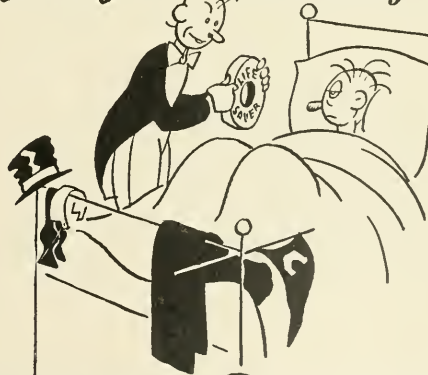
BEFORE you buy a dress or dinner waistcoat, make it a point to look for the green label of Catoir Vesting on the strap. If it is not there, you may be certain that you are not getting the best in either fabric or workmanship.

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The individual community is known by its utilities. Good lights, abundant power, good telephone service, pure water, good transportation tell a stranger within the gates more about the city than can the spoken words.

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This company is endeavoring to pay a daily service dividend in return for the good things it enjoys with all the people in this community.

Illinois Power and Light Corporation

Joe: I'm going to plant my pin tonight!

Joseph: Is it genuine love?

Joe: Yep; her father says I must marry the girl! —*Exchange.*

—S—

I wonder if it's the girl or her money that draws interest.

—S—

The Legionnaires weren't tight, they were merely playing war, using the curbstone as a fortification.

—*M. I. T. Foo Doo.*

—S—

Two men who had traveled were comparing ideas about foreign cities.

"London," said one, "is certainly the foggiest place in the world."

"Oh, no, it's not," said the other. "I've been in a place much foggier than London."

"Where was that?" asked his interested friend.

"I don't know where it was," replied the second man. "It was so foggy." —*Drexel Drexler.*

Percy, what is an alibi?

An assertion that you were at church when you were not in order to prove that you were not at a poker game which you were.

—*Texas Battalion.*

—S—

Perhaps the prize local corn-fed specimen was the swacked gent who sidled up to the loan desk in the library, pointed to the sign and whispered: "Howsh t' borrow a couple dollarsh?"

—*Stanford Chaparral.*

—S—

First tick: "Let's pick out a good prior for today's meal."

Second tick: "Yes, we've been getting into bad abbots lately."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—S—

Catty Co-ed: "Did he threaten you when he kissed you?"

Betty Ditto: "Yes, he said: 'If you scream I'll never kiss you again.'" —*Tennessee Mugwump.*

Was the doctor angry when he was called from dinner to attend those maniacs at the asylum?

Oh no, he merely said, "From soup to nuts." —*Harvard Lampoon.*

—S—

SUFFICIENT

"I am a member of the Delta Delta Delta."

"All right, I heard you the first time."

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

—S—

S. A. E.: Boy, I've got an instructor that's old fashioned?

K. K. G.: Why Bill, how is that?

S. A. E.: She wears her hair in automobile fashion, you know, top down, mud guards on the sides and a spare tire on back.

—S—

"Say, that little freshman you've been running around with certainly has a nice build."

"Yep—a perfect '34!"

—*Washington U. Dirge.*

Way Back When

"Ah, they were MEN in those days!" said brother Horace '00 as he and two others of his class sat around the festive board with three of the brothers of '33.

"We never shaved, we never washed, we worshipped at the shrine of Bacchus. Those were the days!"

So the six had a round on that.

(Rough Brother McSlush '00 passed out after this round).

"We beat up the frosh, we beat up the cops, we had the faculty licked from the start and all of the beer-joint-bouncers were afraid of us!"

"Ah, they were MEN in those days!"

So the five had a round on that.

(Rough Brother Mugg '00 passed out after this round).

"We never went to concerts, we never smoked imported cigarettes, and never brushed our teeth!"

"Ah, they were MEN in those days!"

So the four had a round on that.

(Rough Brother Guff '00 passed out after this round).

"Ah, they were MEN in those days!"

So the three surviving smooth, refined, and delicate brothers of '33 had twenty-five more rounds on that.

—Stanford Chaparral.

—S—

We are twins and look alike. When we were at school my brother threw an eraser and hit the teacher. She whipped me. She didn't know the difference, but I did. Brother was in a fight and the judge fined me five hundred dollars. He didn't know the diff but I did. I was to be married but my brother arrived at the church first and married my girl. She didn't realize, but I did.

But I got even for all that. I died last week and they buried him.

—Ohio Sun Dial.

—S—

Corporal: "Squad's right!"

Rear Rank: "After all these years, he admits it."—M. I. T. '00 Doo.

Pleading

The still of night was broken only by the crooning of the swaying pines. Across the star-lit sky a reckless moon scattered tantalizing moonbeams over an already chaotic scene. The boy slowly lowered his eyes to gaze on the still, mistily clad figure nestled in the hollow of his arm. His passionate eyes devoured every inch of her beautiful figure so placidly reposing there. Greedily he admired the shapely limbs, the firm, girlish bosom, the smooth, white throat before he spoke with a voice filled with emotion—

"Darling—please—just this once—I'll never ask again."

She answered, softly, "No, John."

"Please, darling," he cried, more fervently than ever.

"All right," she whispered, "just this once, but don't ever ask me to go wading again."

—Texas Battalion.

BRIEFLY SPEAKING

"Have a cigarette?"

"No thanks. I don't smoke and besides I've just had one and anyway I'm too busy and to tell the truth I never smoke your brand and I've got a bad cough already and then smoking's prohibited here and what's more my lighter's dry and I haven't a match and even if I had one there'd be no place to strike it and besides one should never smoke before meals and the air is bad enough already and then again we have no ash trays and incidentally my wife is against it and what's more if you weren't such a blind jackass you could see that I already have one."

—M. I. T. '00 Doo.

—S—

She: Is he bashful?

Her: Bashful? He's so bashful, when he proposed to me he used the editorial "we." —Punch Bowl.

—S—

Yes, sir; boy, always start at the foot of the ladder. God knows what babe may be just ahead of you. —Punch Bowl.

—S—

Mother: John, where did you go with Alice last night?
John: To the movies.

Mother: Now, John, don't say that; I don't mind your going to the park, but, after all, there's no reason why you should lie about it. —Punch Bowl.

How One Good Service Leads to Another

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The Magazine with a College Education

Happy Landings

"Bill certainly got into a lot of fights when he was in Venice."

"Was he ever hurt?"

"No. He always got tossed into the streets."

—S—

Then there's the boy who declined an appointment to be examined for West Point because he couldn't get out of military.

—S—

No. 1: What did Sandy say to that Phi Beta during the final exam?

No. 2: He just said, "A penny for your thoughts."

—Cornell Widow.

—S—

He: I want to know lots more women before I get married.

She: You will have to know lots more before you get married.

—Wesleyan Wasp.

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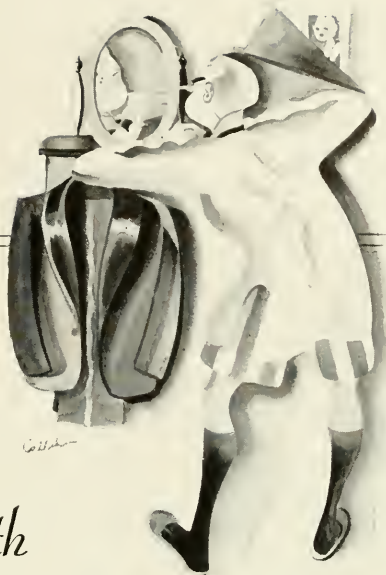
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but will you?*

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A date — and how — but will she wait? You bet your life she won't! Too many good-looking fellows wear Holeproof Autogarts and get there on time. The funny part of it is that Autogarts are correct as well. And do they wear and wash? We'll say they do. The Autogart feature's guaranteed to outwear the sock — and the sock is a Holeproof! Need we say more? And style that's there, too, with some snappy new designs — those Holeproof exclusive designs.

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Safe
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SIREN

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ILLINOIS



Vacationing
Dentist:
"Ye Gods - what
a cavity!"

HAROLD D. BOWEN

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and they stay up!*

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Urbana

What to do With Your Old "Hit of the Week" Records

1. Put an olive in the hole and use them as paper plates.
2. Use them to reline the clutch in your car.
3. Pledges, wear a couple in the seat of your pants.
4. Put them under cocktail glasses, they will protect the varnish.
5. Carry a couple as spare wheels for your Austin.
6. See how far you can bend one without cracking it. (Hell of a lot of good it will do you).
7. Put them inside your tux. shirts to keep them straight.
8. Throw them away. —*Cornell Widow.*

—S—

You can lead a horse to Vassar, but you can't make her think. —*Yale Record.*

—S—

Statistics show that
Yale graduates have
1.3 children,
While Vassar graduates
Have 1.7 children,
Which proves that women
Have more children
Than men. —*Diamond Dust.*

—S—

Alibi

The alibi is a famous institution,
An inborn character of human constitution;
Each person has his pet excuse,
For which he always finds good use
Whenever the need doth call.

Now the alibi is quite all right
If used with definite end in sight,
But there's one excuse I can't see why
So many people always cry:
"I'm only human after all." —*Yale Record.*

—S—

Justice

Three little citizens
Wanting things to do,
One went speeding in his car,
And then there were two,
Two little citizens,
Looking for some fun,
One broke a Sabbath law
And then there was one,
One little citizen
Shot up lots of men . . .

(We'll have to stop here. This guy survived. He was Al Capone). —*Cornell Widow.*



The crime wave, too, strikes a breakwater



An alarm! Headquarters radios it to cruising cars.

Police Radio is "joining the force" in many a city—acting as a breakwater in checking the surge of criminal activity . . . The apparatus the police are using comes out of the telephone workshop. It is logical that

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this vast organization is a huge responsibility. Carrying it out means



This engineer's "precinct" is a laboratory.



Caught—because the radio saved precious minutes.

keeping an open mind on new methods of manufacture, new sources of supply, new channels of distribution. It means welcoming and taking full advantage of every worth-while aid that modern science offers.

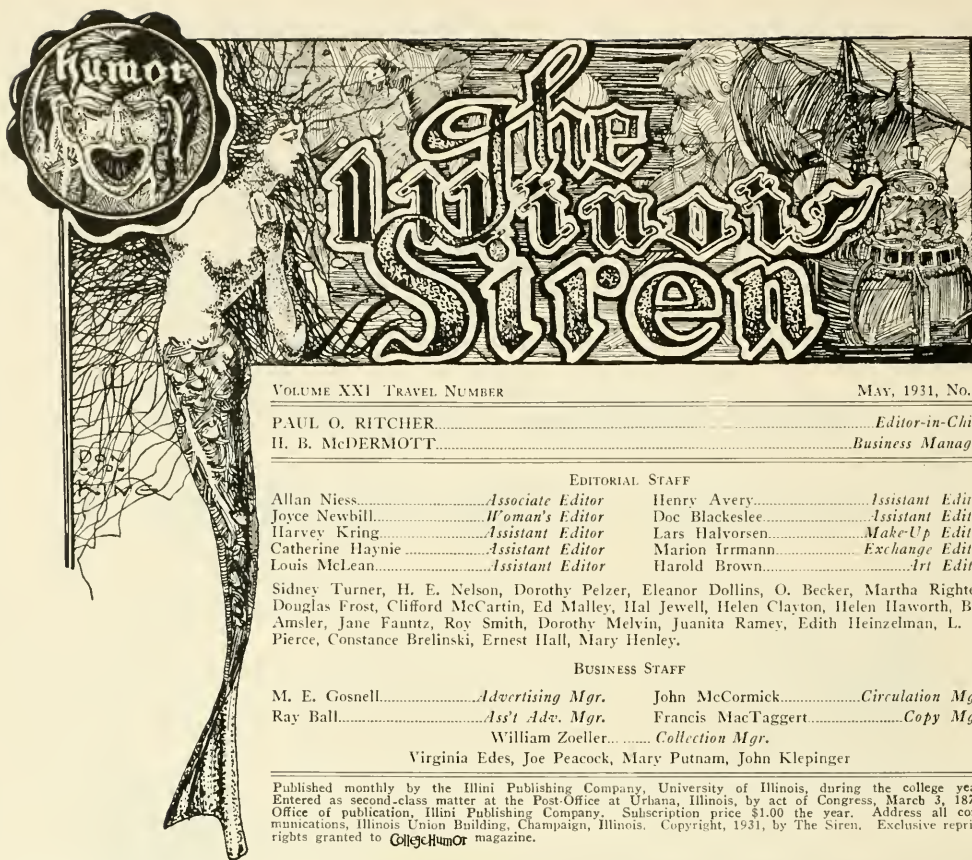
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VOLUME XXI TRAVEL NUMBER

MAY, 1931, No. 8

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Contents

| | |
|---|--------------|
| COVER..... | Harold Bowen |
| Travel Bound, by <i>Oratio Alger</i> | 7 |
| The Doughnut as a Whole..... | 9 |
| How to Pick a Date..... | 8 |
| In Praise of Weather..... | 13 |
| Coming Distractions, by <i>Louis McLean</i> | 18 |



INKKLINGS

from
Ye Editor's Pen

Merdern Pertry

The vogue for poetrical expressions—we too, know that they are not poetry—a la Ogden Nash, may have waxed and waned ere September arrives, so maybe we'd better get it off our chest right here and now that we think they are the nerfs, but a little baffling to the ordinary soul, who, after chewing on a pencil for an hour or so produces something as terrible as this—

The love life of amoebas
Always did intrigue us.

Why the quail,
So small and frail,
Wiggles his tail,
Is none of your affair.

—the latter one doesn't make much sense, but then neither does much of the poetry written after the manner of Ogden Nash, or for that matter, that written by Mr. Nash himself.

At any rate our rosiest dream is one in which a man hesitantly approaches us and takes a paper out of his pocket as he says—"My friends all thought this was good, and so—." At this point we are counting quietly to ten, for as you should know, that remark always means just one thing—that the stuff will be lousy. But no, we read, and the page has on it no less than ten peers to

"A Bronx?"
"No thonx."

The man assures us that he has reams of the stuff at home, and that if we would want it, he'd be tickled to death to bring it in. We always see him, just as plainly, coming in the door with his arms literally loaded with copy, the reams of it he talked about.

And then we wake up.

Pi Lambda Pica

An alarming situation has just come to our attention. It is one which bids fair to menace that very democracy which Illinois has always sought to instill in student and faculty alike. If allowed to go unchanged it may even thwart the purpose for which a certain University department was organized.

The department to which I refer is none other than the School of Journalism with its deplorable lack of journalistic fraternities. With a total of upwards of 90 students enrolled in the school it is unpardonable that there should only be 11 journalistic fraternities in which an energetic journalist can purchase membership. The man who belongs to four or five isn't trying his hardest to be a success.

The unspeakable horror of the whole affair is this: There may be some neglected individual who has never had a chance to join any of the 11! How he must shudder at the infamy of it all! And think of the twelve newsboys who carry the Illini day after day! How left out these potential journalists must feel!

Pi Lambda Pica, professional journalistic fraternity for nondescript journalists, is the only solution we know of. Bids and keys may be obtained on payment of \$13.46.

PET PEEVES

The following list will give you some idea of the little things in life that bring thoughts of murder and mayhem to the average college man or woman. Judge them not too harshly.

Listening to people eat.
People who are never sick and seldom well.
Rah-rah boys.
Rah-rah girls.
Baby talk (there is some doubt about this).
Crooked seams in stockings (on females, of course).
Ankle sox—ditto.
Exams.

Travel Is So Broadening

*Just
A Few Illustrations*

DEAR MAMIE:

This is a picture of the Alhambra
—it's a lot like the Rialto, only
awful run down. Am having a
wonderful time. —MAE.

DEAR JOE:

Oh boy, this Paris is some town. I
am the one with the hat on. Wish
you were here. —JIM.

DEAR JIM:

I certainly got a kick out of Queen
Mary. London is swell. Did you
put my fur coat in storage?

—MARY.

DEAR EMMA:

Things are expensive in these
Paris stores. You can do better at
home. Am having a wonderful time.

—MINNIE.

DEAR JACK:

The one under the coconut tree is
me—isn't that the nuts, ha, ha. Re-
member to pay my lodge dues. Wish
you were here. —FRED.

—S—

"Are you graduating this year?"

Hell, No! Three more Senior
years and I get a pension."

—S—

Then there's the subway conductor
who said to the Scotchman, "Ticket
or leave it."

—S—

R. O. T. C.: "My girl gave me
the air last night."

G. A. R.: "What for?"

R. O. T. C.: "I gave her a
Maxim silencer to remember me by."

—S—

He: "I love you, darling—you're
the first girl I ever kissed."

She: "Yeah, same old Standard
Oil."

—S—

"A pent house, my son, is the
height of scandal."

—S—

Don't lock up the barn after the
horse is stolen, make a Speakeasy out
of it.

Elegy in a Fraternity House

'Twas midnight in the club-house;

Not a moron was in sight

For all of the "honorable actives"

Had vanished in the night.

The davenports lay empty—

The chairs were skeletons;

No college men stood round about,

Juggling at puns.

The piano crouched like a spider—

In the gloom of darkened hall;

The clock ticked o'er the fireplace,

And tossed shadows on the wall.

Out of the silence—there came

crash!

Shattering glass was heard;

And the thud of a torso to the floor.

And noises very wierd!

Then came oaths, and deadly ones—

"Jones—the trouble with you

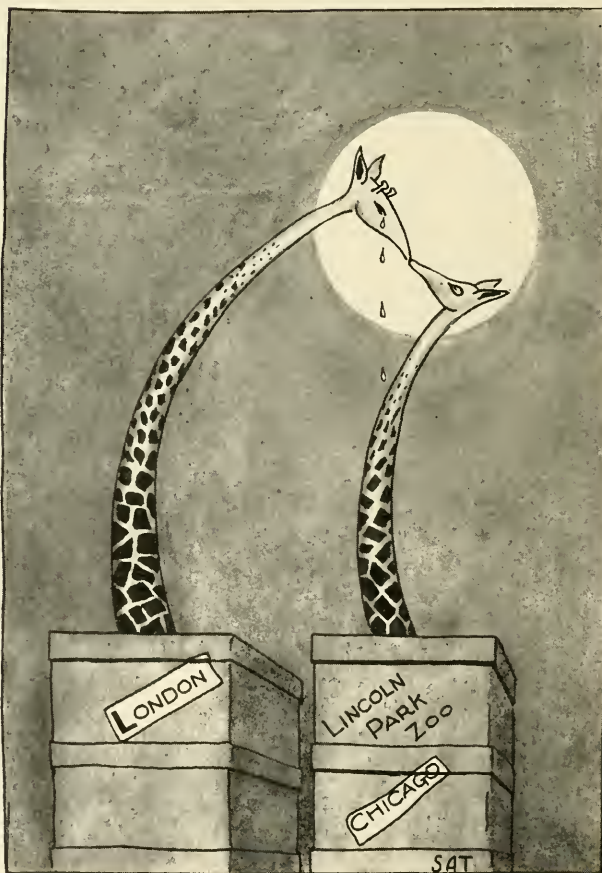
Is you're *too damned heroic*."

Drinking your own home-brew!"

—S—

True Story

Once upon a time the Reelsilk
Hosiery Company blew up, and five
hundred thousand college men
starved to death the following sum-
mer."



Bon Voyage

Travel Bound

by

Oratio Alger

Marco Polo and his brother Water were twins. Marco was an orphan, as was Water, the elder of the two by three weeks. Marco died when he was two years old, much to the consternation of his parents who sailed to Siberia in a huff. With these facts as a background, we go on with the story in four minutes and two seconds reading time. Notice carefully and you shall see how Water works his way from the orphan asylum to the kingdom of Pencilvania and back to the poor-house, a millionaire.

The sun rose one day. It beat down mercilessly on Water Polo who was chained to the pump handle at the poor-house. Bond Boy, they called him, that is, those who knew him beta. A curly headed blond boy with blue eyes, he made quite a picture for an artist to paint, against a background of red barns, green pastures, and still waters. Day after day he slaved at the pump, his coal black eyes shouting defiance at the world. His cruel master of ceremonies never failed to annoy him by flicking a whip or his ashes over his head, causing the smooth black locks to tumble to his shoulders, thus eliminating sunburn. At least Water schemed in his mind and plotted vengeance. At every stroke of the pump handle he allowed water to drip on the lynx of his chain. How clever he was; what a storehouse of potential knowledge must lurk under those auburn curls. He knew that eventually the lynx would rust and brake, and he would be free. His hazel eyes danced at the thought.

Two years later, we find Water

at the frozen North under the assumed name of Ice. He had battered his weight inch by inch, tete-a-tete, built an ingloo, and seen the space on the bar-room flaw. His wide beard covered his identity and the yellow gold that poured from his pockets and sealed the lips of the woman known as Lewd. Drawing a gun from his gunny sack he plugged earnestly at Dangerous Damn McGrew. The lights went out with Damn into the starry knight. A shout went up, "Jiggers the cops." Into the light strewed a burly cop. "Hello, Jiggers," said Water with a smirch on his pan as he pasted the floor with anxiety, being out of glue at the present. "Well, I'll be jiggered," said Jiggers, scratching his back with perplexity, "If it isn't my old pal, Water." Armed in arm the two pals galloped into the horizon.

It is in the merry month of May that we again find our hero, Water, basketing on the first national banks of the Rhine. He lay thinking of new adventures.

Suddenly there swept into his life a swish of skirts. Looking up, he beheld a charming damsel. With a new look-out on life, he jumped to his feed and paddled away on his business cycle. Dashing into a herd of chattel in a near-by pasture he fought with vim. "Hello, Vim," bequeathed he with all sombreness of mistaken indemnity. It was not Vim, but his Buddy Rogers Art Gum. Throwing himself on Art's soldiers he snobbed heavily. "It's Ben, a long time sense I scene you," said Art. "Have a drink with me."

"O. K.," comes back Water, "I'll do it for Art's sake." The damsel rose in wrath. "My how charming you look in wrath, this mourning," smacked Art. "What a friend," says Water, "I'll stick, by Gum, through thick and thine." In the dual that followed, the damsel was victorious and seizing a broom she swept the field with honors. The two boys stood downcast. "We never did like that guy, Honors," whaled they in unicorn, "Though the damsel was quite a gull."

Then came Siberia. Water was at his whits end. It was only the day before that he had slipped on the steppes of the castle of Prance Ferdinand. With mallets in his hart he proceeded to bunch the Prance on the nose, thereby causing a frantic revolution. The Frants were fierce fighters and it was hod work to keep from plushing at the coy maidens who stood second hand. Water gave an ardor and the troops fell back just as he had guessed. Seizing a ream of paper, he dashed off a few lines and returned post-haste to the orphan asylum.

"See," he cried, "I am no longer a bond boy, but an insurance salesman." Smiling, the boy dropped in his treks.

—S—

Six Ways to Prepare for a Final

1. Cram.
2. Crib.
3. Have the instructor over for a meal.
4. See the show the night before.
5. Sit next to the girl who is rating an A.
6. Study.



Travel is so broadening!

S

VACATION

First gangster: "Where ya going?"

Second killer: "To de commencement exercises."

First: "What fer?"

Second: "Oh, just to take a day off to practice shootin' Phi Betes wit my pea-shooter."

S

One: "What are you guys doing this summer?"

Two: "We got a job feeding mules on a mule boat."

One: "How asinine."

S

"What's Bill doing these days?"

"Living in Russia waiting to see how their Five-year plan is going to work out."

S

"Where have you been?"

"Dayton, Ohio."

"What a funny name for a girl!"

S

First gangster: "We put Kasinsky on the spot last night."

Second: "Did you finish him?"

First: "Yeh, we removed him with energine."

S

Life without humor is like food without salt. Moral: read the Siren with your meals.

S

You don't draw interest unless there is some principle behind it.

Niagara Falls

What they would say—

Dorothy Parker: "I'll take vanilla."

O. O. McIntyre: "Milkman's paradise."

Peggy Hopkins-Joyce: "Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever."

Groucho Marx: "River beds? Ixnay."

Will Rogers: "It must have rained here last week."

Roger Babson: "What goes up must come down."

Calvin Coolidge: "It is large. It is vast. It is the people's."

Irving Berlin: "Just a cottage small, by a waterfall. . . ."

Ben Bernie: "I hope I like it."

Aimee McPherson: "Heavens!"

Lloyd Mayer: "It leaves me all of a TWITTER. I mean IT ACTUALLY does."

Jimmie Walker: "Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink!"

S

How to Pick a Date

In the Spring a senior's fancy turns to thoughts of his or her senior ball date. Much anguish has been caused in past years because of the singular lack of any standard of judgment used when selecting the partner on this momentous occasion.

For the benefit of those misguided genuises whose minds would be affected by the overwhelming task of having to choose between many claimants to the honor, a rather doubtful one perhaps, but thanks to the Ball Committee of some worth after all—\$3.50—we offer the following plan by which all mental anguish is eliminated, the feelings of everyone soothed.

Procedure one: Rule off a rather large sized sheet of paper, making a number of columns running vertically upon it. At the head of each of these columns inscribe the following: height, weight, complexion, eyes, hair, features, dancing, clothes, personality, wit-matching proclivities, (or lack of same with substitution of some other agreeable accomplishments), silent acquiescence, enthusiastic co-operation, car, money, kind of disposition, and last X which will here represent the unknown quantity. . . .

Procedure two: In a series of horizontal columns to the left, write in the names of all possible candidates for this, as heretofore stated, doubtful honor. Then you may proceed to check-strictly on a scientific basis—these attributes listed in the top columns at which the candidate excels. Add up the check marks in the right hand column, and you will then have arrived at the logical ball date.

The result of this amazing discovery will be that you don't want to be logical anyway, and will probably end up with a blind date.

Beware of Animals!

I was in a daze as I crouched alone in the dim light. Not a sound pierced the air, only a strained silence enveloped me as a calm before a tornado. Ghostly shadows paced before me, grew in number and size: Gradually I could make them out—lions! A cold shiver ran down my spine. The shadows came closer, and I could almost feel their hot breath on my neck. The shadows took enormous proportions and I discovered with horror that the lions were not alone—they were accompanied by elephants and panthers. Even gorillas were among the lot. Slowly the strange crew marched around me with monotonous steps. Closer and closer they came, faster

and faster beat my pulse. I felt as though hell itself would break loose if they discovered my presence. I could feel their hungry teeth close over my soft flesh, could hear my bones crunch in their cruel jaws, my nerves were going, my head swimming, the beast came closer and closer. I had an insane desire to laugh. The heat was oppressive and stifling. I half arose. I gave a scream, and sank to the ground with the queer sound of pattering footsteps in my ears. I awoke a moment later, wet from head to foot. A man in a gaudy uniform stood over me with an empty bucket.

"That's a hell of a way to act at a circus, scaring the animals half to death."



The Doughnut as a Whole

The first doughnut was made in Greece. The very nature of the doughnut must suggest to you the foreignness of its disposition and the utter romance of its birth. The doughnut was not invented by a baker; rather was it first perpetrated by a tailor, the greatest in Athens and a man of pressing business.

At birth he had been christened Euripedes H. Panteleleo, but in the vernacular of the hoi poloi he was simply and affectionately dubbed Euripedes Pants.

It seems that Euripedes had a hobby of collecting holes from peoples' clothes. Outwardly this seems an entirely harmless pastime but at bottom it had gravel in it.

He piled all of the holes in the backyard and one day the pile got pretty deep, causing Euripides to fall down when he was least expecting it. That brought him up with a start. Recognizing the menace such holes held for the half blind Greeks of the future, he began cudgeling his brain for a solution. In spite of the cudgeling he came to the conclusion that the only safe way was to have people eat them.

Without hesitation, he gathered several small holes of different shapes, laid them on the kitchen table and had his wife wrap a bit of dough about each one. As he walked indifferently away the doughnuts looked round. From that day to this doughnuts have continued to look round.

—S—

"I bought this hat on the Canary Islands."

"_____!"

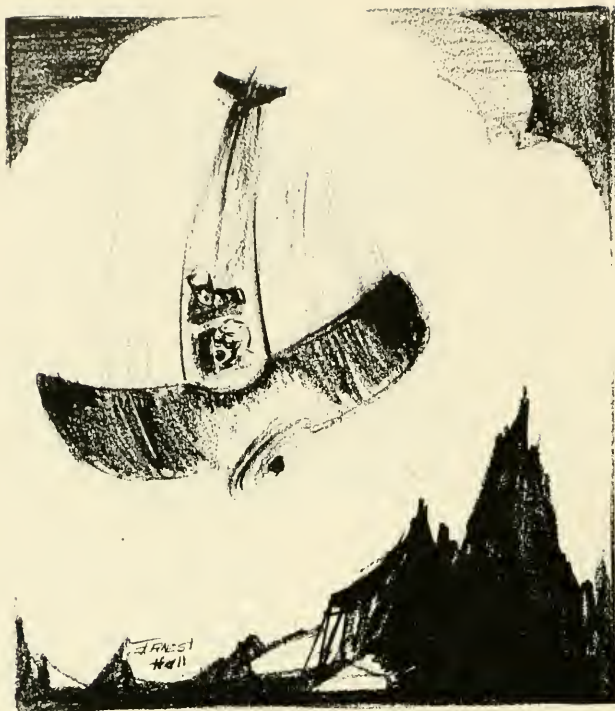
—S—

"Well, I'll be damned," said the Panama Canal as the locks closed.

—S—

Eskimo father: "Where's our daughter?" I haven't seen her for six months."

Eskimo mother: "She went out on a date last night."



Husband, in backseat quarrel: "All right then Mary, have your way about it!"

Language As She Is Spoke

One of the two could speak French very well indeed, in fact he was noted for the way he could speak French. And so he was delegated to do the talking when the two friends went into a Parisian shop to buy a hat.

A salesman came forward, and it was carefully explained to him that a hat of such and such a sort and of such and such a price was desired. The salesman listened carefully, and when the long speech was at an end, shrugged his shoulders and went to the back of the shop for a conference with his fellow employees. Another salesman came forward, and the problem of the hat was very patiently presented to him in seemingly faultless French. The blank look on his face made it perfectly obvious that he didn't understand a word of what was being said.

The man who could speak French very well and who was noted for it, was, to put it mildly, a little annoyed.

"Maybe you didn't use the right word for hat," suggested the companion helpfully.

"Was it a hat you wanted, sir?" asked the salesman.

It seems that it was an English shop, and English salesmen were employed in it.

The new principal parts of the verb "drink"—

Drink—drank—drunk—expelled.

College—place where men are men and forget to be gentleman, and sorority girls don't have to be ladies.

Honesty is the best policy, if the books have to be audited.

Some More Vital Statistics

1. 1,546,879 seniors will be let loose upon a world as much bewildered as they are—the depression will get worse.

2. 546,675 of the above will explain that if it weren't for the depression, they would be getting cars this year.

3. Of the 275,000 fraternity pins given out during the months of May and June, due to the peculiar effects of the weather, 200,000 will return to their original owners during the months of July and August.

4. Of the promises made by outgoing seniors to return to school next year to see their best beloveds, 99 per cent will be broken.

5. Two days before graduation men will be rushing around frantically trying to find presents for their girls for graduation, and the girls will be wondering what they are going to get.

6. Next year's staff will be trying to write this kind of stuff.

7. What does it all matter anyway?

—S—
"When I was in China, I saw them hang a girl."

"Shanghai?"
"Hell, yes! Six feet off the ground!"

—S—
"Gee, I'm glad I wasn't born in Germany!"

"Why?"
"I can't speak German."

—S—
"Papa, give me a nickel, here come the ice cream Cohens!"

—S—
"I didn't know he was a hunter."
"He isn't. I merely said that he was a gunner. You know the kind that always says, 'How much you gunner lend me tonight?'"

—S—
She: "I bought a new dress today with snaps on it so we won't be late to the opera anymore."

He: "Well, snap into it, we're late now."

Gris

The nice old lady who had taken to traveling at a rather advanced age sat back in her deck chair and watched the skyline take from. As a ship's officer approached she called to him.

"Officer, what's that over there?"

"Greece, Madame," he answered, and passed on.

The old lady looked a bit grim, but she said nothing and bided her time until another officer strolled by. "Officer what is that over there,"

pointing a finger in the direction of the horizon, "And don't tell me its grease, for I know better."

—S—

Girl stalling for time: "And what would you do if I were to refuse your proposal?"

Absent minded lawyer: "Ask for a change of venue on grounds that the court was prejudiced."

—S—

The person who loses his head easily hasn't much to lose anyway.

FAMOUS HES

Low down —el.

Ancient—story.

—man.

—brew.

—cough.

—and she.

Steam —at.

—S—

Proud undergrad: "And this is our college humor magazine."

Bored visitor: "That's no joke."

—S—

Lovesick: "I fell for her at first sight. She wasn't beautiful but she was attractive, and how proud I was. She never wanted expensive—."

Practical, unsympathetically: "I understand. I felt that way about the first auto I bought too."

—S—

Once upon a time there were two cats. Well, maybe there were more than two cats, but two cats are enough to start any story, in fact, two cats are enough to start a menagerie.

—S—

"Copy!" yelled the editor, and immediately ten members of the staff did just that.

—S—

"I hear that the Gamma Phis have a girl from Austria."

"Yeah, but she has Hungary ideas."

—S—

First: "Smith is my name."

Second: "Mine is Michaelienki-wiecky."

First: "That's more than I can say for you."

—S—

"Are you selling aluminum ware this summer?"

"No. I got a job at a girl's camp."

"Oh, crockery."



"And to think we usta do this for nothing!"

How to Start a University

1. Have as many freshmen as possible so the campus may be decorated with the requisite number of spots.
2. Have a minimum number of upperclassmen—just enough to run politics.
3. Have enough alums to tell you how the good ole Alma Mater was run in the good ole days.
4. Have a great many 8 o'clocks and Saturday classes in all prescribed courses.
5. Have a logic course that everyone flunks and a library science course that was a pipe two years ago.
6. Have some fellows—to provide college atmosphere.
8. Have a football team and a stadium————\$.

————S————

How to make a cigarette lighter—
take out the tobacco.

————S————

Speaking of relativity, if Einstein can solve the mothers-in-law problem he will have rendered a real service to humanity.

————S————

He: "Want to go for a ride?"
She: "No, I'm too tired."

————S————

First student: "What is the meaning of 'Dispark?'"
Second student: "Move on!"

————S————

These here scientists aint so hot. In fact they are nutty. Can you imagine they says that a man has evaluted from a monkey, and now is the highest form of animule; but hell, we aint evaluted, we have deluted!

If you think you're so hot, look at the kangaroo, he sits down when he runs. And then take the snake, he lays down when he runs. We aint evaluted, we've deluted.

————S————

Two pints make one cavort.

The dumbest guy in the world is the one who thinks backward because his brain is upset.
—or the one who thinks that a boycott is a small davenport.
—or the one who thinks Mater Horn is Trader Horn's mother.
—or the one who thinks Necken is the name of a Swedish God.
—or the one who thinks that Rudy Vallee can sing.

————S————

To be or not to be that is the infinitive.

————S————

A funny creature
Is the snail.
He walks along
On his tail.

Desperate

A shy young man who asked what were suitable topics for conversation with his girl, was told to talk about her family, love, or philosophy. On being left alone with the girl this is what happened.

He: "Have you a brother?"

She: "No."

He: "Do you love pig's feet?"

She: "No."

He: "Well, if you had a brother do you suppose that you would love pig's feet?"

————S————

The ostrich is
A silly thing;
But plenta-da-mon
His feathers bring.



"My Gawd, Min, your neck's dirty!"

In Praise of Weather

Instead of the poor, make it the weather we have always with us. And be thankful for it. Imagine the profound silence that would exist when two not-so-smart humans were together if they had no weather to talk about! Imagine meeting your bitterest enemy at a banquet, and not being able to ask him if it is cold enough for him! What could be worse when writing a bread and butter letter than being unable to comment upon the delightful sunshine your hostess had ordered for the week-end? What would lovers talk about in front of others? What would the baseball season be without rain checks, or football without rain to upset the dope? And coming down to business, what would newspaper do if an occasional tornado, hailstorm or cyclone didn't come along to liven up dull times? That's a good question—you answer it.

—S—

Prisoner in his cell as the Governor passes by: "Oh, pardon me!"

—S—

You never can tell about a lady's morals, in fact, you shouldn't.

High Hat: "I hate people who like puns!"

Sweet Thing: "Yes, they are so plebian when one can have toast."

—S—

Co-ed (at the prom): "Mary bears herself well, don't you think?"

Joe Collitch: "Yeah! That's just what I was thinking when she walked through the flood light!"

—S—

What's this about the only entrance requirement at Alabama being flunking out of two other schools.

—S—

H. S. Flash: "Say, I hear Illinois is awfully lax about drinking."

Collegiate: "Lax, hell; at University dances they even give you a pass out check."

—S—

"My, she certainly looks natural in that dress!"

—S—

One of the greatest services of the radio was to make the American people pink-tooth-brush conscious.

—S—

Famous last lines (yeah, and it's a swell one too): "Aw, just one, he won't care."



"And never darken my door again!"

—S—

Ode By a Flop

I'm just a freshman
Dumb as hell.

No nice boys for me
Ever fell.

Cuz I'm just a freshman
Dumb as hell.

—S—

And as the co-ed said to the yokel sitting in front of the pool hall as she passed, "Big boy, you don't need to expectorate me!"

—S—

Very Drunk: "Shay I gotsh a purpush fer goin' with you."

Likewise Date: "What, one of them li'l fishes thash always jumpin' out of the water?"

—S—

Fame is a funny thing—there is the football hero, and the man who drew the cartoon that got the magazine suppressed.

—S—

Doctor: "You have acute lum-bago."

She: "Sir!"

—S—

Geometry for hitch-hikers — the shortest distance between two points is a good line.



Three belles by the ship's clock.

THE VICIOUS CIRCLE

This is the house that the Alpha Alphs built.

These are the brothers looking for others to live in the house that the Alpha Alphs built.

Here comes the pledges, green round the edges, who want to be brothers to live in the house that the Alpha Alphs built.

There goes the whack of the paddles' loud smack on the pledges that want to be brothers of those who live in the house that the Alpha Alphs built.

Yonder goes the dough that the pledges did blow after whacked by the smack of the paddle below, so they might become brothers of those who live in the house that the Alpha Alphs built.

Them are the initiates, all battered and torn, who have of their dough already been shorn, and now wear a badge and swig the best corn as brothers of those who live in the house that the Alpha Alphs built.

This is the house that the Alpha Alphs built, etc., etc., etc.

—*Texas Longhorn*.

—S—

Editor: "What would you say if I were to offer you two thousand dollars for this last story of yours?"

Struggling author: "I would say that was two grand for words."

—*Ohio Sun Dial*.

—S—

Stude (after an auto collision with a truck): "Well, all I can say is that I'm sorry."

Truck driver: "Oh, is that all you can say?"

Stude: "Yeah."

Truck driver: "Well, listen to me."

—*Texas Longhorn*.

—S—

"Honey," he said, "I'm going to be a big man on this campus next year."

"Honestly?" she said sweetly.

"What difference does that make?" said he.

—*Ohio Sun Dial*.

From an insignificant second-hand clothing merchant to the founder of the Isaac Rosenberg Co. had risen the aspiring Hebrew. Society was his next objective, and it was to his utmost joy to receive a note which read: "Mrs. Hubert Bennington-Sedgewick requests the pleasure of Isaac Rosenberg's company at dinner." So Isaac chartered a bus to carry his employees to the home of Mrs. Bennington-Sedgewick for the free meal.

—*Wisconsin Octopus*.

—S—

An example of a lively discussion at a Jewish club would be one where all hands join in.

—*Ohio Sun Dial*.

—S—

The moose?

Now that you ask,

I wouldn't choose

To be a moose—

His horns look

Much too loose.

—*Yale Record*.

—S—

"How would you describe a black-jack?"

"Oh, as a stunning creation."

—*Notre Dame Juggler*.

Help Wanted!

Dear Sir, (or Sirs):

As an applicant for your position as foreign correspondent for the Hurley-Burley Steamship Lines, I would like to introduce myself i am a man who speaks beaucoups des langues as you can see from the snappy french quotation i am a past master of the french language being well acquainted with all the funny constructions that you will find there etc etc the truth of the matter is that my old man . . . oops . . . i mean my father used to be quite a linguist himself of course i cant say that for him now as he became dumb a few years back but you can see by what i say that it sort of runs in the family.

In german i can say spreknens y deutch and other expressions. then in spanish i am again a past master as i can say quien sabe and sabe usted etc etc i might also say again that i speak french too and see theres no use in hiring other people for this job as i am the annmay for the osition-pay

oursyay ulytray

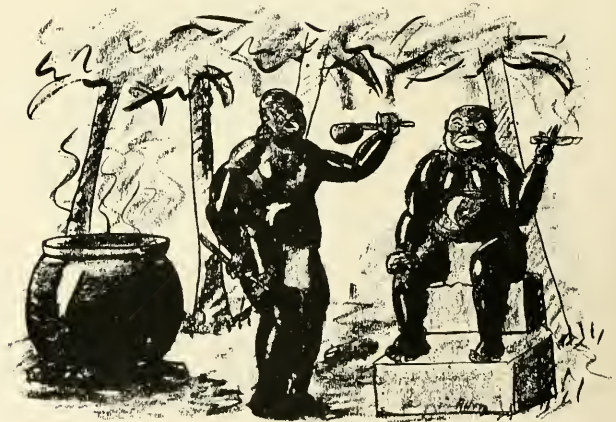
Harry Oms

—*California Pelican*.

—S—

One word definition of a beauty expert: Pan handler.

—*Cornell Widow*.



"This soup isn't so hot, chief."
"Then throw in another co-ed."

TYPICAL

The fraters were having a very solemn meeting. Suddenly a knock was heard on the door, and a timid young pledge entered.

"Can I have a glass of water, sir?" he asked nervously.

"Go ahead, take one," called an active, quite annoyed.

Soon the pledge returned and requested another glass of water.

"Take it and get out, damn it," they growled.

Once again he returned. "Another glass, please."

"Go ahead, go ahead," was the sarcastically sweet tone.

He was back.

"May I—"

"Say, what the hell—" they exploded, "you sure got a lousy thirst, eh?"

"Not at all, sir," said the pledge timidly, "but the house is on fire, sir." —*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

—S—

Pretty nurse: "Oh, Doctor! Each time I take this person's pulse it beats faster and faster. What should I do?"

Doctor: "Blindfold him."

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

—S—

He: "I have a job as a plant manager when I graduate."

She: "Doing what?"

He: "Watering the flower beds."

—S—



"But John, we haven't enough money to pay the preacher for tying the knot. Well, we might use one of my heart-strings."

She had been parked beside a fire hydrant for three hours. As she unlocked the car and got in, a cop who had been waiting for the culprit to show up sauntered over, stuck his head in the window and remarked very kindly:

"I've been waiting a long time to see you, lady. What's your name?"

She smiled her sweetest and, as she put her foot on the starter, replied:

"It wouldn't do you any good if I told you. You look like a nice boy, but my husband is about twice your size and very jealous." —*Puppet.*

—S—

"Africa sure is a strange country."

"How come?"

"In other countries wool grows on sheep, but in the Dark Continent it grows on beans." —*Pitt Panther.*

—S—

The otter

Likes

His weather

Hotter.

—*Yale Record.*

—S—

Anthra: "Darling, I'd leave my wife and seven babies for you."

Cite: "Oh, but think how those eight women would miss you."

—*Oklahoma Aggieeater.*

—S—

"Pa, what is a joke?"

"Shet up! don't you know more than to criticize the government?"

—*Drexler.*

—S—

"The rest of the world," says a foreign critic, "thinks that America is run by gangsters." . . . and that just about makes it unanimous.

—*Colgate Banter.*

—S—

"Now there's a place where everyone makes his numerals."

"Where's that?"

"Sing-Sing."

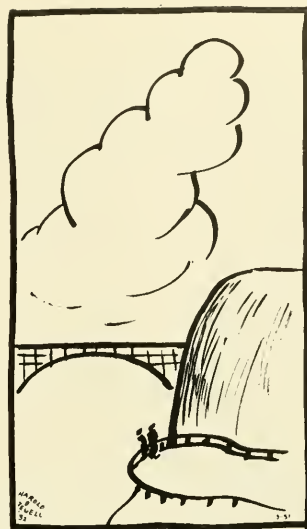
—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

—S—

"Unmarried?"

"Several times."

—*Iowa Green Gander.*



"Oh George, I forgot to put the pan under the ice-box!"

—S—

RELIABLE LINES

"I've never met a girl like you before!"

"Your eyes remind me of two glowing stars."

"It's so easy to pay a girl compliments when everything nice a fellow can say is true."

Don't let your lips get too near mine—I'm only human you know."

"I used to dream there was a girl like you somewhere, but I never thought I'd really find her."

"Your voice is as soft music."

"You wonderful, wonderful girl!"

—*Texas Battalion.*

—S—

"The only way to get the most out of life is to fall in love with a great problem or a beautiful woman."

"Why not do the latter, and get both?"

—*Texas Longhorn.*

—S—

Chaperone at freshman reception: Would you like to dance with me?

Bashful plebe: No, but I'll hold you while you dance.

—*Carnegie Tech. Puppet.*

Brute!

A friend of ours came into the office recently, looking slightly perplexed. It seems that her bf., of whom we've heard a great deal, is a man among men. (And such a man!) However, his tendency to be frank proved a bit disconcerting when he sent her the following love poem:

TRUTH

Each
Night I sit
Alone and dream of you;
Co-eds
Try to tempt
Me . . . still I'm true.
Life, without you,
Is empty, futile, blue;
So,
Each
Night I sit
Alone and dream of you.
Yes, my dear,
Like—I do!
. . . About which our only comment is a hearty "Amen!"

—*Boston Bean Pot.*

S

The small boat gradually approached the lonely, desert island. Anxiously the four sea-men scanned the shores until a solitary figure became visible on the sands. With increased inspiration they propelled the craft towards the immobile figure and soon clambered out to greet him.

"We saw your distress signal from our ship," cried their spokesman to the strange inhabitant of the tiny island, "we are from the S. S. Halcyon, bound for Santiago. You are a survivor from some ship-wreck?"

"Yes," nodded the figure, "two years ago five companions and I, the sole survivors of the wreck of the Narcissus, reached this island after days of drifting."

"And where are your companions?"

"Dead, all dead!"

"Dead? Why what happened?"

"Died of starvation—there is not a particle of food to be obtained on this island."

"But you! How did you—Ah, I see now. You drew lots to sustain yourselves on the bodies of the losers, and so you have been keeping up your ghastly feasts to this day—I!"

"Not at all," spoke the survivor gently, "I buried them all, complete and whole, behind yonder tree."

"A likely story," cried the sea-man, "how then have you managed to live for two years without food while all your companions have perished?"

The survivor smiled quietly. "No mystery about it at all, gentlemen; you see, of all my comrades I alone had the good fortune to have lived for four years in a fraternity house. By the way, could you by any chance spare a ham sandwich?"

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

S

"What did you think of the show we saw at Joliet prison?"

"It was a riot."

—*Penn. State Froth.*

S

Senior: "Listen Frosh, we Seniors are men of a few words, when we wiggle our finger like this, it means come!"

Frosh: "Suits me. I ain't usin' many myself. When I shake my head like this, it means I ain't comin'."

—*Ohio Sun Dial.*

S

* Our idea of the perfect yes-man is one who agrees when the boss tells him his salary should be reduced.

—*Washington U. Dirge.*

S

Visitor: And what's your name, my good man?

Prisoner: 9,742.

Visitor: Is that your real name?

Prisoner: Naw, dat's just me pen name.

—*Iowa Frivol.*

S

"I've heard there are thousands out of work in this town."

"But remember, madam, this is a college town."

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

S

He: "I feel like a glass of beer."

Second He: "I wish you were."



"Gee, I didn't know they could pile dirt that high."

S

A young man who was studying for the ministry went to a small town to preach a sermon. When he returned to the seminary his prof asked him how he made out. "Well," he said, "the congregation was moved, soothed and contented."

"That's fine," replied his prof, "but how do you know that they were moved, soothed and contented?"

"Well you see when I started the sermon half the congregation walked out so I figured that they were moved, and the rest fell asleep so I figured that they were soothed, then they didn't invite me back so I figured they were contented," replied the student.

—*Carnegie Tech. Puppet.*

S

"They say the new minister is very particular."

"Particular! He even has bow-legged ushers to match the Gothic architecture."

—*Brown Jug.*

S

"Shay," said he to the wax clothes model, "it's your kinds of women that makesh unhappy marriages."

—*Sun Dial.*

S

Prohibition man: What are those cases doing in your cellar?

Lawyer: That's my home work.

—*Colgate Banter.*

Wrong Number

Recently we just heard the latest in mistaken-phone-number stories. A friend of ours called up what she believed to be the correct number, and asked for Frank Jones. A gruff voice answered: "Frank Jones? What's he look like?"

Our friend was a bit surprised. "He has dark hair; he's about six feet tall, and he's about twenty-two years old." She went on to give as adequate a picture as possible of Mr. Jones, when she was rudely interrupted.

"Aw, hell, we can't go lookin' all over. You'll have to come down here and pick him out yourself." It seems it was the morgue.

—*Princeton Tiger*.

S

Clerk (showing customer golf stocking: "Wonderful value, sir. Worth double the money. Latest pattern, fast color, holeproof, won't shrink, and it's a good yarn."

Customer: "Yes, and very well told."

—*Colorado Dodo*.

S

Rastus (after a narrow escape at a railroad crossing): "Quit blowin' yo' horn; dat don't do no good."

Mose: "Dat wa'n't mah horn you heard, nigger; dat was Gabriel's horn."

—*Colorado Dodo*.

S

Song of the installment buyer: "Yours and Mine."

—*Texas Longhorn*.

S

"I want you to understand," said Young Spender, "that I got my money by hard work."

"Why, I thought it was left to you by your rich uncle!"

"So it was; but I had to work to get it away from the lawyers."

—*Carnegie Tech. Puppet*.

S

Oscar says he writes home every week whether he needs the money or not.

—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah*.

S

Confession is as good for the soul as it is bad for the reputation.

I had just been pledged. Joy reigned in my soul as I went to bed that night in the Sigma Nu house for the first time.

The next morning I awoke—supremely happy. And appropriately enough it was a glorious day. There were long grasses swaying in the breeze. Gentle trees curved gracefully upwards and beamed to me below. Pretty flowers dotted the surroundings here and there. A riot of striking colors greeted my joyous eye. Above me were pairs of love birds fluttering about their quaint nests. A glorious paradise!

"Wonderful," thought I as I lay contentedly in my bed, "never have I seen such wonderful wall-paper."

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot*.

S

Hail to the wren!
She'll come again,
But God knows when,
And I don't care.

—*Yale Record*.

S

Hail, fair snail!
No whale
Can build a house like yours.
He isn't made that way,
O snail,
So, Hail!

—*Yale Record*.

The College Men's Credo

They believe that if they wear their own clothes, they may get into an automobile accident.

They believe that if they study hard, they will have a nervous breakdown.

They believe that if they use their own razor blades, they will cut themselves.

They believe that if they take a girl out, they must neck her.

They believe that if they haven't a roadster, they're out of luck with the babes—they're right.

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot*.

S

"For the last time," shouted the sergeant, "I ask you the simple question, 'What is fortification?'"

The recruits stood fast to a man. No one answered. Striding up to the most intelligent looking man, the N. C. O. bawled out: "Tell me, what is a fortification."

The answer came like a cork out of a bottle.

"Two twentifications, sergeant."

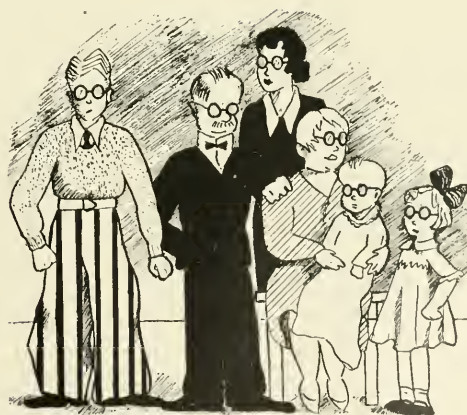
—*Carnegie Tech. Puppet*.

S

Ed: "How was your date with the professor last night?"

Co-ed: "Oh, just passable."

—*Minnesota Shi-U-Mah*.



English Prof's family—any day.

Coming Distractions...

We have been given a limited amount of space in which to tell you about the best pictures until you will be leaving for home. Mother, the family car, good food; in fact, in a few words, **VACATION!** So here in this page we shall select only one picture from each theatre, and hope that you will find time to enjoy them during intensive study for exams.

The Rialto is going to present, for your approval, "Sevengali." As you may know John Barrymore plays the lead. Naturally, the picture has received the best of criticisms. Mae Tinee says, "IN SEVENGALI, WE FIND JOHN BARRYMORE AT HIS BEST." That we believe is saying plenty!

"Sevengali" is taken from Du Maurier's book "Trilby." It gives Barrymore a chance to play the sinister but lovable character of the much-bearded Sevengali who hypnotizes Trilby while she sings. You probably know the story, and we know that you will enjoy the show; so why say more?

R. K. O. Virginia will bring "Seed" as the best picture to their theatre. John Boles stars in this talkie portrayal of the book by the same written by Charles G. Norris. It proves to be a most unusual picture, bringing out the life of an entire family through several generations.

The picture follows the book very closely, and if you follow current fiction, you know that "Seed" has been a most talked of book. The picture itself is well photographed, the dialogue is good, the acting is better than usual.

All in all, you will not only like

this show, but you will not forget it in some time to come. 'Ya' better see it!

R. K. O. Orpheum—Would you like to see Ramon Navarro with a moustache? He has one such tickler in his new picture "Daybreak." He plays the part of a young Austrian officer who is betrothed to a rich girl much to his own discomfiture. He falls in love with a beautiful (she IS beautiful) young music teacher



who has just received an unwelcome proposition from a sinister money lender. She falls in love with Navarro, completely disarmed. The next day he informs her that his pay is not enough to support a wife, and he leaves. Some time later he goes to a gambling casino and there finds the money lender and his love. (Quite sophisticated by this time). He again falls in love, gambling with the money lender at the same time. His luck is bad, and he becomes hopelessly in debt—now see the picture to get the rest of the story. You'll like it, because the plot is good and the characters are **SOME** lovers.

Park—"Lightning" with Will Rogers is coming to the Park. Some of you may have seen the show, and you know it will serve as a relief

from exams studying. It's the same humorous Rogers, in a setting of beautiful divorcees in Nevada (or is it California?—or both?) The action is fast, the plot light, the acting good. The most humorous scene is probably when Rogers pleads his own case in a Reno court room.

If you have seen the picture, it won't cost much to see it again at the Park, and it will be a mighty welcome relief from finals.

Princess—Here is some more co-star with Wheeler and Wolsey, are coming with little plot to worry you. Dorothy Lee lends her appeal (worth walking a mile to see) as a co-star with Wheeler and Wolsey. The prices at the Princess remain the same as usual; and if you want to relieve one of your inhibitions, the management at the Princess in Urbana, rather encourage pop-corn assimilation while the pictures carry on.

We leave you now for the year. If we have helped you to pick out a show now and then we feel satisfied. Our only hope is that upon going home you will be able to find as many good pictures as we have enjoyed in good old Champaign-Urbana this past school year. Be nice to the girl back at home!!

—S—

We can't see this racket
Of Camels with a jacket.

—*Princeton Tiger*.

—S—

"Vel, Mamma, I'm going to New York to have a penthouse."

"So, Sigmund, for to make pents?"

—*California Pelican*.

Other Famous "Three Little Words"

St. Peter: Go to hell!

Old combination: Wine, women, song.

In Pittsburgh: Soot, dust, cinders.

In Chicago: Put 'em up!

On the radio: O. K., Colonel!

Hailing a taxi: Maybe, I will.

In a taxi: Please be good.

End of ride: Stop — Stop!
STOP!!

Weather report: Fair and warmer.

To Old Timer: Please remit promptly.

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*.

—S—

"What do you think of a boy who would make a co-ed blush?"

"I think he's a wonder."

—*Texas Longhorn*.

—S—

"Is he really as fast a runner as they say?"

"Is he fast? Say, he can run so fast that all the men he races with have to run twice as fast as he does to keep up with him."

—*Colorado Dodo*.

—S—

Irishman: "What shall I do when the actors displease me?"

Scotchman: "Hoot, mon."

—*Washington U. Dirge*.

—S—

An A. T. O. had a blind date at the Theta house the other night. When he brought her home from the dance he attempted to neck her in the well known Balloon Room in the Theta Hotel. "Nay, nay," the innocent maiden remonstrated, "I've heard all about you awful tau omegas."

—*Iowa Frivol*.

—S—

VICIOUS CIRCLE

Master Aloysius,

Young and so ambysius,

Entered into collith

For learning and for pollith.

—*Texas Longhorn*.

—S—

"Dearie me," said Charlie as Fraternity Row went up in flames, "The frat's in the fire."

—*Washington U. Dirge*.

A preacher from a downtown church had occasion to deliver a sermon to the inmates of an insane hospital. During his speech he noticed that one of the patients, his eyes riveted on the minister and his body eagerly bent forward, paid the closest attention. The minister was flattered, and after the service he saw the man speak to the superintendent; so as soon as possible the preacher inquired:

"Wasn't that man speaking to you about my sermon?"

"Yes."

"Would you mind telling me what he said?"

The superintendent tried to sidestep, but the minister insisted.

"Well," he said at last, "what the man wanted to know was what ward you came from, and whether or not we kept you in a padded cell."

—*Carnegie Tech. Puppet*.

—S—

Salesman: And remember, in case of emergency, put on the brake.

Lady: Oh! I thought that came with the car.

—*Carnegie Tech. Puppet*.

—S—

Quantity Requirements for Degrees

I was a fool. She was young, fair and lovely; it was a bright moon, and a June moon, a warm hushed June evening. We were married, and now I can't be a Bachelor of Arts! Curses.

—*Brown Jug*.

—S—

Three good reasons for going North for the summer—June, July, and August.

—S—

Steaks not well done are rare.

—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah*.

—S—

Prof. (after two hours of dictation): Have you got that down?

Students (relieved): Yes.

Prof.: Well erase it—it's wrong.

—*Pitt. Panther*.

—S—

A graduate student, my son, is a college boy who decided to stay for the second show.

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*.

"Did that crazy person protest when the judge told him he was insane?"

"Oh yes. He went out of the room crying, 'I'm nut, I'm nut.'"

—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah*.

—S—

KISMET

Though life is most uncertain,

I'm sure of this one thing—

That when I'm in the bath tub

The telephone will ring.

—*Malteaser*.

—S—

A pupil was asked to write a short verse using the words analyze and anatomy. Here's what he produced:

My analyze over the ocean,

My analyze over the sea,

My analyze over the ocean,

O bring back my anatomy.

—*Texas Longhorn*.

—S—

We've heard that the track star didn't run in the big meet because his landlady was holding his trunk 'til he paid the rent!

—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah*.

—S—

The cannibals had captured an old minister, and after cooking him for several hours they had dined sumptuously.

First Cannibal: What's the matter, Virgil, can't you digest the minister?

Second Cannibal: No, I guess I can't keep a good man down.

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*.

—S—

Do you know why there are more automobile wrecks than train wrecks?

No, why?

Because the fireman isn't always hugging the engineer.

—*Puppet*.

—S—

She: And all women are not playthings.

Reporter: That doesn't sound like a broad statement.

—*Banter*.

—S—

College is just like a washing machine; you get out of it just what you put in—but you'd never recognize it.

—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern*.

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Russian Words the Tourist Should Know

VOLGA—Something uncouth, in bad taste; a hooch dancer.

TSHAIKOWSKI—A phonetic sneeze to be used in Petrograd.

PUSHKIN—To quit doing in a crowded street car.

GOGOL—To make trickling sound in throat with Listerine.

CASPIAN—An adept actor.

LENINGRAD—An M. A. from Lenin College.

STALIN—Refusing to go; like Fords.

TROTSKY—Race track vernacular for also-ran.

TARTAR—A sailor's duet.

GORKY—Something to open front doors with.

COSSACK—To swear at somebody. —Pitt. Panther.

—S—

Impressionistic

"Ah, well," said the painter, preparing a fresh canvas, "while there's still life there's hope."

—California Pelican.

Merdean Pertry

I think that Robert Frost
Is the best poet I've run across,
But it surely makes me bilious
To read stuff like Robert Hillyous.
(Please don't believe what this asserts,

I really think that rhymes the nerfs.)

—Harvard Lampoon.

—S—

Famous Horns

Trader . . .
. . . ing in.
Mater . . .
Blowing your own . . .
Bebeep . . . —Colgate Banter.

—S—

Why Songwriters Commit Suicide

1900. Spark rhymes with dark,
mark, park, barque, lark.

1910. Spoon rhymes with croon,
June, moon, honeymoon.

1920. Pet rhymes with bayonet,
alphabet, parapet.

1930. Neck rhymes with wreck,
circumspect.

—Wisconsin Octopus.

INFERNITY

after S. H. M. 3.1416

A great big green wave
Came up and
Kissed me.

That made two
Wet smacks.

—Amherst Lord Jeff.

—S—

Reverse English

An Easterner traveling with his family became lost in a Western desert. There was one around, but finally he found an Indian.

"Me lost," he said to the Indian with much gesticulation. "Me no can find road. Mebbe you can helpum white man, huh?"

For a moment the Indian stared at the man, then he drew himself up and in level tones said:

"Me no spik English.

—Stanford Chaparral.

—S—

He: You can say two words that mean heaven or hell to me.

She: Shoot yourself.

—Carnegie Tech. Puppet.



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with
 LILA HYAMS CLIFF EDWARDS
 REGINALD DENNY CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD

Absence From Class

Illness is excusable,
 But cutting is more amuseable.

—Grinnell Malteaser.

—S—

Pedulous

Time was, the word was never heard
 Except among the low and frowsy;
 The social cream would never dream
 Of saying "L—y!"

But its estate improves of late;
 No longer is it crude and lowsy;
 The most correct and circumspect
 Are using "L—y!"

Makers of Art, the ultra smart,
 Intelligently—lofty—browsy,
 Use, reaffirm and love the term—
 i.e., viz., "L—y!"

"Sour," "cheesy," "punk"—those words are sunk,
 Dead, or in corn deep and drowsy;
 If you would ritz the common wits,
 You must say "L—y!"

Still though the mot is all the go,
 This one protesting bard avows he,
 Is bored a bit with hearing it,
 And thinks it's "L—y!"

—Carnegie Tech. Puppet.

—S—

"Ah cherie—je t'adore."

"Aw shut the door ya'self—you opened it."

—The Lehigh "Burr."

—S—

No. 1: "I have had a very trying week-end."

No. 2: "Yeah? How many times did you try?"

—Carnegie Tech. Puppet.

—S—

Yes, I know she does, but has she a soul?

—Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.

—S—

"Do you know any parlor tricks?"

No: I'm housebroken." —Penn. Punch Bowl.

—S—

"Did they give him laughing gas?"

"It wasn't necessary, it was a ticklish operation."

—Penn. State Froth.

—S—

Fond Father (to son): My boy, drinking has many ill
 effects. For instance, if you were drunk, those two flagpoles
 over there would look like four. You can see how harm-
 ful it is to your eyes.

College Lad: But Pop, there is only one pole.

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Retrogression

1831—

"Girls, is my bustle straight?"
"Where are my arm-length mitts?"
"Is my dress long enough?"
"Do you like my pompadour?"

1931—

"Girls, is my bustle straight?"
"Where are my arm-length mitts?"
"Is my dress long enough?"
"Do you like my pompadour?" —*Ohio Green Goat*.

—S—

Larry: Well, old Sock, how about pulling a joke for the dear reader?

Harry: Aw, whasa use? The ones they want we can't print, an' the ones we can print they don't want.

—*California Wampus*.

—S—

Two fuzzy rabbits
Playin' in a box;
One will be ermine,
The other will be fox.

—*Yellow Jacket*.

JACK

He loved color and motion and sound,
Great, blazing, tearing, ruthless fires,
Brutal clanging of fire engines
Coursing red blood down Broadway
At midnight.
Rhythmic mechanized football teams,
Clipped clear signals.
Fight talks in the dressing room.
Hard whacks against hard shoulders.
Strength—square chins—cheering.
Jazz—saxophones—heart of jungles.
Mad syncopated women.
Thunder—whole rocks bursting.
And some people wondered why he craved catsup.
—*Nevada Desert Wolf*.

—S—

Crazy Tunes

Once upon a time there was a college boy and he didn't get low grades and then didn't blame the profs for it and he didn't go around griping to everybody that so and so was all wet and he didn't make out a set of crib sheets and then he didn't get an A on the exams and he played football which made it bad for him and he didn't wear his varsity 0 to exams so that it would impress the prof which all goes to show that all is not gold that turns green which proves conclusively that Washington's birthday comes on a holiday now go to bed kiddies and if you spill any gin on the bed-clothes i'll chase you to the delicatessen for some more gin.

—*Ohio Green Goat*.

—S—

Completely Distilled

The party will be gin at 10 o'clock.

—*M. I. T. Foo Doo*.

—S—

"No Liquor Please"

Bottles of perfume,
Bottles that come
Well corked and labeled,
But not filled with rum!

Hind's Honey Almond
When weather is risky
Bottles with mouth wash,
But none filled with whisky!

Bottles of bath salts,
Oh what do you choose?
Bottles of hair oil,
But not any booze!

Bottles of aspirin,
Cascara drops,
Listerine gargle,
But not any hops!—*Nevada Desert Wolf*.

DISDAIN

The haughty Senior girl sniffed disdainfully as the tiny Freshman cut in. "And just why did you have to cut in when I was dancing?" she inquired nastily.

The Freshman hung his head with shame. "I'm sorry, ma'am," he said, "but I'm working my way through college and your partner was waving a five-dollar-bill at me."

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

—S—

"A hell of a landing you made."

"I made? I thought you were flying the plane."

—*M. I. T. Foo Doo.*

—S—

"Glass of water!"

"Light or heavy?" —*Yale Record.*

—S—

Madam (to Chinese man-servant): After this, when you enter my bedroom, please knock—I might be dressing.

Chinaman: Me no need knock. Me allays look in key-hole first.

—*Washington Dirge.*

—S—

Spokesman: "We are Kappa Sigs and honest men."

Judge: "Fine, the Kappa Sigs line up over on this side and the honest men on the other side." —*Puppett.*

—S—

Abie: Do you play golf vit knickers?

Levy: No, vit white people. —*Kansas Sour Owl.*

—S—

Our idea of a noble gesture is a woman shooting her husband and then giving the insurance money to charity.

—*Penn. Punch Bowl.*

—S—

If the food is good,

Thank God for that;

But if it's not,

Heaven help this frat!

—*Boston Bean Pot.*

—S—

"Woe be unto you," said the farmer to his runaway horse.

—*Pointer.*

—S—

"Watch me shake that thing," said the elephant approaching the suspension bridge.

—*Lag.*

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and Rugs

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Phone 4444

or

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RUG CLEANERS
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A Fraternity Man's Credo

1. That the treasurer and caterer are in cahoots to gyp and starve everybody in the house.
2. That the meals are the worst in town.
3. That somebody stole the toothpaste he left in the bathroom.
4. That there is never any hot water.
5. That all other fraternities are models of peace and harmony.
6. That every man with a lot of keys is really an awful heel.
7. That everyone who has any job of importance is a master chiseller.
8. That all that is necessary to get pledges is to have a big house.
9. That every other house observes study hour.
10. That it would be nice to live alone some place with a lock on the door.

—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

—S—

Queen Mary of England, outside of inhabiting large hats, is a meticulous grammarian. At one time, visiting a military hospital during the late war, she had occasion to talk to a wounded Tommy, who was describing the manoeuvres at Ypres.

"There we was," he said, "at Wipers . . ."

"Eepr," corrected the Queen.

The soldier hesitated, then continued, "When the attack began, they yanked us out of the town, but we soon marched back to Wipers . . ."

"Eepr," said the Queen, again.

The soldier went on. "And it was right there at Wipers . . ."

"Eepr," repeated the Queen.

After several minutes, the Queen left. One of the doctors asked the soldier, "Well, what did you think of the Queen?"

"Oh, she's a fine lady," he said. "But it's a pity she has the hiccup so bad."

—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

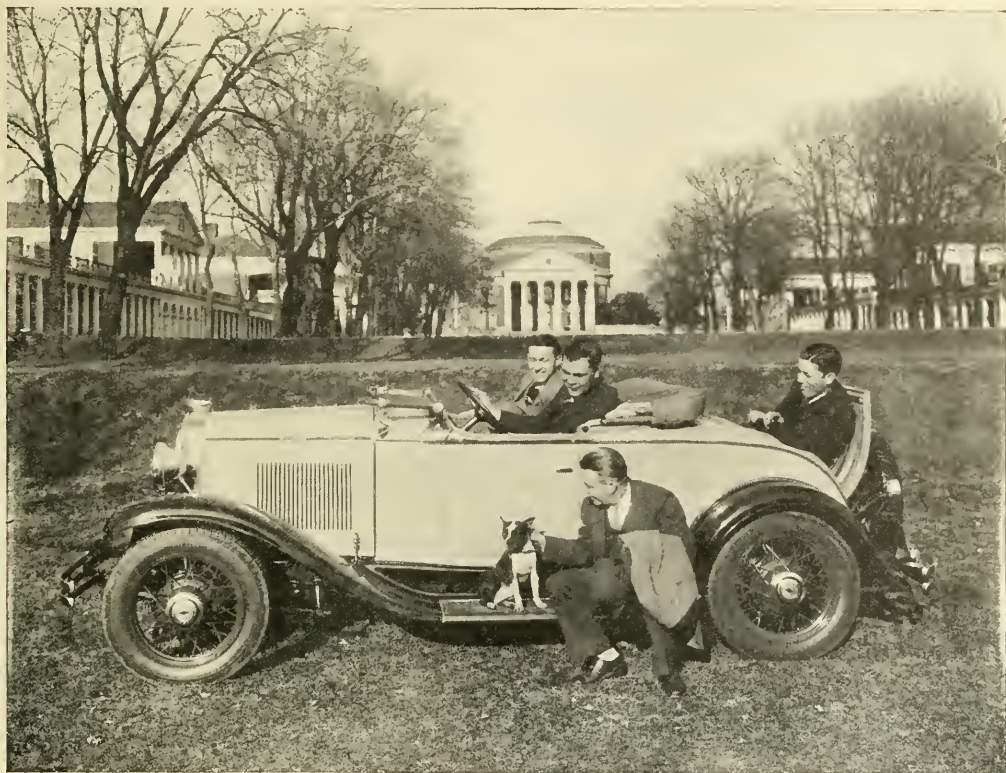
—S—

PRAYER

A pledge at one of the local houses which, incidentally, has been getting so much publicity lately that we are not going to mention its name, was ordered by one of the brothers to ask Grace. The lad was a bit surprised, but not at all daunted. After a moment's deliberation, he left the table and dialed 3651.

—S—

An additional piece of jewelry has been offered to the student this year. It is none other than the famous official University of Illinois ring. May we suggest that additioned patterns be manufactured instead of the conventional Stadium and Alma Mater design. Why not have a picture of the gym annex on one side and the emblem of the stock judging team on the other side of some of the rings?



The new Chevrolet Sport Roadster photographed on the University of Virginia campus with the Rotunda in the background

Now, in smart personal transportation—it's Chevrolet



Now, in smart personal transportation it's the new Chevrolet Six—the finest performing car that Chevrolet has ever built. Lightning getaway, all kinds of speed and power, fingertip handling ease, downright dependability and operating expense as low as the lowest. What's more, here is the best-looking inexpensive automobile you have ever seen—long, low-swung lines; smartly styled new Fisher bodies; happy new color harmonies;

and the very last word in fittings and appointments. In all, the new Chevrolet Six is the most modern, most advanced expression of fine, low-cost transportation. And that means—besides smart appearance and sprightly performance—generous comfort in roomy interiors, every modern appliance for driving convenience, consistent economy through seasons of use—and, in fact, every advantage that modern design and quality standards can build into a car.

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Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan*

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Tennis and Golf Goods

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Unstrung Frames—\$3.50 to \$7.50

Stringing above frames—\$2.50 to \$9.00

New shipment of fresh tennis balls. Expert restringing. (We restring for the Varsity—it MUST be good)

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Complete set—4 clubs and bag—\$6.50

The irons are hand forged (not cast iron) and have hickory shafts

Steel shafted set and bag—\$13.50

Single club (irons or woods)—\$1.50 to \$9.00

Balls—3 for \$1.00 to 75c each



THE CO-OP

On the Square

On the Square

Night watchman: Young man, are you going to kiss that girl?

Young man (straightening up): No, sir.

Night watchman: Here, then, hold my lantern.

—*Washington Dirge.*

S

First chambermaid: Have you heard the story about the double bed?

Second chambermaid: Have I? Why, I make that up.

—*Punch Bowl.*

S

Do you have a second-hand car or do you walk? Yes.

—*Texas Longhorn.*

S

He: "Darling, I'm groping for the right word."

She: "Well, you're not going to find it there."

—*Georgia Cracker.*

S

Anne: "How is it that Harwood never takes you to the theater any more?"

Howe: "Well, you see, one evening it rained and we sat in the parlor."

—*Ranger.*

Two Chicago men left a banquet together; they had dined exceptionally well.

"When you get home," said one, "if you don't want to disturb your family, undress at the foot of the stairs, fold your clothes neatly, and creep up to your room."

They met the next day at lunch.

"How did you get on?" asked the advisor.

"Rottenly," replied the other. "I took off all my clothes at the foot of the stairs, as you told me, and folded them up neatly. I didn't make a sound. But when I reached the top of the stairs—it was the elevated station."

—*Buffalo Bison.*

S

There are three classes of women—the intellectual, the beautiful, and the majority.

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

S

Little girl do you remember

Kisses, soft and sweet?

Secrets whispered gently,

When we chanced to meet?

Eternal love we plighted.

As all true lovers should.

Little girl do you remember?

Damn it, I knew you would!

—*California Pelican.*

Fraternity Dictionary

Rushee: A desired individual to whom one says, "Have a cigarette."

* * *

Pledge: A lowly creature to whom one says, "Gimme a cigarette?"

* * *

Pledge Button: The sole means of distinguishing the recently elect from the scholars.

* * *

Desirable Prospects: Anything with rich papas and sympathetic mammas.

* * *

Darned Good Fellow: Term used to describe a prospective member who has insufficient personality to make any of the initiates dislike him.

* * *

Frat Pin: An emblem which takes a dumb boy several years to get, and a shrewd girl only a few minutes to get away from him.

* * *

Brotherhood: A word that has an annoying use with reference to ties, toilet articles, and textbooks.

* * *

House Manager: One of the brothers who is inefficient unless heartily detested by the entire chapter.

* * *

Loyalty: Not talking about a brother member behind his back, unless one happens to go with his girl.

* * *

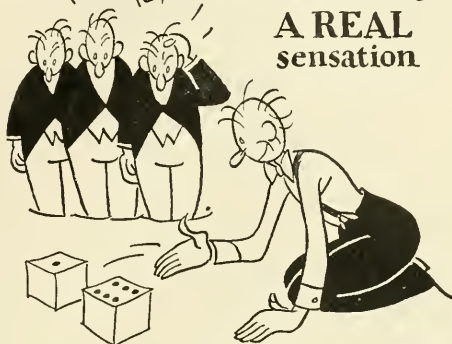
Sorority: An organization which would have no incentive to existence without fraternities.


—Texas Longhorn.

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STUDENTS' SUPPLIES AND SPECIALTIES

V. T. BELLEFF '20, Prop.

Magnolia: "When Mandy went and got married, us girls done give her a shower."

Pansy: "Dat sho' was nice. Ah'll bet her husbun was glad to get 'er nice and clean." —*Cornell Ollapod.*

S

The gentleman had sent for a plumber to fix an upstairs tap, and as he and his wife started downstairs they met the plumber coming up. The gentleman stopped the plumber and said:

"Before I go downstairs I would like to acquaint you with the trouble."

The plumber politely removed his hat and murmured: "Please to meet you, ma'am."

—*Washington U. Dirge.*

S

The skunk is the queerest of all animals—he is offensive on the defensive.

—*Kansas Sour Owl.*

S

His Lordship (to servant): Jarndyce, I've just had a tiff with my wife. Will you slam the door?—*Iowa Frieol.*

S

The outcome of the football season determines whether he was a cheerleader or a sneer-leader.

—*Kansas Sour Owl.*

Here's How!

- 1 pint of alky.
- 1 male.
- 1 female.
- 2 roommates.
- 2 deans.
- 3 chaperones.

Mix ingredients thoroughly and shake well. Bake in a hot dance hall. Will make approximately 1,345,987 Prom jokes.

—*Ohio Green Goat.*

S

Landlord: "This room was formerly occupied by a chemist. He invented a new explosive."

Prospective boarder: "I suppose those spots on the wall are results of his experiments?"

Landlord: "Well, indirectly, yes; you see that's the chemist!"

—*Penn State Froth.*

S

"Where are you going, daughter?"

"Downstairs to get some water."

"In your nightgown?"

"No, in this pitcher."

—*West Pointer.*

S

"Hear about the man with C average?"

"Naw."

"He was non-pulsed."

—*Stanford Chaparral.*

S

Old Fashioned Dictionary

Drunk—having imbibed.

Frail—delicate.

Still—constrained.

Gin—machine for removing seeds from cotton.

Bun—biscuit.

Neck—part of animal connecting head and trunk.

Leg—supports of a table or chair.

Calif—young cattle.

Knee—a joint.

Breast—encounter, buffet.

Rye—a cereal.

Pet—a cherished creature.

Mug—a drinking cup.

Damn—a barrier.

Hell—a word used by sinners of the lowest order.

—*Brown Jug.*

S

People who live in glass houses might as well answer the doorbell.

—*Southern California Wampus.*

S

"Gimme a sentence with Vampire."

"Say, another one of those cracks an' I'll Dracula over the place.

—*Stanford Chaparral.*

S

"How did they treat you in Scotland?"

"Reluctantly."

—*Cornell Widow.*



A picture of 98% of all co-eds, two weeks from now

S

"Whaffo you sharpenin' 'at Razor?"

"Woman, they's a pail of gemmens' shoes unde' you bed. If they ain't no niggah in them shoes ah's going to shave."

—The "Sivasher."

S

Evolution

Said a monk as she hung by her tail . . .
To her offsprings both female and male . . .
From your children, my dears . . .
In a few million years . . .
May evolve a professor at Yale . . .

—Black and Blue Jay.

S

"According to statistics some one dies every time I breathe."

"How about using Listerine."

—Kansas Sour Owl.


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Graybar Building
New York City

Episode

I think that I shall never see
Such a nuisance as a tree;
A tree whose snowy bows do hang
Just above the class bound gang.

And as the studes get underneath
The tree just seems to grit its teeth
And all snow upon those bows
Fall down upon the boys below.

They are covered white with snow
And try to let the whole world know
By shouts and curses loud and free
That there's no such nuisance as a
tree. —Colgate Banter.

—S—

Of all the glad surprises
There's nothing to compare
To taking tests and quizzes
From profs that aren't there.
—Boston Beanpot.

—S—

Dentist: "There, now! No one on earth can tell that those are false teeth."

Co-ed: "My roommate can. And she will."

—Texas Longhorn.

—S—

Self-Made Man (passing to watch college graduate digging a ditch): "That's how I got my start."

Collegian: "Yeah? And what did you do with it?"

—Texas Longhorn.

—S—

A restaurant starts when Greek meets Greek,

A river widens when creek meets creek,

But a romance starts within a week
At a campus dance when cheek meets cheek.
—Dirge.

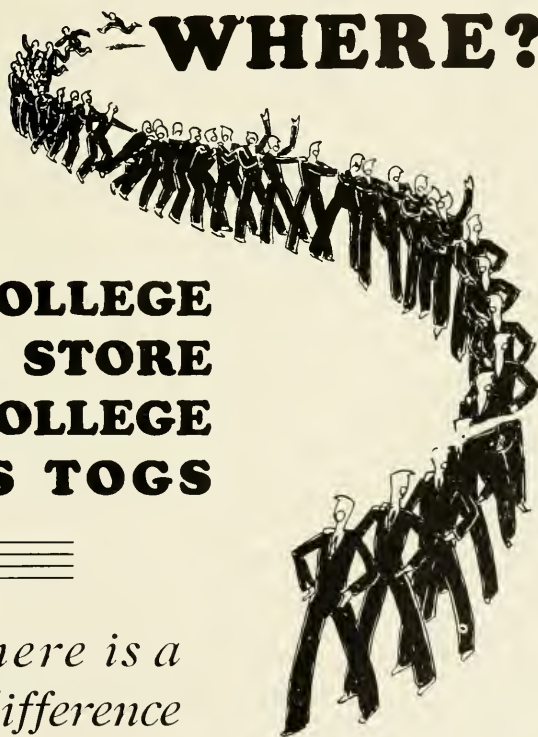


Rosen's
'Mens Stylists'

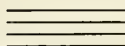
DOWNTOWN — CAMPUS



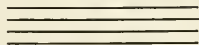
**HERE WE ALL GO—
WHERE?**



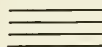
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now at
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are always
kind to your
throat

The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply, take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine, and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.

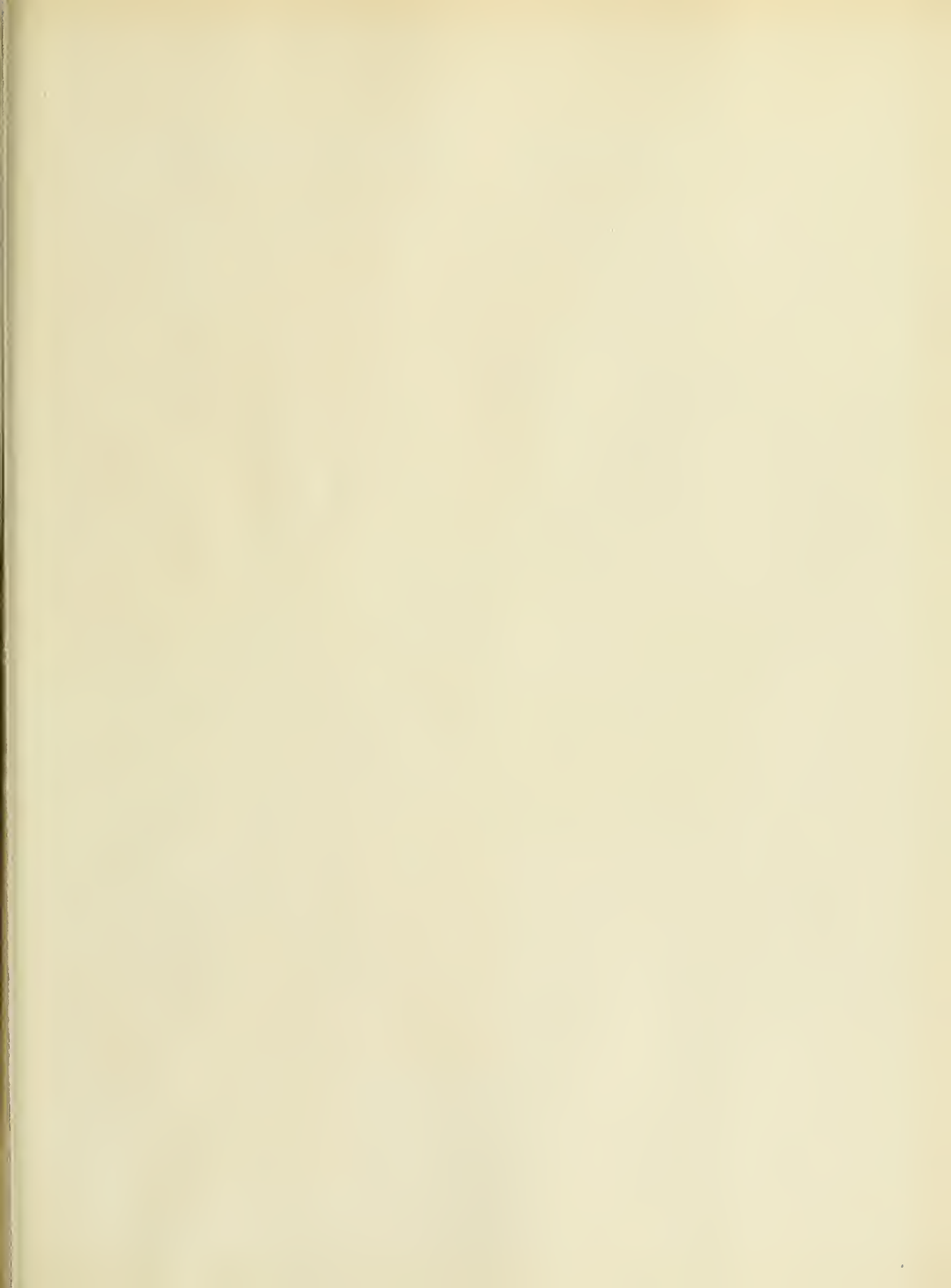
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